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SACRED INCIDENTS,  
DOCTRINALLY CONSIDERED AND POETICALLY DESCRIBED;  
OR  
THE HARMONY  
SUBSISTING BETWEEN  
THE BOOK OF REVELATION  
AND  
THE VOLUME OF NATURE:  
SETTING FORTH THE OPERATIONS OF  
THE ANTAGONISTIC POWERS OF GOOD AND EVIL  
AS PORTRAYED IN  
CREATION,  
IN THE  
HISTORY OF MANKIND,  
IN  
REDEMPTION, AND THE RESURRECTION.

BY "PSYCHOLOGIST."

VOL. I.

EMBRACING A PERIOD FROM THE CREATION OF THE UNIVERSE  
TO  
THE BANISHMENT OF CAIN.



LONDON:  
JOHN HAMPDEN & CO., 448, WEST STRAND.

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## NOTE.

This Work having been written with the intention of its being produced before the public in the form of Readings or Recitations, to be accompanied by a complete Series of Dioramic Representations on a large scale, and upwards of two hundred and fifty of such, to illustrate the two first Volumes, being now in progress by the Author, he is desirous of giving his own pictorial rendering to the conceptions contained herein, in order that his meaning should be fully embodied ; he therefore makes the subjects herein imagined to be copy-right with the Poetry until such restriction is removed.



## INTENTION OF THE POEM.

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AT the period when the writing of this Poem was commenced, its plan (that of causing it to be publicly recited, or read, whilst every incident therein narrated, should be represented by accompanying pictorial illustrations, on a most imposing scale) was presumed to have the merit of originality. It had proceeded to some extent, when a somewhat similar mode of conveying information, adopted by other parties, with works of lesser extent, and such as could be more readily matured, came rapidly into use, and was recognized by all classes of the community as being philosophical in intention, and as highly instructive in effect.

The features of various countries, accompanied by verbal descriptions, have been rapidly, and with various amounts of talent, presented to the public; and the reflective faculties of thousands have been addressed, by the simultaneous operation of these two important means, appealing to the senses of sight and hearing; the great inlets for the introduction of knowledge to the human mind.

Such mode of imparting information has become deservedly popular; it has especially been made available to the vivid conceptions of the unknown scenery of foreign lands; and the groundwork has been laid of a general system of conveying valuable and pleasing information in a form combining the effect of study with the relaxation of amusement. The system I consider to be yet in its infancy. I believe it will be applied to matters of far higher interest and of greater sublimity, and that it will be more and more appreciated, as effective and valuable, as the faculties, and as the feelings which are so addressed, are sought to be made the vehicles for the conveyance of equally truthful, but of deeper, and of more important, visions to the soul.

I intend, therefore, in this Poem, and in the pictorial illustrations which are designed to accompany it, to avail myself of the appliances which have received universal approval, *in minor matters*, to arrest your attention

*on subjects of the deepest possible import.* I shall endeavour, by the powers of Poetry and Painting, to engage your attention to the most sublime subjects of Sacred History; to lead you to travel back from representations of lands which you have hitherto seen peopled by their Aborigines, in their primitive and uncivilized state, to the time of their creation; to bid you run your imaginations backward, in the stream of time, from delineations you have seen of the remnants of the by-gone grandeur of the Eastern and Egyptian lands, to the wondrous periods when such mighty empires existed in their pristine and undiminished grandeur; when the temples of Egypt were thronged, the palaces were occupied, and the cities were inhabited by those mighty nations, the records of whose wealth and power they are, and whose histories come down to us briefly declared in God's Word; that Holy Volume alone remaining rightly to account for *the origin* of that wondrous people by whom their construction was commenced; to define the time and the causes of their decline and overthrow; and to describe the justice of that Eternal Mandate which went forth for the consummation of the utter devastation then determined, and now discernible; and, by such means, I shall attempt to lead you still further back, beyond the origin of all these vestiges of human works, to the vestiges of God's Creation; the which works, it must be admitted, are conveyed to us by the same *modes* of teaching from the highest of all authorities—God—Himself, having been pleased to address our understandings by the same two-fold combination of His *permanent exhibition of material things* accompanied by the *explanatory declaration* of His Most Holy Word.

Is this ascribing too important a position to the reflective capacities of Man, as exercised upon *the visible evidences* of God's Works?—Or is it assuming too vast a field for verbal definition of truths therefrom to be imbibed? I presume not that I have, and I admit not that any human being has, the power to look into or to describe "The deep things of the Spirit of God;" but, I conceive there is no presumption in admitting, or in contending, that it is for such purposes *chiefly*, that the Almighty Creator of the Universe has given to every human being a reasonable mind," *dividing and apportioning unto each and all severally as He wills*"; that He has endowed us with various faculties of perception and of reflection; and, that He has destined *the senses* of mankind to be *the inlets* of as much of His *exhibited*, as well as of His *spoken truths*, as it is His good pleasure we shall perceive and understand, as shall lead us to the conception of *all that is needful* we should know of His attributes, and to as much as shall be necessary to redound to His Glory, or as shall be sufficient to provide for *our present comfort*, and to secure our eternal happiness.

He gives us power to look above, into the firmament of Heaven, the

Work of His Hand; where Day unto Day *uttereth speech*, the sound of the tale of their formation going forth unto the ends of all the Earth; where Night unto Night *showeth knowledge*, by the exhibition of the Wisdom of His Will, in the Creation of the millions of millions of Worlds in the surrounding darkness becoming visible;—He gives us power to separate, and to reflect upon, those Mighty Orbs, the each of which, to unaided sight, appears an Atom in an universe of Atoms, and which, to our imaginations (but for the power of reasoning, by analogy, upon the dimensions, the character, the utility, and the component qualities of the Orbs that are distant, by the things that are more nigh,) were but a beauteous and a shining *Atom* still;—He gives us power to bring our vision back, and down; to look more closely to the things of Earth; and, there (discovering an important *Universe of Life* and of endless miracles in *every atom* by which we are surrounded) he gives us power to comprehend the small and perfect links, by which the things the most minute are carried on and joined to those of mightiest magnitude; to run the chain of dormant-matter into vigorous life and rationality; to link that which is nigh of ponderous bulk, unto its fellow, dwindled in the space afar; and, mentally, to embrace the wondrous fact, of millions of Globes, equal to our own in beauty and utility, furnished at the same time, and by the same means, with beings as multifarious and as multiform, with eternal destinies as important as our own, and then (when sight no more obtains) He adds to the pictures of His power, thus exhibited, the instructive and the confirming word of His unerring truth.

To address powerfully the senses of sight and hearing, and to make such organs the channels of communicating the truths recorded in the Bible, is my most earnest object in producing this Poem, and its accompanying pictorial Exhibition.

The Work I now introduce to the public is an attempt to give Poetical and Pictorial Illustrations to Sacred subjects. Not to treat such subjects lightly, nor solely as matters of fancy or of amusement, but to examine carefully, and to define correctly, the truths contained in God's Most Holy Word. To begin at "*The Beginning*,"—to take *The Bible's Record* of the progress of The Creation of the World; to set in juxtaposition thereunto, *The Evidences of the Material World*, in the traces which are given to our research of its primary modes of formation and of population; and to show the perfect harmony which exists between these two great *evidences* of God's works, when carefully examined and compared with the alone motive of arriving at the truth.

It is an attempt to give a poetical (but I trust no less truthful, nor less vivid,) rendering of many, or of all, of the most prominent subjects of Sacred History, in the order in which they stand; *supplying* such *minor*

*incidents* as my imagination has led me to assume *might*, or *must*, have accompanied many of the scenes which are but briefly narrated in the Word of God; the frequent brevity of the Sacred Volume being such that it often leaves the imagination of each reader to fill up the outline, by the introduction of many matters not recorded therein; that it *enforces*, indeed, upon each mind, the necessity of embodying conceptions of *continual accompaniments*, which must have made up the component parts of the mighty scenes of Sacred History, where alone the catastrophe or the final circumstances are declared; whilst it *impresses* upon all who exercise themselves in things which in any wise affect the Salvation of the Soul, the necessity of abstaining from adding aught to, or of abstracting aught from, the meaning and the intention of the Scriptures; and also of basing every incident upon, and of keeping every doctrinal illustration in perfect harmony with—the Word of God!

This attempt has entailed upon me the necessity of considering carefully, and of defining fully, *the natures and the attributes of the Spiritual Beings*, to whom, not only does the Word of God invite our most serious attention, but, by whom, our senses and our experience give us undoubted evidence that we are surrounded and influenced; the Scriptural declarations of the continued activity of principalities and of powers, invisible and spiritual, and the History of Man in his Fall, and in his Redemption, and in his promised Resurrection, all leading, of necessity, to the due consideration of the important fact of a perpetual display of creative and of providential good, invaded, and attempted to be disturbed, by the Antagonistic Evil, which the Scriptures, and which our own research and experience, convince us has abounded, which yet manifestly exists, and which assuredly will continue to present itself, in all matters connected with mankind, as long as this world and its present spiritual economy shall endure.

In presenting, therefore, to the Public, the two first Volumes of a Work, the which, when completed, will be most extensive, which is intended to embrace so vast a field as is set forth upon its title page, and which has for its purpose (as above admitted) a far more important object than mere amusement in poetical sentiment, or than gratification in pictorial display, I consider it incumbent on me to state, yet more clearly and decidedly, in the outset, the course of proof which will be adduced as affording Divine authority for the features given to such scenes as therein obtain a poetical rendering; and, by a fuller *confession of Faith*, and by a yet more candid admission and explanation of the ruling motives and opinions which have induced the production of the book now offered to public consideration, to allay any fears which might otherwise, and very consistently, arise, that poetical license might have been taken advantage of for the purpose of invading some of the important doctrines contained

within the Word of God, or, that imaginary, and unprofitable incidents might be introduced to disturb that Faith which all Christians justly conceive to be essential to Salvation.

The course which I shall pursue,—which I earnestly urge upon every sincere Christian, and which will bear evidence of being approved of by God, (from the recognition that consoling knowledge has been imparted to the soul), is deeply and attentively to examine *His Holy Word*, by the full strength of the reasoning faculties which God has given him, aided by the additional light which God will assuredly grant in answer to his fervent prayer; to take, verse by verse, in the order in which they stand, each and every portion of its interesting and important passages; to endeavour to comprehend the scope and the intention of the divinely-inspired writers; comparing Scripture with Scripture, and adding part to part, of every joint which its various portions supply, to make up a complete and perfect system of Divinity; and then (having fitly joined together the whole evidence and counsel of God, and having endeavoured, *from such source*, to deduce the knowledge which the Almighty is *therein* pleased to convey) to take, also, fully and confidently, “*The Evidences of Nature*” upon all material things; and to endeavour to bring out, and to exhibit, the beautiful correspondence and the harmony which exists in all their parts, between these Two Great Evidences of the Power and of the Goodness of God.

In so doing, it will be necessary that I fully establish it (as a principle in my own mind, and that I humbly submit it to the consideration of every Christian Reader for admission into his belief) that God presents, to the reasoning faculties of Mankind, for their spiritual and temporal guidance, Two Volumes of Evidence; that, as they both undoubtedly proceed from the same God, they must tell the same tale; that they must be, and are, in perfect harmony with each other; that they are “Two Immutable Things,” in which it is impossible that God can lie, or be at variance with Himself; that, wheresoever any discrepancies are imagined, or are imputed (as arising from our conceptions of the narrative of the Bible, or from the researches of science), such want of harmony is only rightly chargeable upon our own imperfect conception of the Truths which God’s Word pronounces, or of the Evidences which God’s Works exhibit; that no science, drawn from the study of natural things, can be sound, that no theory, deduced from the Scriptures, can be true,—until an accordance be observed and admitted, so perfect and so beautiful, that it shall demonstrate the issuing forth of these most perfect and unerring evidences from the same Almighty Source, even “from The Father of Lights, with whom there is no variableness, nor shadow of turning.”

It will be necessary, also, that I admit that I am holden within a



certain sphere for deductions, to be drawn from these two sources of all knowledge, and that I endeavour to impress upon the minds of my readers, that they must consent to be governed (in the consideration of the views I now advance) by the recognized fact, that although the authorities which I have named have a *conjoined evidence*, yet, Revelation and Nature have their *peculiar* and their relative *provinces of instruction*; that "The Book of Nature" (embracing all of the phenomena of matter that can come within the scope of Man's observation) is the *first* and the *lowest* in the scale of Divine Authority; that it is only to be considered as intended to be explanatory of the Laws employed in the formation and in the preservation of *material things*, (including the proper means of preserving and of extending Creature Life,) and that, great and important as these matters are, (to beings whose preservation and whose existence depend upon the acquisition of such knowledge) yet, that, *The Page of Nature* bears no proportionate value to that teaching which is intended to be conveyed by "*The Volume of Revelation*," (such latter authority embracing all that is collected in and that is circumscribed by that portion of written record which we call THE BIBLE,) "*God magnifying His Word above all His Works*," in that, whilst *His Word* (equally truly with His visible Works) declares to us as much as its Divine Author is pleased to consider it needful to make known of the origin, of the age, or of the progress of His material kingdom, He, in His Word, addresses Himself almost exclusively (except only in such degrees and instances as might be needful to give a place of abode to the beings of whose history he intends to treat,) to the spiritual welfare of Mankind; giving them therein, assuredly, to know the happiness which God has prepared for those who love and obey Him; the misery that He has provided for such as transgress His commandments; giving them to understand, what, and how great, are the influences by which they are surrounded; how they are to be encouraged and accepted, or combated and repulsed; to know what is, and how arises, our accountability before God; and to consider how great, how certain, and of what continuance, the joys and the blessings, or the terrors and the curses of The Lord are; that He causes *material things* to demonstrate to Man the punishment which invariably attends the infringement of *the Laws of Nature*; but, that He gives *His Holy and Immutable Word*, to assure us of those more weighty, and more enduring punishments, which are, and will be, the consequences of a departure from *His Spiritual Laws*.

I am particular in premising my Work by contending for the authority of *both these evidences*, because I shall submit to your attention, hereafter, that God has been pleased, through lengthened ages of the World, to grant, as an instructor, to a certain portion of the human race, but the lesser and the most obscure of these evidences,—THE VOLUME OF NATURE,—

that He has declared that such alone is sufficient for *them*; that He has declared, that, to *another portion* of the human race, He has added a Revelation of His Will,—*the Holy Scriptures*,—creating for such as enjoy *the two evidences*, a greater amount of responsibility; and that He has declared that He will weigh their respective works in the balances of His Eternal Justice, as wrought out under the evidences that constitute their different proportions of teachings of obedience, of warnings against criminality, and of consequent knowledge of accountability; and I would wish to leave the impression upon the minds of my readers (as it is engraved upon my own) that there is no injustice nor inequality in the ways of God, in these his dealings with Mankind.

That, having thus declared my full conviction of the superior importance of THE BIBLE, I select it as, and I declare it to be, “The Source,”—whence I obtain all the subjects which I shall attempt to *describe* in the following poetical work. If my declarations should be at issue with generally-received opinions upon any doctrinal matters contained therein, I shall not feel the need of adducing any other authority, and I shall consent to come to *such standard only* to be judged whether I be in The Faith or not;—but, I also announce, that I shall take the evidences of Nature, in the features of the Universe, and in the relics of the Earth, wherefrom, *pictorially*, to represent those portions of God’s material kingdom which come in harmonious connexion with His written Word!

I humbly declare, that my object is, from such unerring Source, to endeavour to delineate many of the important events connected with the Creation, and with the history of Mankind,—that I do not write for any peculiar sect or denomination of Christians, who do not differ upon the *essentials* of belief, which justify their assuming such title,—my belief being that all who come to God, in Faith, through Jesus Christ, and who do the works meet for repentance, as declared in the Gospel, as also in the Old Law, to be acceptable unto God,—are reconciled to Him through His Son, that they do find acceptance in The Beloved, and that, although much that is worthless, and much that will be found to be worse than profitless, might be piled up on such Foundation, yet, if *The Foundation* be truly the justifying merits of the Blood of Christ, they shall be saved.

#### BELIEF IN THE TRUTH OF THE BIBLE AS THE WORD OF GOD.

I profess—as the beginning of all consistent confession of Faith—my sincere conviction that The Bible is the Word of God, in its fullest and in its most unqualified sense.

*I believe*—every word contained in The Holy Scriptures to be true; that they are written by the inspiration of God; that they came not by

the will of Man ; but, that Holy Men spake as they were moved by the Will of God ; that they are not of, nor for, any *private interpretation*—(that is, that they are not for the dogmatical interpretation of any self-constituted Church, nor of any self-assumed authority, to be forced upon the consciences of other men, farther, or differently, than they can be received, or can be understood, by a diligent and faithful examination,)—but, that, they are clearly and distinctly addressed to the judgment and to the conscience of every human being who shall be brought within their range, for his faithful reception, and for his continual guidance, in a consistent understanding—and in an acceptable mode of worshipping—The Only True God ; that they are so plainly written, that he who runneth might read, and that the way-faring man, though but a fool (if he earnestly prays for the Spirit of Grace to open and to enlighten his understanding), may be fully instructed to look beyond the things which are natural and temporal, unto the things which are Spiritual and Eternal ; to understand the things which belong to his peace ; and that, he may thereby be made *wise* unto the salvation of his Immortal Soul.

*I believe*—that all histories contained in The Bible are true ; that they have relation to veritable personages, who have so existed, and to circumstances which have so occurred ; that such histories are recorded for our instruction, upon whom the ends of the world are come ; that they are profitable for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in Righteousness ; that we are bound to take every portion and every expression of Scripture as having a true, a reasonable, and an important meaning and intention ; that such meaning is to be sought in the nearest and in the most literal acceptation of the words employed, (except only in those passages where a figurative expression is made fully manifest, where such is made fully apparent by parallel passages in other portions of the Word of God, and where such are evidently intended as explanatory of the same subject ;)—that no human being is at liberty to mangle nor to disconnect the Word of God ; that he is not at liberty to say how much, or what parts, he will receive as congenial to his opinions or to his prejudices, nor how much, nor what, he will discard, as useless, or as at variance therewith ; that we are bound to take *The whole Word of God* in endeavouring to form our Faith ; to interpret Scripture by Scripture, well and truly comparing its history of events recorded, with the doctrines declared ; endeavouring, as far as in us lies, to obtain the meaning and the intention of the Sacred Writers in parts which appear obscure from brevity of style or from idiom of language ; that we, above all things, be prayerfully diligent, and anxious that we do not “*wrest Scripture*” from its true and undeviating course ‘*to our own damnation,*’ nor to the misguidance of others ; but, that we endeavour so “*to bring out things new and old,*” (whether they be things

which the minds of men have let slip, and permitted to pass into oblivion, or, whether they be things which have hitherto escaped their penetration)—and that we so endeavour “*rightly to divide the Word of Truth,*” that the Man of God may be perfectly and thoroughly furnished, by such ensamples, unto all good works, it being God’s will that His servants should do the same, and should live thereby.

*I believe*, furthermore, that the Bible is simply *The Law of God*; that it is the History of a *Divine Legation*, or a record of the acts and admonitions of a series of ambassadors sent amongst those who had a natural Law written in their hearts, but who had no written Law, nor further revelation from God; that it is the only book capable of speaking, *with authority*, upon any divine or spiritual things; that it is confined to spiritual things *alone*; and that it only touches upon natural or material things as occasion may require to make its spiritual purport more comprehensible to the minds of those to whom it is addressed; that it had a peculiar *period* at which, and a peculiar *person* with whom, it was commenced; that it had a peculiar period at which, and a peculiar person with whom, it was terminated; that they were named, in consequence of such limitation, “*the first and the second,*” and “*the first and the last Man;*” that, with the *first* of these, *the Law was ushered in* and commenced; that, with the *second* or *last* of these, *the Law was fulfilled* and terminated; that there are no histories in the world, traditional or written, prior to the first of these two peculiar persons, which are authorized to be considered to be sacred, or to have priority to this Book; that there are no histories of Men *concurrent or coeval* with its course, that can be permitted to be attached to, or be made part of it as it passes along; and that there are none of the histories of any human beings who have *succeeded its fulfilment* or termination, that can be permitted to be added thereto; that it is positively to be without extension in any direction; that it is sealed by the Hand of God against any such profanation; and that the curses of His wrath rest against any attempt to add to or to abstract therefrom.

That the Bible is the history of a peculiar race of people, and of such only, through whom God is pleased to propound His Laws; that He has been pleased to make these histories divinely premonitory; that they are a series of sacred evidences of His will, for the government of all the descendants of that race primarily, and for the government, and the instruction subsequently, of all other races of Mankind whom God is pleased to bring, from time to time, under its teaching influences, and, by an opportunity given of the knowledge of its truths and of its commands, to make equally accountable with those for whom it was first dictated and written; that such Book is written by a succession of historians, arising in one peculiar race, and divinely appointed; that they set out with the uniform intention of

writing and of continuing their own exclusive histories; each affording his portion, limited within such circle; that, historian after historian succeeds, confined within the same course, directed and controlled by the same Spirit of Truth; that, by degrees, a full history of human sinfulness and perversity is disclosed; that a wondrous scheme for Man's Redemption, (keeping pace with his iniquities) is revealed; that the whole history of God's Will and Laws is thus completed; that a Revelation of the futurity of the Earth and of the Celestial Kingdom is added to such history; and that, then, the Book is sealed, and given into the hands of Man for his guidance and instruction, to redound to his comfort, and to establish God's everlasting honor and glory.

#### THE DEITY,—THE FATHER.

*I believe*—that the Bible truly declares the nature and the attributes of God, and also of certain other Great Spiritual Beings, with whom it requires that we should make ourselves acquainted, with whom we assuredly have to do here, and whom we shall find more fully revealed in that Eternity to which our Souls are hastening.

*I believe*—that, God, in his Holy Word, declares Himself to be (and that, therefore, it must be true that He is) “The only True God!—who is from everlasting to everlasting; that He is Self-existent, Invisible, Eternal, Incorruptible, The Lord God Almighty, Who ever was, Who ever is, and Who ever is to be;—that, from Him all things originate—that, in Him, all things exist—and that to Him all things revert; that He is the God of the Spirits of all flesh; that God is Light, (mental and spiritual Truth) and that in Him is no Darkness; that He created the World and all things therein; that He is *not* The Author of *Confusion*, nor of *Evil*, but of Peace and of Good; that He is The Infinitely Holy—Holy—Holy Lord God of Heaven and Earth, who only hath Immortality, who inhabiteth Eternity, and dwelleth in Light and Glory unapproachable and inconceivable by Man.”

From this exposition of HIMSELF, in the Word of God, I turn to the evidence of *Natural and Created things*; to examine their accordance, in these important points, with the Words of Revelation; and, from such survey of God's Works, I am constrained to arrive at the following important, sense-evident, and Scripture-confirming truths. That, all things created must have had their origin in, and must have proceeded from—One Self-Created Source;—that, such Source, must, of necessity, be a Being of Infinite Wisdom and Power, under whose controlling Will all things must have been commenced, and are yet progressively perfecting, or perfected; such Will evidencing itself, externally, in the working together of such *principles or laws of matter* as such Being created, or willed,

originally; and (by His ordained, and thence indwelling Laws) established unalterably, to progress with undeviating precision of such causes and such effects as He foreknew and predetermined; that the existence of such Being must, of necessity, have been before the commencement of any or of all of Time; that His presence must pervade, and must extend beyond all space; that He must be capable of perfect ubiquity, with which the creation, the growth, or the intervention of matter cannot possibly interfere; that such Being must be the Continual Sustainer, as He was the Universal Creator, of all Spirit, Life, and Matter, in all their varieties, visible or invisible; that there must have been a period, beyond all these creations, (even in their rudiments or in their elements,) when such Being existed in all His full Perfections and Powers, in lonely and in unparticipated Infinitude! that such Being (unlike all others, however exalted they might be,) could not, by possibility, have had a commencement nor an origin; that such state, although it forces its admission from the tongues of all reasonable creatures, as the positive consequence of all other and all else being *created matter* and *imparted-life*, is perfectly incomprehensible by any human intellect; and that, all of these impossibilities of conception, make good the declaration of Scripture, "that none can see God, and live!"—or, that none, whilst living, can fully see, or adequately understand, the Perfections of Jehovah!

Such, I briefly set forth, as a small part of the concurrent testimonies of Scripture and of nature, relative to our possible conceptions of the Being and of the attributes of God!—and if it be needful that I produce authority for thus bringing the Works of Nature to attest the truth of God's Revelation, I again return to the Scriptures, and I give the authority of God Himself, who has declared by his Servant, that, "although it is *impossible*, that Man, by *searching the evidences of nature*, can find out the Almighty to perfection, or in all His perfections, yet, that which might be known of Him, unassisted by Revelation, is so manifestly set forth in the Works of His creation; 'the Heavens declaring the Glory of God, and the Firmament showing forth His handy work; the invisible things of God being so clearly to be *seen* and *understood* by the things which are made, that, even the Heathens (or those of mankind who are now, and who ever were, without the further Revelation from God,) are declared to be *without excuse* if they do not (from such external evidence of nature alone) understand His Eternal Power and Godhead, and worship Him as God!"

#### THE DEITY.—THE SON.

*I believe*, next, that the Word of God declares (and that, therefore it must be true, and must also be intended for our earnest reception and credence) that, in the bosom of "the Father, the Eternal God, existed and

dwelt, the Everlasting and Eternal Son!—that, ere the day was, from the beginning, when there were no depths, before the mountains were settled, when God prepared the Heavens, he was by, as one brought up with God: that he is the image of the Invisible God; that by him were all things created that are in Heaven, and that are in Earth, visible and invisible; that all things were created by him and for him; that he is the express image of God's person, and upholdeth all things by the Word of his Power; that God hath put all things into his hands; that, as the Worlds were created by God, through his Son, so God hath committed all judgment to the Son, that all Men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father; that, as the Father hath Eternal Life in Himself, so hath He given to the Son to have Eternal Life in himself; that he is in the Father, and the Father in him; that, in the Son, dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead, bodily; that he is the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace; that, when Man sinned, and fell, and when it was found impossible, by any future doing of the deeds of the Law, to purge from past sin, the Son of God saw that there was no Man, no intercessor, who could stand between an erring and a convicted creature, and the consuming vengeance of an offended Creator, that he, the Son of God, then offered himself, by the Eternal Spirit, as a Sacrifice to God to suffer for the sins of all Mankind, to make peace through the shedding of his own blood; that he came down from Heaven, and was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us, and that we beheld his glory—the glory of the Only-Begotten Son of God; that he made himself of no reputation, took upon himself the form of a servant, was made in the fashion and likeness of men; that he, who knew no sin took upon himself the sins of all mankind, and humbled himself, and became obedient unto Death, even the death of the Cross; that he fulfilled all the Righteousness of the Law; became The Mediator between God and Man; that he bare the Curse of Sin, in his own body, upon the Cross, thereby making a sufficient oblation, satisfaction, and atonement, for the sins of all Mankind,—blotting out the handwriting of ordinances which was against them, taking them out of the way, and nailing them against the Cross; that, by his death, we are reconciled to God; that God was, in Christ, reconciling the World to himself; that we are sanctified through the offering of the Body of Jesus Christ, once for all; that he is our 'Wisdom,' our 'Justification,' and our 'Sanctification;' that, through him, we have access, by The Spirit, unto The Father; that, when he had, by himself, purged our sins, he ascended into Heaven, and sat down on the right hand of The Majesty on high, far above all Principalities, and Might, and Power, and Dominion; and that God hath given him *A Name* far above every name which is named, not only in this World, but in that which is to come; and hath put all things

under his feet ; that, at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of things in Earth, and things under the Earth ; that every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is The Lord to the Glory of God, The Father ; that he is the *Only Mediator* between God and Man ; that there is *no other Name* given amongst men whereby they can be saved ; that, as the worlds were made by the Son of God, so also shall God judge the worlds by him ; that, we shall all appear before the Judgment-seat of Christ ; shall all be judged out of The Lamb's Book of Life ; and that such Resurrection of the Just, and the Unjust,—the one to the Resurrection of Life, and the other to the Resurrection of Damnation,—shall be preparatory to that great and final restitution of all things, when the Heavens and the Earth shall pass away, (when all the Material Universe shall be resolved into its primal elements, and shall melt away with fervent heat,) and when The Son of God again shall become subject to (or embodied *in*, as he formerly was *with*) The Father—that God might be All in All.”

I look around, *into the Material World*, or upon Material Things, for somewhat analogous to these astounding declarations of The Word of God ; but, I find, that this great mystery of Godliness (into which Angels desire to look with ever-learning love) has no parallel !—that there is nothing, in nature, out of which such a system could grow ; that there is nothing, in nature, which could give *the germ* out of which such “ *a Tree of Healing* ” could shoot or could expand “ *its leaves and fruits* ” ; that there is no nucleus around which such folds of Imagination could wrap themselves ; that, it is as far above Man's conception *fully to understand*, as it would be beyond his powers of imagination in anywise to invent, or to frame into consistency ; but that the Will of God alone originates, and that the Word of God alone reveals, The Wondrous Scheme.

I then *examine*, as *a portion of natural things*, my own heart ; and I am admonished, and convinced, that the stubbornness and the pride of Man would fain dispute the reality, or the need, of such a sacrifice ; and that they would reject, as an inconsistency, the combination of the Divine and human natures, for such purposes ; but, that undeniable records show me, that, successions of ages of Prophets were found, time after time, and with link after link, prefiguring (and causing the minds of Men, equally adverse with mine, to anticipate) the advent of such a Being ; showing the proclamation, and the predestination, from the councils of the Almighty, of such a mysterious union with the Godhead ; such a taking of the nature of mankind ; and such a mediatorial office and effect ; pre-describing his person and his works ; whilst all history, profane or otherwise, contemporaneous with and subsequent to his earthly mission, produces recorded facts, so clearly demonstrating the fulfilment and the sealing of all these prophecies, in *Him* who offered himself as “ *The Lamb slain from the*



*foundation of the World,"* that I see clearly, the undoubted advent of him "*who was to come,*" that "*I look not for another ;*" but, that, amidst all the thunderings and the lightnings which accompanied *the giving* of the Law on Sinai, and amidst all the recorded evidences of sympathising nature, and the darkened Heavens, and the convulsed and riven earth, at its *completion* upon Calvary, I am constrained to bend myself, in humble adoration, with the astonished heathen, and to declare, "*Truly this was the Eternal Son of God!*"

#### THE DEITY.—THE HOLY GHOST.

*I believe*, also, that the Scripture says, and that therefore it must be true, that, in inseparable union with these two Co-eternal Spiritual Beings, exists another Spiritual Being—The Holy Ghost—and that these Three are One : that the Spirit of God dwelleth in us, when our bodies are cleansed from past sin, and thus become "*The Temples of God, and of the Holy Ghost ;*" that the Holy Ghost is the Giver of all Spiritual Life ; that the Spirit, which knoweth the deep things of the Spirit of God, takes of the things of God and Christ, and shows them unto Man ; such being *the office* of the Spirit, called "*The Communion of the Holy Ghost ;*" that, by him, the Regenerate *are born again*, not of the flesh, but of the Spirit, not by the "*might*" nor by the "*power*" of any mental exertion of Man, nor by the fulfilling of any Natural Laws, but "*by My Spirit, saith the Lord!*" that he was "*The Spirit*" which testified beforehand, through the Prophets, the sufferings of Christ, showing at what time, and in what manner, he should come ; Holy Men speaking as they were moved by the Holy Ghost ; that he becometh, in the latter days, "*The Comforter,*" whom God, the Son, doth send ; whereby the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts ; whereby we have an *unction* from The Holy One, and *know all things* ; that it is *he* who shall guide us into *all truth* ; for, while he refraineth to speak of himself, he speaks of the things of God and Christ ; and shows us the things which are to come ; even the things which "*eye hath never seen, ear hath never heard of, and which it had never entered into the heart of man to conceive ;*" even the mystery of Christ, which in other ages of the world was not made known unto the Sons of Men, but is now revealed unto us by the Spirit ; and, that it is by the prompting of such Spirit, alone, that we can say faithfully, and believe, savingly, that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh ; no man speaking by The Spirit of God, calling Jesus accursed ; and no man saying, that Jesus is The Lord, but by The Holy Ghost.

It were endless to attempt to trace the attestations of the *Office* and the *Being* of The Holy Spirit in the Volume of Revelation ; and its motions are too subtle for manifestation in the regions of matter. I look

into that which appears most Spiritual in my own breast, and, I find, that the evidence of the indwelling, and of the power, and of the influences of the Spirit, "*come as the Wind of Heaven*"; I hear the sound, and I feel the force thereof, but I cannot tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth; and, such, is the inward evidence of being "born of the Spirit"! I feel that it is "The Spirit" which helpeth mine infirmities, when the heart is lead to pour out its wants and its weaknesses before God; that the impulse is not of the flesh; that prayer is a weariness, and a strange thing thereto—but that The Spirit Itself maketh intercessions for me, with groanings or with importunities which cannot fully be uttered; teaching me *how* to pray; and *what* to pray for. I find, then, that the Works of the Spirit, and the desires of the flesh are contrary to each other; that the flesh *lusteth* against the Spirit, and the Spirit *striveth* against the flesh, causing that "continual warfare, and that great fight of afflictions," which all the regenerate are destined to endure. I find that the Spirit is indeed *sent* into our hearts to convince us of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment, and to save us, by the washing of Regeneration and by the renewing of the Holy Ghost, whereby we abound in hope, and are enabled to cry—Abba—Father!

#### SPIRITUAL BEINGS.—SATAN.

*I believe*—again, that The Word of Truth declares, that, in the presence of God, there are innumerable companies of Angels, who are all ministering Spirits, doing God's Will; that such are sent forth to minister unto such as *shall be* Heirs of Salvation; that, such Beings are not self-existent, but are the emanations of God's power, by whom, and for whose glory they were created; that, the *first Estate* of all these Beings, *was* (as also the *present Estate* of those who are yet comprised in the Heavenly hosts, *is*) sinless and immaculate; that certain of these Beings kept not their first Estate, that they rebelled against God!—that the time and cause of such rebellion is shown in the Scriptures (Rev. c. xii.) to have been at the *original and general Creation of Mankind*, and at the *revelment*, as a future event (even then predetermined in the Councils of the Almighty) of 'the Seed of the Woman' exalted to, and seated upon, the Throne of God!—that, Satan became, upon this announcement, the Chief of the rebellious Angels, and created discord in Heaven; that he, and all his followers, (who were, prior to that time, inhabitants of the Regions of Glory, and who numbered one third part of the Celestial Host), where *then*, and for that cause, cast out from Heaven, and were chained in the Bottomless Abyss for a period called One Thousand Years; that, at the expiration of such term, he was liberated, '*was let loose upon Earth*;' that the first act after such liberation, *recorded of him*, was the temptation offered to Adam

and Eve ; that, of their temptation, he is positively recorded as having been *The Author*, in the assumed form of a Serpent ; that it therefore becomes *positive* that the recital of the 12th Chapter of Revelations (which is commonly supposed to have reference to some event yet to come, and of which the image is considered to be prophetical) has reference to a rebellion in Heaven, *prior to the formation of Adam* on Earth, it being most evident that Satan offered no temptation to Man in the days of his own purity, nor during the time of his abode in Heaven ; that it is evident also, that he, being once cast thence, being shown as the Tempter of Eve, and being continually subsequently declared as the Seducer of Mankind, could not again become a resident in Heaven, (as he is evidently shown to be at the time of this Vision) ; that he could not afterwards be an accepted Guest, nor could his Hosts be admitted as Dwellers in that abode of Holiness ; that therefore there could be, and that there has been, *but one rebellion* in Heaven ; *but one casting out* of the same person or persons ; that Satan's rebellion, his casting out, and *his liberation*, after a *shutting-up* of One Thousand Years, absolutely preceded (and we know not how long) the Creation and the fall of Adam ; that it could not be until *after such casting out from Heaven*, and until *after such liberation* from the Bottomless Abyss, that he was free to offer the recorded temptation to Eve, (permitted by God for the trial of the Faith of both, and as the test of their obedience) ; that he became *then*, and has ever since been, The Accuser and The Deceiver of Men, especially of the Brethren, or of those who are of the race of Adam, who endeavour, and are required to keep the Commandments of God, and who have the testimony of Jesus Christ ; that he is a Lying Spirit in the mouths of some pretending to be Prophets ; that many such Beings yet exist in their Immortal and Spiritual powers ; that they are permitted to wander up and down upon Earth, whose coming is after the working of Satan, who transforms himself at pleasure, even to the appearing as an Angel of Light, with all power, and signs, and lying wonders, deceiving even The Elect, according to the working of The Prince of the Power of Air, The Spirit that worketh in the Children of Disobedience ; that they are permitted to bring about those fiery trials which await all mankind, but especially such as will (or strive to) live godly in this World ; making it manifest that we wrestle not against Flesh and Blood, (nor against our own uninfluenced natures and propensities) but, against such, surrounded and swayed by The Principalities and Powers, the Rulers of The Darkness of this World, who are permitted, by God, to have existence, and powers of operation, in the shape of temptation for the trial of our Faith ; but, whom also He gives us strength to resist ;—who will flee from the Sword of The Spirit, which is the Word of God handled by prayer ;—whom the God of Peace shall ultimately

bruise under our feet ;—and to whom is reserved the Blackness of Darkness for ever !

I look to Nature—to the evidences of my own heart—to the History of the World, in all its ages—and I observe, again, the harmony of all these evidences. I see, in this awful and Invisible Being (whom the Scriptures alone define) the solution of the great mystery of the obviously continual co-existence of *The Power of GOOD*, and of *A Power of EVIL*. I find—in all that is outwardly perceptible, or that can be inwardly experienced, or appreciated, the leaven of Disobedience, which first wrought in God's Celestial Kingdom (when “there was war in Heaven !—when Michael and his Angels fought against The Dragon !—when The Dragon and his Angels fought, and prevailed not !—when Satan was cast from Heaven, and was *seen* to fall as Lightning !—and when his place was therein no more found) ;” still spreading, by the suffrance of God, “Woe upon Earth, and amidst the Inhabitants thereof !”

Such *permitted power* overshadows my mind as grandly mysterious,—as perfectly unfathomable by Man's limited reason,—and as dangerous of approach, for attempted conception, except, in lowliness of mind, feeling, and admitting the Goodness, the manifested Wisdom, and the Love of God, in the *visible preponderance* of the *continual Good which He constrains*, over the devastations of the *occasional Evil* which it is His good pleasure to *permit* !

I seek in vain, amongst the Laws of Nature, for a solution of the necessity for the creation, or for the permission of this *Antagonistic POWER* !—The voice of Nature is silent upon the origin, and upon the end of all these things ; but I turn again and view *the future*, (as I have been instructed in *the past*), in *the Word of God* ; and, such Revelation, in compassion to my ignorance (which might have led me into hard thoughts of God), transports me beyond the limits of the range of evil, farther than all time, into the regions of eternity ; and, in the clearing up of Man's destiny, shows me the finality of Satan's power !—the rescuing of the just from the diligence of his wrath ;—and the restitution of all things upon a basis of justice and mercy, to the final Glory of God, and to the eternal happiness of the obedient of Mankind !

I thus terminate my very brief exposition of the spiritual personages whom the Bible informs me become the controllers and the arbiters of the destinies of mankind, and whom I intend to bring under a fuller illustration, by their respective operations as already evidenced in the Histories of Mankind, as about to be described in the following Poem.

I now proceed to introduce material things, in the manner in which they will be more fully defined in the completed Work ; to bring the formation of the world, and the creation of the early portions of Mankind to your

consideration, as they will be more fully portrayed in the Poem; and I pray earnestly that we may be enabled to divest our minds of all unauthorized preconceptions, and of all erroneous prejudices which may be detrimental to the acceptation of the truths declared in the Word of God; or which may be derogatory to His Glory.

## THE CREATION.

*Duration of Creative-days, established by the duration of the first "Day."*

"And the Evening and the Morning were the first day."

I believe, that whosoever diligently examines the Word of God, and the evidences of Nature, with a proper amount of skill on the one hand, and with a corresponding amount of prayerful humility of mind on the other, preserving so just a balance of these two qualities as shall enable him to avoid either the presumptuous idea of being qualified, simply by the grasp of his unsanctified intellect, to understand fully and completely the great and wonderful laws of God in the creation of all material things; and as shall avoid the covering over of the mental capacities, which the Almighty has given him, with that cloak of slothfulness, which would fain stifle down into inactivity all research into such matters as dangerous, as unpermitted, and as vain, will, I think, be brought to this conclusion,—that there is, most undoubtedly, an incapacity in Man to grapple fully and successfully with those stupendous productions of Creative Wisdom, the mere outskirts only of which are presented to our consideration by telescopic observation, of the vast spheres which ever tread their destined paths in the unmarked vacuum of that inconceivable immensity, of which our system's space forms but a most unimportant part; but, that he will also discern that he is most certainly invited, that he is most frequently encouraged, and that he has most undoubtedly the power bestowed upon him of examining sufficiently, and of imbibing satisfactorily, many or most of the important truths proclaimed by the evidences of matter and of life, which are brought nigh to the observation of his senses, and which are thus subjected to the digestive faculties of his reason.

He will, I think, be convinced (and he will rejoice in the privilege conveyed in such assurance), that <sup>he</sup> is enabled to discern very many of the features of the material World, which are conspicuously in harmony with the Word of God, and that he will be brought to the conclusion (in nowise presumptuous) that, by the same powers of deduction and of reasoning, if used by him in carrying on the parallel more extensively and more closely in the minutiae of *both these evidences*, he would certainly be enabled to

distinguish between discrepancies therein, were any really exhibited, or did any contradictions absolutely exist.

He will, thus, I conceive, be brought to the consideration of wherefore such powers of reasoning and of deduction were given by the Almighty,—and, justly determining that such powers were given for the purpose of glorifying God in their most vigorous application, to the understanding of His Laws, and of His Works, he will, I am sure, be brought to the admission, that, careful conclusions, drawn from the matters over which he can undoubtedly exercise such powers of discernment, (though they be partial and limited indeed, in comparison with all the wondrous facts which lie beyond the regions of his research, and which the poverty of his intellect requires that he should leave untouched), are not intended by God to be dismissed from his mind, as unimportant in their influence, whilst engaged in reading, and in deeply studying that most important Revelation of God's Will—The Holy Bible—especially upon such points as where its recitals are evidently intended to connect the consideration of the properties and the formation of the Material World, as also the consideration of the origin of the material portion of his own being, with the Spiritual World declared to be around him, and with the spiritual portion of his being, declared to be within him; the movements or the desires of which such Book of Revelation is destined to direct, and to teach him to control.

I consider, that, the necessity for my seeking this admission from the reader will be made manifest by my now being about to demand a consistent assent to, or a well-defined dissent from, the declaration of harmony which I am about to make as existing between The Works of God, as displayed in Creation, and *the recital* of the process of such works, as described in The Bible.

*I believe* that whosoever looks (though it be but slightly in comparison to the importance of the objects contemplated) into the different strata which compose the surface of the Earth, and to such depths as Man's observation has yet penetrated, will be brought to the conclusion, that the Earth exhibits undeniable proofs that it was not made simply by a Mandate of Almighty God taking rapid or instantaneous effect; that it did not burst into perfection during the period of "a day," nor during the periods of six successive days, according to the common acceptation of such terms,—but that such perfected structure was made by gradual and progressive stages, occupying vast cycles of time, having their origin in, and finding their perfecting powers from The Will of God.

*I believe* that the first and prudent inquiry of such person will be—What does The Word of God say upon this subject?—that he will admit that such Book evidently says, that in six days the Lord made Heaven and Earth, the Sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; that he will declare

that such positive divisions of creative times must have existed; that they must have borne a relative amount of time to each other; but that his whole attention will then be directed to the point whether or not those several creative "days" were simply the days of our present Earth, and are to be considered as embraced in the *common acceptance* of the term.

*I believe* that he will find, that, in the *first paragraph* of the Bible's opening page, the terms both "Day" and "Night" are used in a most emphatical manner; that he will find it there declared, that "God *saw* the *Light* that it was good; and God divided the *Light* from the *Darkness*; and God called the *Light* 'Day' and the *Darkness* he called 'Night,' and the Evening and the Morning were, 'The first Day;'" that he will be convinced that such words are there most meaningly and most correctly employed, as identifying terms, explanative of somewhat then absolutely existing; that he will discover that such terms had, *at that time*, undoubtedly their perfect symbols; that they were even then used in such forcible signification, as positively to declare that they were intended to be explanatory of somewhat which then could, and which then did, alternate with "Darkness" and with "Light;" that he will then discover that the terms thus originated, and thus used, had undoubtedly their perfect and their existing symbols long before the first of *our days* commenced; that the term was used before our System had either its Sun or its Moon; that it was not until *the fourth* of the *creative days* that our luminaries were made; that it was not until the fourth day of the Creation that this Earth had any Sun towards which it could revolve upon its axis, thus to create, upon its surface, such "a Day," or such a "Night," as we now behold thereon, by the duration of which we now compute our present time, and by which we have been in the habit of computing *creative time*.

*I believe* that he will perceive, instantly, that a great error exists in comparing these two vastly different periods of time; that he will be ready instantly to admit, that the original creative time must have had reference to some vast and to some "Universal Day" which had then, in truth, commenced; that such great and Universal Day was, perhaps, the grand and the most majestic incident of all the Millions of Worlds, the concourse of the whole created Globes, then first setting forth in their appointed paths; moving experimentally, if I may use the expression, in order that their God might see that their regularity was perfectly controlled and *good*; that all these were then made to move on, as one vast wheel, around a central and all-sustaining Sun, which then produced the *Light*, and which then begat the Day; that such must have been, and that such was "A first Created Day" before our Sun or Moon had ventured to shine forth; that he will observe how most sublime such retrospective vision then becomes; that it is recorded in The Word of God, that man might grasp its magni

tude ; that he might thence conceive a picture in his mind,—not of a vain or most imaginative thing, but of a well-recorded Truth ;—the first stupendous roll of all God's Infant Worlds throughout all Space, which then occurred ; the first well-measured tread, the now outsetting movement of the clustered Globes around infinitude, which God with satisfaction *saw*, as they performed one mighty journey, there, around the bounds of space, and in that first vast roll were destined to define the period of time which God declared " A Day."

#### THE STATE OF THE EARTH UPON THE MORNING OF THE FIRST DAY.

" And the Earth was without form, and void "

*I believe*—that the Examiner will then find that the Word of God says that this was "*in the Beginning* ;"—that it does not tell him that it was *all of the Beginning* ; that, even at this period of time, at which the prophet thinks proper to make his *commencing point* a portion of *The first Creative Day* had already passed, and that it had done its works ; that,—even at this time, and before even the general Creation of Light,—the Earth was so far advanced in its rudimentary state that it was a Globe, without any form of inequality thereon ; that "*it was without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the Deep* ;" that, therefore, there must have been the forming together, through periods of time intensely long and incomputable, of the first elements of all matter, and the maturing of the consolidated material for the erecting of the uniform basis of each terrestrial globe, and for the bringing of them onward to the position to which they are described to have attained upon the first Creative Day, when "*the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the Water, and said Let there be Light, and there was Light.*"

*I believe*—that, if the Examiner wishes to travel *back beyond that portion of the first day at which the prophet begins in his brief recital*, he has perfect liberty to take the journey, if he pleases ; that there is nothing in the Word of God to prevent him ; that it simply leaves him to gather his evidences from the Volume of Nature ; and that he may take up whatever hypothesis appears to him to be consistent with its features and with its laws ; that he may, if he pleases, adopt the following:—that, as every substance with which we are acquainted is found to be susceptible of gaseous dissipation, so every thing material, might, with pardonable consistency, be attributed to gaseous production and formation ; that the resolving of all matter to its primary elements, by dissipation, might be admitted to lead the mind to the inverse operation of the conglobing (by such agency) of a base, or of a nucleus, of which we know nothing beyond the hypothesis



that a base or a nucleus must have been ; that such base must evidently have had its origin in Nature's most volatile of elements ; and that such must have run back their links, through the comparative stages of subtilty, up to Nature's most undefinable origin—The Will of God !

That the elemental portions of all things are known to us to be gaseous ; that the densest portion of Earth's compounds, even the various minerals which it contains, are ascertained to be gaseous ; that the base or the nucleus of our Earth, and of every globe, might, therefore, be fairly admitted to have been of gaseous origin ; that the union of such gases produced intense combustion ; that such gaseous elements, in combustion, formed themselves into fluid minerals ; that such minerals consolidated themselves and conglobed ; that around this nucleus were consecutively formed a succession of drossy bands, and of rocky and earthy layers, increasingly consolidated, and partaking of the character of earthy and of mineral matter as they approached the metallic centre, having corresponding and lessening degrees of density and of induction<sup>26</sup> as they multiplied themselves upon, and accumulated towards the surface ; and that thus the surface of the Earth was formed.

#### THE EARTH UPON THE EVENING OF THE FIRST DAY.

"And darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, and God said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light."

*I believe*, then, that the Examiner, knowing that he is permitted to feel for or after God amongst His natural or material works, and that he is encouraged to seek after Him within His Holy Word,—will be desirous of looking with a steadfast eye upon each recorded fact ; that he will try to realise the different scenes narrated, as having been truly enacted upon the Earth ; that he finds that the Word of God has spoken of an unbroken deep as covering the surface of the Earth ; that he will then endeavour to bring his mind to a conception of the natural means by which such "*general deep*" was formed ; that it is probable that his imagination will then perceive that it might thus have accumulated ; that the globes, which he might before have been ready to admit, according to the before-described hypothesis, to have been hot and pulpy masses, with superficies of moistened matter, or alluvion, had been emitting, through many of such centuries as ours, their dense and steaming vapours into the colder vacuum ; that such steam-wreaths had ascended continually ; that the globes had now, all of them, breathed out and evaporated, from every lung and pore, the abundance of their liquid particles ; that such exhalations had filled the bosom of all space with dense and stagnant clouds, suspended in the void, and hanging and floating all around ; that these, as the surface of each Earth became progressively cooled, began to be condensed, and precipitated and settled downward upon the Earth ; that such accumulation was at first

but partially effected, forming, thus, the commencement of the vast oceans destined to overspread the surface of the Globe to some considerable depth; and that, thus, might Nature's laws be permitted to corroborate the Word of God, when such declares there was "a formless deep, upon the face of which the Spirit of Jehovah moved when He created Light."

#### THE EARTH UPON THE SECOND DAY.

"And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament."

*I believe*,—if the inquirer reads on attentively, that he will find, that, upon the *second of the Creative Days*, the process above described as *commenced within the first*, (that of the condensation of the waters upon the surface of the Earth, and the clearing up of the firmament in which they before were held,) becomes completed; that God then issued the command, "Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters;" that, if the inquirer has been ready to admit that a true conception or that a consistent hypothesis has been formed of the commencement of this process, he will, in this paragraph, perceive that the law of gravitation, impressed by Almighty Will, is now stated to have become perfected (as far as the gradual and the sufficiently settling down of the great bulk of the humid portions of each Globe), that our Earth had now cooled sufficiently to admit of the approach to its surface, without repulsion, of the remainder of its liquid particles; that the Heavens now gave fully down the waters belonging to each sphere; that they separated themselves in the heights of the firmament into such portions as were due to, and as had originally arisen from, each separate World; that, to their own peculiar Globes they sank down again, thus separating the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above each firmament (such distinguishing of various 'firmaments' being evidently the intermediate space, or the proper Heaven of each peculiar Globe,) clearing away the obscuring particles of moisture from such orbit-fields, spreading out and unfolding the azure curtain from the skies, and, by these laws and operations, providing more completely the *entire liquid* that should form the various seas which are mentioned in God's Word as the next of the Creative processes.

#### THE EARTH UPON THE THIRD DAY.

"And God said, Let the waters under the Heavens be gathered together unto one place and let dry land appear."

*I believe*—if he be led farther into the examination of these sublime truths, which come, step-like, upon one's mind, with all the vast authority of God's most mighty movements in the manipulation of the most majestic spheres, that he will be enabled to comprehend the breaking up of the past

uniformity and the past dreariness of the Earth's watery surface, and will be enabled to conceive the process employed in, and the effects produced by, the next mandate of the Almighty Architect, when he issued his decree, "Let the waters under the Heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear."

I doubt not but that he will be enabled to perceive, that, after such extensive periods had passed as must have been occupied in the building up of a Sphere, or of all of the Spheres, of available matter and material, of some consolidated texture, wherewith the Almighty Mind destined, in after-days, to mould each World's diversities, there arrived a period of violent and of general disturbances, wisely intended to alter the surface of each Earth; that, by *some* expansive and exploding force (*the which* I shall more fully illustrate in the accompanying poem) the ring-like and the consecutive bands were burst asunder,—were thrust outwardly,—were often reversed in their order,—were twisted and most tortuously displaced; that the lowest down with which the mind of Man has become acquainted, (and to which his skill could not have penetrated in their original positions,) became, at such strange time, widely riven, and most prominently upheaved; that such are now made familiar to our sight in the gigantic mountains of the Earth, the granatic rocks, and other plutonic formations which clearly indicate a former residence and birth in proximity to and closer contact with Earth's central fires; that, in the violence of these swellings and these uprisings from beneath the overlaying waters of all the Alpine ridges and the minor rocky ranges of the Earth, the superior layers of its concrete, then but in pulp, slid downward from the protruding summits and from the sides of these, the *former ribs*, but *the present pillars* of the Globe, forming the slopes and the valleys of the Earth; and, that, deeper still, they were thus instrumental in providing the marly and the sandy basins whereunto retired the waters of the seas.

*I believe*,—if he be led to follow *the minutiae* and *the mode* of these operations, that a conviction will come upon his mind, that many of the agencies which might have been combined in producing the changes named in the preceding remarks, were of so subtile and of so imperceptible a quality, that they have not left, and could not leave, their traces behind for our examination, for our distinct comprehension, or for our possible explanation; but that there are others of the means which were so employed, of which we can take cognizance, that such have impressed themselves with the distinctiveness of truth upon all the portions of the Globe; that such must have been, and really were, amongst the mighty means which God summoned into operation, when he commanded the Mountains to rise up, and the Valleys to be abased; that they must all have been immensely grand, and astonishingly beautiful; that to define them in all their features,

or in all their powers, would be impossible; that he will be willing to admit that it must be a consciousness of incompetency which obliges me to make selection, in this Poem, but of one of the modes of producing such results; to follow such with apparent favoritism in its detail; *herein to argue* upon its geological truthfulness, and *hereafter to attempt poetically to describe*, and *pictorially to delineate* some few portions of the features which my imagination may conceive must have been revealed therein; and that I am but indulging in a vain attempt to resuscitate, from the by-gone pictures of one portion of a Creative Day, one little scene, such as might be made appreciable by the sense of sight; such as must be worthy of the brightest energies of the poet's imaginative powers; and such as will outvie the highest colouring which the painter's palette can possibly bestow.

*I believe*,—that the seeker for truth, travelling as I have described, and as I have endeavoured to suggest, will be led to admit that one of the most general, as well as one of the most conspicuous means employed in these most admirably-contrived-disturbances, is manifestly shown to have been the disquietude and the explosive fervency of the deep and earth-bound minerals in some unusual state of gaseous fermentation; (the such being *intended* by the Almighty Creator, and being *provided* for in its due season by Him); and that the rending and the bursting up of the Earth's surface must have been absolutely effected in some such manner as he will find I have attempted to explain in the course of the following Poem.

I repeat, that it will not be necessary that admission should be made that the *escapement*, and that the *outbursting* of the minerals which resided in the bowels of the Earth, should be considered as *the only mean* by which such alteration in the surface of the Earth was effected; but I contend, that, if he conducts his researches with skill, he will arrive at the fact, that such mean of causing the varieties of mountain and of vale, and of land and of sea, from a previously uniform surface, is impressed most prominently upon the Earth as *one of the means* by which it was accomplished, that it is shewn to have been most beautifully devised, and to have been most wonderfully completed; that such disruptions are shewn to have been often-times repeated, and at widely separated periods of the creative days; that by such means alone the minerals were placed within the reach of man; that they were first ejected through the riven basis of the surrounding ribs, and that they were then drawn up by the same attractive and exciting powers as caused their extreme fervency, and as urged them to burst forth; such leading powers sometimes crossing the Earth's surface, in unusual nearness, from East to West, and sometimes again (perhaps thousands of years apart) from North to South, drawing, in their course, innumerable seams of metal into the then soft and pulpy matrix of the uplifted clay, wherein they then became incorporated, wherein

they also cooled, as the induration of the various strata progressively proceeded; and wherein they are now capable of being discovered, and of being wrought, as metallic lodes, by the ingenuity and by the perseverance of mankind.

*I believe*, if he be led somewhat further into the investigation of the phenomena of Earth's formative energies, that he will find, that, not only are *the first swellings up*, and the *first rendings of the World* due to the means which I have described (in combination with others which I attempt not to define) such forming the great divisions of the land and the water, prior to any vegetation being produced thereupon (except such as might have been submarine) but, that, he will doubtless observe that many similar disturbances have taken place subsequently to the first upheaving of the broader masses of the land; that such have indeed occurred after such periods of time had elapsed as had sufficed to clothe the Earth with a most substantial vegetable covering, and with forests of extensive growth (as is described in the Word of God as taking place during the vast ages of the latter portion of *the third Creative day*) that the then forests and vegetable fields, by such repeated convulsions, were frequently overthrown, and were frequently completely overlaid by earthy coverings, either immediately upon their downfall, by the extraordinary force of such disruption, or, through long periods of time, by the more gradual burials of sedimental deposits, washed to and fro in the rockings of the unstable surface of the Earth; that such again and again occurred, at intervals of time which overwhelm the reflective mind with the vastness and with the dreary grandeur of such by-gone and preparative periods; that these fields of vegetable growth, and these prostrated forests, by the means of the then resident heat of the young Earth's entire body, became subjected to spontaneous and to stifled combustion, which thence produced the charred and the bituminous fossil fields, which have been so wisely and so sufficiently provided by a beneficent Creator, and which are now become so extensively useful and so needful to mankind.

#### FOURTH CREATIVE DAY.

"And God said, 'Let there be Lights in the firmament of the Heavens to divide the day from the night, and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years, and let them be for lights in the firmament of the Heavens, to give light upon the Earth,' and it was so. And God made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night, He made the stars also, and God set them in the firmament of the Heavens, to give light upon the Earth, and to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness, and God saw that it was good; and the evening and the morning were the fourth day."

*I believe*—that this statement is, beyond a doubt, a recital of the creation of the Sun and of the Moon of our system, and of all the other separate systems; that it *positively declares* that *the period of time* at

which each system of the Universe received their separate luminaries which were to "*rule*," or to determine their separate "*days and nights*," was the *fourth Creative-day*; that this has nothing to do with, and is not a recapitulation of, the creation of light spoken of in "*the beginning*," or in the first day; that from this relation of facts it is most evident, as before stated, that there was, prior to this time, a general light—which light was not embosomed in any of our present luminaries, until the time herein described; that, at this period (*the fourth Creative-day*), the Almighty was pleased to make either an important *addition* to his Universe of Spheres, or that He was then pleased to make a most important difference in the *qualities* of some of those bodies, and also in the motions of others then strewed throughout Immensity, and until then operated upon by one universal law of gravitation and of rotation only; that He was then pleased either entirely to create the innumerable Suns which Infinitude now enfolds, or that He was pleased, at this period, to implant in certain central spheres (previously unilluminated and unilluminating) a principle of unvarying light and of undiminishable heat; that such principle was conveyed for the purpose of establishing, in such sphere, the power of ruling or of controlling the motions of certain other worlds,—of giving to them such a perpetual system of revolution, as should determine their "*days*," their "*nights*," their "*years*," their "*seasons*," and their "*signs*," that He was then pleased to implant in each of these Suns certain other powers not previously bestowed; that He was pleased to give to each Sun a certain influence, sufficient to enable such body to cause its appropriate globes to separate themselves from the masses of worlds around, and to become, of such, the centre, towards which they, and they only, should ever be inclined to precipitate themselves, by a new or additional law of gravitation at this time bestowed, or then made divisible into separate systems; that to each of such Suns there should also be given a power or an influence, apparently opposed to this law of gravitation, but yet so properly and so wonderfully adjusted therewith, that these opposing principles should act in continuous harmony with each other, and should thereby assign truly, and maintain permanently, the exact orbit in the which each of the surrounding globes should then commence their more complex movements, and in which they should continue to revolve; that there should then reside in each Sun the power of an unvarying revolution upon its own axis, and around the great central Sun, such central Sun controlling the movements and fixing the orbits of each separate Sun, and each separate Sun influencing their various globes to perform the combined movements of a revolution upon their own axis daily, of a circle described around their own Suns periodically or annually, and of an accompanying progress with such Suns in all their stupendous journeyings around

Immensity eternally; thus changing the first image conveyed by the movements of the planetary bodies (as seen when the first universal day was ushered in) originating *now* the *days* of our mundane time, and causing all the groups of globes to roll vertiginously within their own then assigned firmaments, around their own central Suns, and to accompany such Suns in their extended roll around the boundaries of all created space.

### THE EARTH UPON THE FIFTH DAY.

*The Creation of Fish and of Fowl, and the destruction of vast quantities of such in the Convulsions of this Period.*

*I believe,—*(if the Examiner and I read the Scriptures with alike impressions, and if our geological researches led us to the same conclusion,) that he will discover that there is a continual harmony between the Words and the Works of God, most clearly and most satisfactorily displayed, in all these changes of the Earth; and, that, if he examines further still, he will find, again and again, that other and most beautiful coincidences force themselves upon his mind; that he will find that these changes of the Earth's surface evidently ran their revolutions into the periods when God ordained, and when he completed the production of the lowest classes of Created Life, and that these features, (as we shall perceive when we discuss them more fully in their appropriate place,) will continue to build up the harmonious evidences of the Word of God, and of the Volume of Nature, in respect to the durations of Creative Time; that he will find that the Word of God declares that upon *the fifth day* God said—"Let the Waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, the fowl that may fly above the Earth in the open firmament of Heaven; and God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, that the waters brought forth abundantly after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind;" that he will perceive that this Creation of *the fifth day* is restricted exclusively to the fish of the sea and to the fowl of the air; that he will then turn to the Evidence of Nature, and that he will then undoubtedly see that mixed with and embodied into that which was then pulpy composite of various qualities, (for I use no scientific or geological terms which are not understood by every individual,) and of most unfathomable depths and thicknesses (the such being most evidently the earliest of the sedimental strata of the Earth, but which are now indurated, by the evaporation of their moisture, into beds of rock and marble and other substances) are the undoubted relics of the watery tribes which then the seas had brought forth abundantly, and of the birds, which had been created in the early portion of *this fifth period*; that he will then find that other classes must

have succeeded, and that then again he will find, in somewhat later deposits, that the fossil remnants of many of the classes of fishes and of birds occur, with which we are familiar, and which yet exist in the seas, and upon the surface of the Globe.

#### THE EARTH UPON THE MORNING OF THE SIXTH DAY.

*The creation of the Cattle and the Beasts of the Field, and the partial destruction of such during the subsiding convulsions of the Earth.*

I conceive, now, that the Inquirer might have so fully perceived the harmonies of Scripture and of Nature, as to admit their beauty and their consistency thus far; and that he will have sufficient patience to travel with me one stage further in the proof of the vast periods determined by the Bible and by Nature, as being consumed in creative operations, and therefore included in "Creative Days"; that he will now be prepared to admit that *the Word of God names these changes* in the very order in the which *Nature demonstrates that they absolutely occurred*; that it names the *completed states* duly as they arrived; but that it leaves *the features of the Earth to exhibit the minutiae*, and to hold up *the permanent evidences of the modes* of such progressive works, and of *the means* therein employed; that the examination of such evidences makes the researches of science, in connexion with the teaching of the Bible, to be profitable to Man, rather than to be injurious even to the most timid and to the most feeble Christian; that they cause the Inquirer to find, in every relic of the globe, substantial testimonials of the truths which God's most Holy Word most positively declare; and that they make "madness" indeed to be the only appropriate term to be applied to the undevout Astronomer or to the unbelieving Geologist.

I will conceive, therefore, that he will be willing to take one more example from the Word of God, attested by the Works of Nature, to bring decisive proof of the great duration of Creative Days; not only to decide that each of these Days was indeed an immense period of incomputable time, but to be convinced also that each of these periods were again divisible into their particular portions, each of these portions supplying their parts of the general works, therein declared, by God's own dictation, to have been completed; and such identical work being equally plainly set forth in the evidences of Nature as so progressively, and as so ultimately consummated.

These further harmonies will, I conceive, be proveable by the further traces which I shall now name as remaining to tell of the effects of those disturbances in the surface of the Earth; such traces showing distinctly that events which occurred, and the consequences which ensued, during the *early portions* of the times called "*a day*," did not extend into, nor



have any effect upon, the incidents apportioned to the concluding or the latter portion of such "Day," although such events were evidently produced by progressive means occupying vast periods of time.

I will take, for our especial example, *the sixth or last creative day*, as offering the most positive evidence of such divisibility. I will suppose that the inquirer has observed, and, that he is ready to admit that it evidently belonged to *disturbances*, (such perhaps as I have named) to make, from an entire and featureless Globe, the gathering together of the waters upon the Earth, and the uprising of the great masses of the land primarily; and that it is due to consecutive, and, in every instance, to gradually lessening disturbances or convulsions to produce the alluvial deposits which are found to descend to such surprising depths, and which give undoubted evidence of their progressive formation by sedimental deposition, time after time, such strata being laid down, layer upon layer, with marked and manifold stages of subsiding precipitations; that these different belts or layers upon the surface of the Earth, must, many of them, have been formed beneath the waters, and must have subsequently uprisen, whilst perhaps other portions of Earth's surface have been depressed; that all these layers have most positively incorporated within them the fossil remains of such creatures of the Earth, and only of such, as the Word of God declares then to have obtained their birth; that upon *the Sixth Morning* comes another proof; we find that upon *the early portion of the Sixth Day*, God said, "Let the Earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, *cattle and creeping thing*, and *the beast of the Earth* after his kind; and it was so;"—that, in looking at the evidences of nature, we clearly perceive that undoubted proofs exist that many of these creatures which were so created upon the *first portion*, or upon *the morning of this Sixth day*, did absolutely suffer, and at repeated intervals, during the more superficial disturbances, and during the evidently subsiding changes of the Globe; but that we do not find that man has ever been able to produce, from any such sources, *one single example of a fossil human form*, whereby to show that Man was involved in such destructive overthrow as most undoubtedly overtook vast portions of the brute creation.

*I believe*, therefore, that from these combined features, the examiner, if he has been attentive to the concurrent evidences on both sides, will be ready to embrace the fact, that as Man was created upon the *Evening*, or during *the latter portion of the Sixth day*, and as he evidently did not suffer in the changes which most decidedly and extensively affected the creatures, who are positively stated to have been created on *the former portion of that day*, we do obtain a positive proof, and an additional one to that given on the first day, that *all the creative days in the Mosaical statement*, had their divisible and vastly intermediate parts or separate portions

of time; that (as above shown) *the former portion of the Sixth or latter day*, must have been extensively disturbed over the whole surface of the Globe, destroying and burying up vast masses of the brute creation, which we see deposited in its then consolidating marl; but that, before *the latter portion of such Sixth day had arrived*, the Earth had settled down into a state of quietude; that the material laws had wrought themselves into their self-completed forms; that they were then subsiding into the perfection, and into the consequent stillness of the now approaching rest; that the Earth was now permitted to repose; that it was thus become, "All very Good," and that it was progressively made to be suitable to the habitation of mankind, who is now upon the eve of his approach.

*I believe, therefore*, that these mighty proofs, built up layer on layer, are the intelligible language of creative progress; that they speak not of *days*; that they tell not of one mighty act, although that act be God's, but that they lead the mind back, by retiring steps, into the *stages* most sublime of God's consecutive and wonderful designs; that such evidences define clearly the relative times of events, which can, and which did, so leave their traces in the strata of the Earth; that they determine the primary laying down of the basis of the Globe to have been "The Beginning," of which no human mind can form an adequate conception, either as to means, or as to time; that they determine the first depositing of the various strata, the provision of the alluvion or original soil, and the first permanent division of the Earth into its Lands and Seas to have been prior to any animal life; that they proclaim the evidence that many subsequent revolutions were coeval with and also subsequent to the creation of animal life, but that they also establish the fact most interesting to the human mind, that all these disturbances, which would have been inconsistent with his safety during their progress, were positively *prior to that important period when God created Man!*—that they positively show that he did not suffer from any of those overthrows in which, undoubtedly, all meaner creatures were more or less involved, and upon which truths they have set their seals, indelibly engraven by their remains, and impressed upon the Earth at the periods of their deaths.

#### THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MAN AND ANIMALS

*Indicative of a variety of Origins upon the various continents and different parts of the Globe.*

Having thus endeavoured to carry the inquirer with me through the Evidences of The Bible and of Nature as to material things, and as to the lower order of beings, let me now invite his attention to the most important evidences of *The Physiology of Mankind*, as also to the evidences of the Physiology of the Creatures of the Earth, and to draw a careful comparison

therefrom, with the meaning and the intention of the Word of God, relative to the great question of—whether or not Adam and Eve were the first and the only created pair of Human Beings; which inquiry will form the subject for consideration during the remaining portion of this doctrinal exposition.

I most seriously believe that all who are led to examine carefully the evidences adduced in the different races of mankind, which even yet populate the different portions of the surface of the Globe, not with the desire to establish former prejudices, nor to confirm long-imbibed opinions (although such may be considered to be devout and reverential), but with a desire to learn the Truth, will issue from such study, with the conviction fastened upon their minds, that there are even yet to be found in the features and in the physical conformations of the human races, who inhabit the various portions of the Globe, certain positive and arbitrary distinctions; that such are clearly indicative of a variety of origins, exhibiting a fitness for those peculiar climates wherein their tribes yet dwell, as portions of distinct early races, whereto all of similar feature and conformation are most clearly traceable, of which they are justly termed the Natives, or the Aborigines, and where many of them yet exist in their unmixed features, as perfect evidences of their peculiar descent.

*I believe*,—that the diligent inquirer will be enabled to discover, and if he be candid, that he will be thence ready to admit, that it is an invariable *effect*, showing the presence of a positive Law of Nature, that all removals of original races to other climates (whether the change be from temperate to inclement latitudes, or from those which men would consider to be hostile to health and longevity, to others which would be considered more congenial,) have ever been manifestly injurious to their individual systems, and that such transportations are in many instances absolutely destructive of life; that their physical peculiarities are an evidence that the varieties of men were undoubtedly designed for continued existence in such various portions of the Earth as formed their first abodes; and that the observable impairment and destruction of vital powers, by removal to other climates, discountenances the probability that the Almighty ever did originally design to produce, or that the Earth, in her long series of centuries, ever has been capable of producing a healthful and a uniform race of beings (different in complexion and stature from those from whom they emanated) simply by the operation of a change of station, or by the influence of climate, however much such change might be held to have been aided by a lapse of time of any conceivable duration.

*I believe*—that every sincere examiner will be ready to admit that there is an absolute impossibility, (according to any Laws of Nature yet exhibited to Man's comprehension,) of producing a conformation involving such mental and physical powers, and such a complexion as the European

displays, from the Ethiopian stock, or from African parents, wherever such might have been located; or of cultivating the features of the Tartaric or of the Northern tribes from the Esquimaux of the Arctic Regions, or from the Red Indian of North America, wherever, or however long, they may have been removed; but, *I believe* he will be ready to admit that *the inverse consequence*, that of a blending of original characteristics, is not only perfectly conceivable, as a possible event, but that he will assent to the fact, that it has also been continually and extensively in operation; that Man *can* break down original distinctions, by amalgamation; but that he never can rebuild nor restore original classes, when such have been invaded by admixture, operating as a taint; that the admission will be, that the former not only *can be done*, but that *such has been done*; and that such means are now in extensive operation, amalgamating, and thus breaking down, the original distinctions of Mankind, by intercourse; that *the effects* of such intercourse are clearly traceable, to such an extent also as to have already caused the original and the distinct features of Mankind to slide into each other by almost imperceptible degrees; such mixed and intermediate races now forming the greater portion of the inhabitants of the Earth, and being more and more blended by coming daily into nearer and more ordinary intercourse with each other.

But, *I believe*, also, that the admission will be obtained that enough of genuine and of unmixed complexion and feature does yet remain, when sought for diligently, and, that the races who exhibit such characteristics, do still retain their abodes in sufficiently distinct regions of the Earth, to bring such inquirer to the decision, that, such variously constituted Beings must have been produced from equally characteristic originals; and, that, this conviction will be more forcibly impressed, if such inquirer connects with such evidences the facts (deduced from the clearest portion of the Word of God, and from the concurrent testimony of Geological truths) of the separation of the various portions of the Globe, by wide and impassable seas, prior to the Creation of Mankind; and especially if he thereto connects the historical confirmation which comes upon us from all the resources of travel, that the vast continents of the two hemispheres were undoubtedly and manifestly populated prior to the existence of any mode of transportation from the one to the other.

He will, then, *I have no doubt*, be inclined to turn his attention from the study of man, solely, to the consideration of the different races of animals which inhabit the various portions of the Globe; and, from such study, he will, *I believe*, be led to admit the existence of even more conclusive evidence of formation on different parts of the Earth; and of their reluctance to remove from that which must have been their original places of abode.

He will, *I have no doubt*, be enabled to discover that, in the animals generally, there are more especial obstacles, even than there are in Man, to a change of locality ; that there is an absolute impossibility of transportation, (except when the removal is made by Man, and that such can only have been effected since his powers of invention of the means of conveyance have grown up to the science of the building of ships,) that a conviction will follow, that, any removal, or, more especially, such a removal as could have effected the result observable in so many portions of the Globe, must, of necessity, have taken place at a very recent period of the Earth's history, comparatively speaking ; that this would undoubtedly have been noticed, or that it would be noticeable in some history of Mankind, (either sacred or profane) ; and that such could, most certainly, have extended only to such domestic creatures as might be serviceable to Man, and as would or could be made subject to his control.

The inquirer will, then, *I doubt not*, be led to observe the more peculiar *aptitudes* of all animals for the enjoyment of such climates, or of such particular portions of the Globe, as they originally inhabited, and for such alone (such physical law, of itself, rendering any other obstacle to their removal unnecessary) ; and that he thence will discover the fallacy of the idea which supposes that the lion and the giraffe of the African desert,—the white bear of the Polar regions,—the buffalo of the North American prairies,—the tiger and the elephant of Asia,—or the rein-deer of Lapland,—or the walrus of the Northern seas and shores,—ever having inhabited the same common climate, or the same central spot.

He will, then, *I doubt not*, be ready to seek, *even more closely*, into the *habits* of each creature ; to observe the strong natural law of *continual abidance* in original latitudes, even to the most minute spots, which exists in every creature of the Earth ; to perceive that a love of dispersion, or of spreading out, is not a principle nor a feeling of animal nature ; but, that it is strongly opposed to all the instincts of the brute creation ; that the animal creation are not alone confined or circumscribed to peculiar spots by local impediments or obstructions ; but that a Law of Nature is the governing principle in such invariable results ; that, did he want further evidence, or a pointed illustration of this law, he would have recourse to the fishes of the seas ; that he would be ready to admit that there is no disconnecting gap, and that there is no impediment nor perceptible alteration in the quality of the element in which they exist and move, to prevent the indiscriminate habitation of all parts of the seas, by every species of fish ; that human reason can perceive no dissimilarity in such element to present any such peculiar suitableness as should keep the various classes in the seas which they originally occupied ; but that he would see, that they do so abide, and that they have so abided in their respective situa-

tions from the first periods of their creation ; that there is a line of demarkation drawn ; that there is a law impressed ; that there is a path and a field which the wildest creatures know ; and that the Wisdom of God has rendered such sufficiently appropriate, and sufficiently congenial to the instincts or to the necessities of even the most apparently wayward wanderers of the watery waste, to make, to each, its more peculiar home.

The foregoing considerations of *the habits*, will, *I have no doubt*, urge the inquirer to proceed to the study of the *peculiar structures and the conformations* of the creatures which have come before his notice ; that he would then find that the *unalterable habits* to which I have directed his attention, are fixed by *the Will of God*, such Will being made permanent by the *peculiarities of the physical conformation* which He has been pleased to bestow upon each animal, and by the production of suitable varieties in the vegetable kingdom, to be conformable to such peculiarities, and to bind them to such spot or spots where such plants are rendered indigenous ; that he would find that this law is made absolute, and also peculiarly manifest in the exertion of such powers or habits as have reference to the acquisition of food, the great business of all animal existence ; that he would find that there are, in particular climates, peculiar vegetable productions ; that such vegetables are only suited to peculiar animals who inhabit such regions ; and that such would only be obtainable by creatures of peculiar statures or peculiar capabilities ; he will not, I feel convinced, run into the absurd idea that the vegetables there growing produced the appropriate form or the quality in the animal found in connexion therewith, or in the enjoyment thereof ; but, I feel assured, that he would immediately embrace the truth that the peculiar position of both, and their suitability to each other, was a matter of wise and of merciful provision of the Almighty, to stock with animal life of different habits all portions of the globe at one and the same period ; that he would determine that, from the first hour of their general creation, all creatures must have received the same habits whereon their subsistence depends ; that from such laws they have not the power of any departure ; that the granivorous birds were created to pick such fruits and seeds as they do at present eat ; that the herbivorous beast was made to feed on such grass of the field as they do at present crop ; that the carnivorous beast, or bird, must, from their first creations, and in consequence of their peculiar conformations, have been of the predatory class, and therefore must have been dependant upon taking the life, and upon eating the flesh of other and of such weaker animals as they do at present devour ; that all the latter were, therefore, created to be hostile to, and were, therefore, objects of alarm and dread to, and were to be fled from, by the weaker races or species, destined to afford them the means of sustenance, and evidently ap-

appointed by Infinite Wisdom, to be their natural food ; and, having arrived at all the foregoing conclusions, I hesitate not to infer, that expressions would escape of the vast *improbability*, and of the utter impossibility of the many-featured races of mankind, and of the so diversified and inharmonious beasts of the field, ever having inhabited one common or central spot, from whence they had been driven or had been transported to the farthest limits of the World ; and that a startling opposition would be immediately excited in such mind, to the reception of such meaning of the Word of God, as supposes the peaceable abiding of creatures of such hostile habits, and of such diversified natures in the circumscribed spot named the Garden of Eden ; that the ideas springing from such combined evidences, would challenge the consistency of the prevalent opinion, that the population of the whole surface of the Globe was revertible to the One Man Adam, (whom God decidedly created in such portion of the Globe ; and whence it is generally supposed that all mankind, and all animals, were disseminated, as from a common centre), and that *the mind*, having thus fully imbibed its conceptions of the grand scale of creative operations, and having also spread itself beyond the improbabilities and the apparent impossibilities which are included in any limited origin either of animals or of man, would burst out into the more grand conception of a creation abundantly diffused, and most wisely adapted to the populating of the whole Earth, by *groups* of human beings, of animals, of birds, and of reptiles ; having, originally, various characteristic peculiarities, all evidencing, as before stated, an existence in numerous and widely separated portions of the Globe ; at first, and by an universal fiat of creative power, so perfectly tenanted, as to be capable of fulfilling the manifest Will, and the declared intention of Almighty God,—that of replenishing the whole Earth ;—and that all these facts would tend to negative the possibility of gradual dissemination, as from a central spot, involving, as such would, a necessitated or a voluntary emigration from their original abodes, to other and more remote regions and far-separated continents, to which human research or ingenuity can ascribe no possible means of transportation or of approach.

#### THE PREVALENT BELIEF AS TO THE CREATION,

*Limiting the Creation of Man and all Animals to the one Man Adam,  
and to the Garden of Eden.*

Here—I will conceive—the inquirer makes a pause :—that he will admit that the examination of *Nature* has been spun out sufficiently ;—that he will express becoming fear that such tracing up of facts might overtake, with feelings of deep awe, and that such might strike, with sensations of surprise, the minds of those who had never before given their full consideration to such subjects. I will conceive, that he will be ready to admit,

that his mind had been *occasionally* and *partially* directed to such subjects, and that most startling difficulties had indeed often presented themselves to the reception of the prevalent opinion ; but, that all deep and diligent inquiry had been held in abeyance, and had been hushed, as being presumptuously opposed to all the lessons of his infancy ; that inquiry had been crushed in the very bud, by the fearing to allow the feelings or the imagination to grow up to such a point, as would involve the necessity of seeking complete conviction, at the risk of shaking or of overthrowing the incidents upon which his faith had obtained its foundation ; or by the fearing that such research might tend to the disturbance, even for a time, of all which he had ever considered to be true and holy in the human history, or of that which he considered to be stable in the Christian economy ; that the admonitions given to him in his most tender years, the tales recited to him in his childhood, the expositions of serious minded persons, and of pious parents, the rhymings of the poets, forming the rudiments for the attainment of his mother-tongue, impressed upon his mind in pictures too beautiful to be effaced, had all of them warned him to leave untouched (by the possibility of being enticed into dissent), a subject hallowed by so many sacred and beautiful associations.

*I can conceive*, that such examiner would then proceed to remind me that the united teachings of all such persons and matters which had been brought to bear upon his imagination at any time, have all of them had the same uniform tendency ; that they have been calculated to impress upon his consideration, and to engrave upon his more matured judgment, the strongest prepossession that the whole world was indeed created within the space of six of our present days ; that the millions of creatures which now populate its surface, had then their origin in one peculiar and circumscribed spot, in a garden called Eden, that all the various races of mankind had also their origin therein ; that they all emanated from one pair of beings, who were created to retain an immortality upon Earth, provided only that they proved obedient to one command ; that the animals which were created in that spot, existed within such bounds, for some considerable time, in perfect harmony with each other ; that the lion, and the bear, and the tiger, and the wolf, and all other creatures, now of violent propensities, had then different habits to their present manifested natures ; that they fed upon vegetable substances ; that, upon the first sin of mankind, this peaceful community was shaken to its centre, was disturbed, and broken up ; that fierceness then had birth ; and that death then burst, as a whirlwind, into this abode, scattering the thousands of its inhabitants, causing them to seek their safety in immediate flight, and thrusting the original pair of human beings upon the wide and unpopulated Earth, to attempt its dominion by their unaided and unweaponed hands, and to replenish its various continents from the alone produce of their loins.



*I conceive*,—that the inquirer will here have brought into mental review the prevalent belief of the History of Paradise; that he will place such history beside the evidences which he has already derived from Nature in her creative works; and more than that—that he will place such preconceived notions beside the plainest declarations of Almighty God in His acknowledged Word, and humbly trace the parallel:—and what will be the result?

*I conceive*,—that the consistent inquirer will then stir up his thoughts boldly, in the full, but in the humble consciousness that there is, in a prayerfully directed reason, a sufficiency of power to grasp the literal and the consistent meaning even of the deepest portion of the Word of God, especially when he knows that such Word is placed within his hand, opened and unsealed, accompanied by many a pressing invitation that he should diligently peruse each page, and when he is assured that such diligent seeking is the very permitted and the very encouraged “reasoning together with God,” which the Almighty requires, and which He delights to answer and to honor, assuring him that such Word contains statements of truths all of which it is important to his Soul that he should diligently examine and should fully understand.

*I conceive*,—that he will then cast aside the habits of slothfulness, the custom of timid dependance upon prevalent opinions, and the leaning upon human authorities claiming supremacy upon all spiritual matters, where God only, assisting him by the Spirit of Grace, should be admitted as his Father or Teacher; that he will, henceforth, place all his confidence upon the sufficiency, and upon the integrity of the Word of God; that, with the Roll of Inspiration spread out upon his knee, he will dare to draw a free and a full comparison between the Words and the Works of God, and all the doctrines declared by man; that he will thence be enabled to behold the perfect harmony which does most undoubtedly exist between created things as they are opened to his observation in the Evidences of the Earth, and such created things as they are spoken of in God’s Most Holy Word; and that he will be enabled to make up for himself a belief fully satisfactory to his own conscience of that which is the truth of God, pointing as it does to the concurrences of Nature’s works.

*I believe*,—that such resolution will induce him to examine attentively that portion of Scripture which alludes especially to the Creation of Mankind, as it is declared in the first chapter of Genesis; and to such, and to the following portions of Scripture connected therewith. I hesitate not to say, that I most seriously believe that the Christian World, generally, are overlooking a great and important fact connected with the Volume of Revelation; that they are blending up, in a most extraordinary manner, two portions of the Bible, as though such portions applied to one and the same

subject, whilst they are, in fact, as separate and as distinct in their intention as are any two other recitals or histories contained therein.

THE CREATION OF MANKIND GENERALLY UPON THE  
EVENING OF THE SIXTH DAY,

*Over the whole surface of the Globe, and upon all the Hosts of Worlds, at the same period and by the same mode.*

*I believe*,—that, in the portion of the Word of God which now comes in its due course, namely, from the 26th verse of the first, to the 3rd verse of the second chapter of Genesis, the prophet is undoubtedly continuing his relation of the general Creation of the Universe, and of all the Worlds contained therein.

*I believe*,—that God says, “Let us make Man,” that it is indisputable that the expression is ‘*mankind*,’ that it is used in the generical term, and that it is, throughout the whole of this recital, or history, accompanied by the pronoun ‘*them*,’ which gives evidence that it must be received in the plural number, except, indeed, in one particular instance; that the intention of the change, in that instance, is most obvious; that the alteration is important and impressive; and that it tends to give additional force and value to all the other portions, in all of which the plural number prevails without exception.

*I believe*,—that God said, ‘Let us make *mankind* in our own image, after *our* likeness (addressing The Son) and let *them* have dominion over the fish of the Sea, and over the fowl of the Air, and over the cattle; and over all the Earth; and over every thing that creepeth upon the Earth. So God created mankind, in his own Image created he *him* (the male of all mankind); male and female created he *them* (the both sexes of all mankind), and God blessed them; and God said unto them, ‘*Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the Earth*; and subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the Sea, and over the fowl, and over every living thing that moveth upon the Earth.’ And God said, ‘Behold, I have given you *every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the Earth, and every tree in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed*; to you it shall be for meat.’

“And God saw every thing that he had made, and behold it was very good, and the Evening and the Morning were the sixth day. *Thus the Heavens and the Earth were finished, and all the Host of them.*”

*I believe*,—that, it must be perfectly apparent that *the whole of the first chapter of Genesis, and the three first verses of the second chapter contain* one completed History, the statement of the Creation of the Universe, including all the Hosts of the Earths, and the general Creation of Mankind thereupon; that in our version the three last verses have been most injudiciously separated from the preceeding portion of the recital;

tending materially to interfere with, and to break up the meaning of this portion of Scripture, and (as we shall hereafter see) to carry the summing up of this magnificent work to another *individual creation* ; with which it has decidedly not the slightest connexion.

*I believe*,—if the whole of that portion of the Word of God, last quoted, be read with a mind uninfluenced by any preconceptions, and by any persons unswayed by impressions which might have been the effect of general and powerfully inculcated doctrines, hostile thereto, that, every idea conveyed by the expressions therein used, must and will be of a general and a widely extended character ; that there cannot arise any consistent conception that this recital could possibly be intended to represent the creation of *one Individual*, upon one peculiar portion of the Globe ; that there is not one single expression that can have a sense of limitation properly attached thereto ; that there are no means employed beyond the mandate of Almighty God ; that *He says* “ Let us make Mankind,”—*He speaks alone—and it is done* ;—and where ?—not upon this Earth alone, but upon “ *all the Hosts of Worlds*,” at one and the same period of time ; and in one and the same manner ; that, the Prophet says “ *thus* the Heavens and the Earth were *finished*, and *all the Host of them* ;” that the ‘ *thus* ’ declares distinctly, that the whole of the preceding portion of the recital, both as to time, and as to similarity of means, was the History of the Creation of the Universe ; including the general population of this Earth ; that the general History of the World is there commenced, and that it is there terminated ; that it is so full and so complete, that it does not *require* the aid of any additional statement, or recapitulation, and that it will not *permit* of a dissimilar or of a contradictory explanation of any of its parts which have therein been so positively defined, and which have been therein laid down with such peculiar and with such dignified emphasis.

*I believe*,—that every lesser, or every contracting thought, must, and will be considered to be, a misconception of, and a degradation from this bright and glorious portion of the Word of God ; and, that, verse after verse, and word upon word, come thunder-tongue, rolling upon the ear, (and thence displaying before the eye,) in wonderful and most sublime rapidity, the great and mighty acts whereby Jehovah made His millions of Worlds, and gave thereto millions of millions of human souls, for whom they were designed, and for whom they were brought, as we have seen, to their appropriate states of perfection ; that, he who conceives this scene in anywise aright, will have the majestic vision, and the most magnificent array presented to his imagination, of the Eternal and the Omnific God, seated upon His Throne (the circuit of the Heavens) communing with His Well-beloved Son, declaring thus the fiat of His Will—“ Let us make Mankind,” and that, without any other process, as soon as that Omnific

Voice goes forth into Infinitude, he will as instantly behold a simultaneous burst of thousands upon thousands of human Beings, not only upon this World, but upon thousands of thousands of other Worlds, and, upon "all the Host of them" throughout God's Vast Immensity, thus, and by this mandate alone, furnished with all their varieties of Mankind, having immortal souls, with destinies as great and as important as our own; that he will behold the Infinite Lord God, as St. Paul truly expresses it, "*making of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the Earth, determining the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitations*;" that he will see that 'the times of their appearance' have been well, and wisely, and mercifully appointed; that 'the bounds of their habitations' had already been determined by the separation of the various lands by the seas, by the intervention of other minor waters, and by the impassable mountains, originated in the more early processes of the Creative Works (before described); that he will be brought to the admission that the language of Scripture is too wide for any lesser thought; that the whole recital gives the substance of a scene as grand, as glorious, and as universal too, as must have been the simultaneous population of all the host of Worlds, the mode of which the Prophet has thus described as being an instantaneous responsiveness to the Voice of Deity; and that there is a breadth, a grandeur, and a simplicity in such Divine Truths, which Men's minds should struggle to conceive, which they should be encouraged to admire, as worthy of, and as appropriate to, the last recorded *act*, and the most important *Work* of Heaven's Eternal God.

#### THE ABORIGINES OF THE EARTH.

*The Heathens of the Scriptures, and the vast races of Mankind, as declared in traditional evidence, all living without the Law.*

Now, who are these varieties of Men?—Will it be asked if I am overstepping thus the bounds of Truth, misquoting the Word of God, or creating beings upon Earth, in multitudes, for whom the Bible gives me no authority?

I most humbly, but most unhesitatingly, reply, that no such intention rests upon my mind; that I but seek, according to the best of my ability, to understand and to declare the meaning of the Word of Truth; that I declare, that the internal evidence of the Bible is my sole authority for proclaiming my full belief, that therein we have a full recital of a general creation of Mankind; and that the concurrent testimonies of all profane histories, of all traditions, and of all remnants of antiquity, are the indisputable corroborations, that the supposition of an abundance of Mankind, at this time produced, is indeed a just conception of the meaning and of the intention of the Holy Scriptures.

*I believe*—that many following passages of the Bible (which I shall quote and comment upon in the order in which they occur) will prove that these beings are, in truth, *the Aborigines of all the Nations of the Earth*; that they were undoubtedly originally created, by their God, in their characteristic varieties, that they are all God's workmanship, and that the Bible bids us believe that there are other such beings, and numbers of such, in all those millions of worlds that glisten in the midnight sky; that the very hosts of Heaven are all so furnished with habitants; that these beings are, as far as this Earth is concerned, and in one general term, the Heathen Aborigines, who were born or were created "*without the Law*;" that they will all be "*judged without the Law*," or by that which is a minor and to them a more appropriate law; that, amongst these beings, who were first created, are not only the rapidly-retiring and the fast-decreasing Aborigines, whom we may observe around on all the islands and the continents of the Earth; but, also, that they are the original races of those mighty men whose chiefs were gods and demi-gods, who have yet a traditional history, running far back beyond the chronological extent of that portion of the Word of God *which truly takes its date at Adam's birth*; that, amongst these first-created groups, arose those men whose mighty works (exaggerated much, beyond a doubt, in those they magnified to deities,) come down to us in the long line of strange mythology, which had, undoubtedly, an origin in the acts of these, the early races of Mankind; that these races had, amongst their wide varieties, races of giants, and other beings of prodigious stature; and that these monstrous men did, most evidently, not originally spring from, nor did they ever arise within, the stock or race of whom the Bible professes to be "*the Book of its Generations*;" not one single instance of such gigantic birth being recorded therein (except in distinctly declared opposition to such people), and such Book being undoubtedly a faultless record, and without a flaw.

*I believe*—that it will be quite manifest to every inquirer, that the Scriptures most emphatically declare, in the portion before quoted, that God did not give one single law, nor any one restrictive command, to any of these beings who had birth *upon the Sixth Creative Day*; that He gave to them *all the fruits of every tree that was upon the face of all the Earth*; that there is not one word declared as to their cultivating the ground; that the perfectly unrestricted gift of the fruit of every tree was not capriciously bestowed; that it was not prematurely declared, to be again withdrawn, or to be subsequently altered in any single point; that it was not immediately superseded by a law made contradictory thereto, and involving instant death upon the indulgence of any of their former privileges; that *this was not, as is now implied, a hasty and an indiscriminate version of facts* of creation and of laws, to be broken up, and to be completely disarranged

by a perfectly *opposing recapitulation* ; but, that the Scriptures do really tell us, and that they do intend that we should believe, that those Beings were created under the economy therein described as being '*without a Law*;' as having therein given to them all the creatures of the Earth, and the unlimited fruits of every tree ; that the concurrent testimonies of all possible research shows us that all the natives of the uncivilized portions of the Earth do yet retain and cherish these their primitive indulgences ; that they are all observed, up to the present time, to be subsisting by the chase ; that there are none yet found who cultivate the ground ; that they all declare, from traditional authority, that they never were required to till the soil, nor to cultivate the fruits of the trees ; that they assert that The Great Spirit gave to them the unbroken surface of the field for their extending hunting-grounds ; that every tribe had its apportioned part and 'boundary' assigned ; that The Great Spirit gave them the fruits of the Earth, and caused them all to grow spontaneously ; that to these habits they adhere, not with the pertinacity of indolence or of caprice, but with the strength which shows a Law of God, so permanently impressed upon their minds, that nothing can erase it thence ; that such Law, even now, does cause these wild and simple-minded men to invite, and to prefer, the extirpation of their tribes, rather than to permit the least invasion to be made on that which they call a right, received directly from The Great Spirit of the Universe ; that such usages, combined, as they most undoubtedly appear to be with God's command, as recorded in the Scriptures, convey the fact that these, the Aborigines of the different tribes, have not reversed the general habits of all the races of Mankind, who have come under the knowledge and under the influence of a more extended law of improvement, of cultivation, and of Spiritual government ; that these Aborigines have not made a retrograde movement ; that they have not degenerated from past knowledge of a higher character ; that they have not lapsed into indolence, from habits of industry commanded them by their God, and exercised by their progenitors ; that they have not allowed their energies to become dormant which were once exerted in the bringing out of the greater riches of the cultivated soil ; that they have not permitted the once-cultivated land to fall back into a second wilderness ; but, that they do indeed retain, in all their pristine vigour, the habits of each race ; that they yet exhibit, and that they yet obey, the natural law impressed upon them all by God's Almighty Will at their creative hour ; and that such Law is shown as so fully impressed that nothing can remove it from their minds, nor can shake its full authority, until, indeed, the change shall be brought about, (which has, from the days of Adam, been in slow and constant operation,) by the influence of that better and more spiritual mode, the extending unto these, and to all Man-

kind, that far more high and holy Law of God, contained within His Holy Word, which was commenced, no doubt, with the 'first Adam,' or the 'first man' to whom (as we shall hereafter find) the first command "to till the ground" was given, at whose peculiar birth this mighty-twofold power was dropped, even from the hand of God, upon the slumbering surface of the World, making the first outsetting mark and the commencing movement upon its breast, which shall continue to extend itself, and to expand, wave after wave, and circle's bound beyond each circle's breadth, until the cultivation of the soil (taught to and commenced by 'the first Adam,' conjoined to the knowledge of The Lord, which was also in its Spiritual Law commenced with him) shall overspread the Earth, with these, the two great motive-powers of peace, as the waters of the globe are made to overspread the surface of the Seas.

#### THE SABBATICAL PERIOD OF REST.

*Of what duration, and by whom kept.*

*I believe*, that, we then arrive at the establishment of the Sabbath Day.—"And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it, because that in it he had rested from all His Work, which God created and made."

*I believe*, that, not only is the Sabbatical Day of Rest important as to the period at which it is introduced—at which it is stated to have been kept, in the Word of God; such occurrence being placed therein in a position to separate, (as it undoubtedly and absolutely did stand between) the general creation of all Mankind, which certainly preceded it, and the subsequent creation of Adam, which most positively followed it; but that it is equally important to be rightly understood as to the extent of its duration, and also as to its character, as kept by those people whom we have just considered the Aborigines of the Heathen nations of Mankind; the only Beings then on Earth to worship God during that period.

*I believe*, that this first Sabbatical period of rest (to be duly conceived as regards the time consumed therein) must bear an absolute seventh portion of relative duration to the preceding periods of Creative activity; that, as the former periods of Creation, called 'Days,' are all of them discoverable and proveable to be vast cycles of time, as compared with our present years (so vast, indeed, that the mind becomes confused, unless it be permitted to take refuge in some such thought as seems to be conveyed by the Sacred Writer, when he declares 'that a day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and that a thousand years are but as one day') so, also, that this seventh period must have been, to complete the simile, of equal duration with the former days; that we must not blend, in our imaginations, the quick recurrence of our present Sabbath-days, as measuring absolutely one-seventh period of the Creative time, nor as com-

memorating absolutely the period of the first Sabbath of Rest (which we find was established then, and then kept holy unto the Lord), but, that we must be ready to perceive that *our present Sabbath* is but a small, though it be *a perfect figure of the first* period of rest ; that it is, like all other rites and memorial institutions, *a figure for the mind*, capable of being conceived, and capable of being adopted into use, (which the entire Sabbath would not be capable of, according to the times allotted to man's existence) ; that it is intended to enfix more fully on our hearts some more great event needful to be devoutly there impressed, and that the change from the greater time signified, to the lesser time kept, is but to give the season the most convenient, and to provide the most rapidly recurring period of time, (positively demarked,) for such commemorative act of making humble recognition of that stupendous fact of Omnific history, to God's Eternal Honour and Glory as the Creator and as the Preserver of the Universe and of all Mankind.

*I believe,—that, the duration of this Sabatical Rest* was the Thousand Years, throughout the which Satan is declared to have been bound within the Bottomless Abyss, after he was first cast out from Heaven, and when he and all his host are shown to have rebelled, at the announcement of the general creation of Mankind, and at the exhibition, even then, of God's predestined will as to their eternal happiness to be secured through the mediation of Jesus Christ.

*I believe—*that such casting-out is evidently shown to have been at the creation of Mankind ;—that such could not have been at the creation of Adam, as Satan was undoubtedly bound for the period of time above named, that, therefore, he could not have been in the Garden of Eden to tempt Eve in the form of a serpent until after such thousand years had passed ; that, therefore, during this first Sabbath, (and during such period alone,) all these original tribes of Mankind had a perfect rest from sin ; that they, during such time, did sanctify and keep this 'Rest' ; that they then served God in the perfect simplicity of Nature's implanted laws ; that they then acknowledged and glorified God in every proper and sinless use of their physical and of their intellectual powers ; that the Author and the Origin of all and of every sin, not being then liberated, but being then bound in hell, there was not, and there could not be, even the germ of sin or of evil in Men's hearts ; that there was no Source wherein guilt could originate, or whence iniquity could proceed ; that, then, the good and the perfect Influence of God alone was shed abroad through all created things ; that every human soul then lived in the continual obedience of the Will of God in the perfect impulse of their natural powers ; that such an absence from all sin, established then "a Sabbath of Rest" upon Earth of becoming glory unto God ; that when Satan became liberated, this "first Rest," or period of purity, became dis-



turbed, that (we are informed in the Scriptures) his 'letting-loose' brought "woe upon the Earth and amongst the inhabitants thereof;" that such woe was brought about by his deluding the minds of these, the Heathen Nations, into the sin most offensive unto God, of Idol worshipping; that the universal existence of such practices, and the departure from the true God, is made manifest by the testimony of all the wonderful events recorded in profane tradition in history, in the vast traditions of the Mythology, and that it is declared most positively in Divine Authority, as the offence whereby 'the Lord God was grieved at His heart that He had made Mankind upon the Earth;' and for the punishment of which occurred that awful extirpation of a certain portion of the human race by the waters of the devastating Flood.

### INTERMEDIATE PERIOD OF TIME

*prior to the creation of Adam.*

"The Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the Earth, and there was not a Man to till the ground, but there went up a mist from the Earth, and watered the whole face of the ground."

*I believe*, therefore, that by admitting the duration of the first Sabbath of Rest (wherein there was no sin) to have been equal to each one of the first creative days, we are brought to the assumption that there subsequently must have occurred other vast periods of *sinful activity* amongst the first creations of mankind; that there then followed a vast hiatus or interlapse, of which we have no scriptural record farther than that a gap is therein noticeable; that such occurred before the period of the Law, of which the Bible becomes the History, and was not connected with that race whose *first Man* ushered in the Law, and whose Second Man fulfilled and sealed it with his blood; and that such gap is accounted for by the evident scope and intention of the Scriptures; such Book most manifestly only giving an historical or genealogical *account* of that race of people to whom it is especially addressed.

*I believe*,—that the Prophet having made this demarking period, between the first general and the second and individual creation, immediately proceeds to enter upon the history of the *first Adam*, or the *first Man* of the important race now about to be created; that, in introducing such history, he makes use of two expressions, or that he makes two statements, both of which have had a considerable influence upon the minds of commentators, and also upon the minds of persons in general; and have, I believe, caused them to arrive at conclusions which are not consistent with the Truth of God.

*I believe*, that the prophet, in the fourth verse of the second chapter of Genesis, begins his new relation of circumstances, by briefly referring to the

former periods of creation, and by informing the reader that his past recital "is the history of the Heavens and of the Earth when they were created ;" that he then proceeds to state, that "The Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the Earth, and there was not a Man to till the ground, but there went up a mist from the Earth, and watered the whole face of the ground."

*I believe*, that, upon the two points here named, much misconception has arisen ; that *the expression relative to the absence of rain upon the Earth*, has been made to convey the idea of the *perfect newness* of the World, upon which no rain had fallen, even to the bringing back of the Earth, (and of all circumstances connected with the history, which this statement is intended to usher in), back to the primal hour, or to the fifth day of the creative operations ; whilst the following observation,—that *there was no Man to till the ground,* being presumed to mean that '*there was no Man existing on the whole face of the Earth*, has appeared to give a sufficient authority for transferring the whole of this statement, through the intervening Sabbath, into the former series of incidents, and for making the whole of the circumstances connected with Adam's creation, to be a recapitulation of works performed upon the latter of the creative days.

I hesitate not to say, that, to my mind, the authority for such *transposition* ought to be of the most clear and of the most satisfactory character, to permit of such a liberty being taken with the Word of God, as to shift a whole volume of circumstances out of the position in which they are evidently placed, into any other recital ; and that nothing would justify any human being in making such an interchange of positions, but the strongest expressions of intended recapitulation ; or, in the absence of such, the accordance, so perfect, of matters related, as should be most clearly indicative of the two recitals having reference to one and to the same occurrence.

*Now, I seriously believe*, (that instead of such harmony of incidents as would somewhat appear to relieve the mind of the responsibility of so inter-volving two narratives apparently distinct), when these two recitals are minutely dissected and examined, it will be admitted, that it will scarcely be possible to find any two statements having more numerous points of dissimilarity and of disagreement, save in the one point—that they both treat of a creative act of Almighty God.

I shall, therefore, proceed to give (as I have done in all former matters connected with the following Poem), a candid exposition of the impression, and of the belief resting upon my mind of the intention of Scripture, in the passages which now present themselves for consideration ; and over which, it appears to me, that it becomes impossible for a sincere inquirer to pass, until he has satisfied his mind of the intention of The Almighty in dictating this portion of His Holy and Inspired Word.

*I believe*, that both these passages must be allowed to mean precisely

what they say, and nothing more nor less ; that they are perfectly capable of full comprehension and of consistent explanation ; that they are not intended to convey any dis-arranging features ; that they are capable of being made to assume a perfectly harmonious combination with all the preceding, as well as with the surrounding, and with the subsequently related facts of the Bible ; and that the allusion to the watering of the Earth by a dew or mist, is perfectly comprehensible as one of nature's past phenomena, briefly, but most correctly told.

The Bible says, that, up to the period at which the prophet's recital has now arrived, the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the Earth. Now, *I believe*, that for centuries and centuries of years after the original races of mankind are declared to have been created, and had lived upon the Earth, its surface was supplied with all the moisture which it required, by the one most simple law, or mean, which the prophet here describes ; that, the thousands and thousands thereunto of fathoms deep of pulpy sediment (the Earth's unnumbered strata of alluvion), which covered then its face, were, through such periods, becoming indurated, and were performing their stages of transition, from the Earth's central or inner rind, gradually towards its surface, into beds of rock and of marble, and into all the other substantial and consolidated forms of dryness and of subterraneous aridity, contained therein ; that the simple process for effecting these, the perfecting stages of the Earth, was the evaporation (as described before) of its former moistening particles into the atmosphere ; such moisture not having been fully expended in the former periods of progressive creation ; that such vapoury elements *now* fell down again nightly in gentle dews, or in mists upon the Earth ; that the Great Creator, who always makes each natural law to carry in itself its regulating power (causing excess to be restrained, and making his supplying means to cease, upon the just production of sufficiency) had, up to that time, caused this simple mode (which the prophet here describes) to yield a suitable amount of moisture for the irrigation of the plants and the herbs upon the Earth, and for all the wants and purposes of vegetable and of animal life ; that such 'period of dews and mists' was, doubtless, the prevailing character of the soft atmosphere of the early World ; that such economy, at the period of which the prophet *now intends to write*, was passing, or had passed, to a great extent, away ; that now had come the seasons of the storms and showers, the sunshine and the rain, which constitute the greater varieties of our later atmospheres, the which had then commenced, and which was so alluded to in the Word of God.

Now comes the declaration connected therewith, that "*there was not a Man to till the ground.*"

*I believe*, that the explanation often given to this passage, *that there*

*was not "a Man upon the whole face of the Earth,"* is perfectly contradictory to the whole intention of the Scriptures ; that it is in perfect opposition to the recital in the former chapter, of the Creation of Mankind ; which general creation, had as undoubtedly taken place before the Sabbath, as this approaching creation of Adam undoubtedly succeeds that demarking period of time ; that the alteration of the simple words of the prophet, or the removing of either portion out of their assigned positions, is taking a most unwarrantable liberty with the Word of God ; that the true intention of Scripture is to be found in the literal interpretation of the recital ; that the whole scope and meaning of the statement is to show a coming change in God's economy, as between the natures of the former human beings whom God had created, and the nature of a new human being whom he is now about to create ; that, God, who bestowed the gift of speech and the powers of conception on Man, and who made each word to become sufficiently significant for the conveyance of distinct ideas to the human mind, did, by this announcement, as surely purpose to induce the very thought, the letter of His language should convey ; that it does require that we should take God at his Word ; and that we should acknowledge that He knows how rightly to pronounce the sum and the substance of His facts ; that we have no right to warp the Word of God, to any views, however they may claim the authority of antiquity ; that the mind must try and try again, until it arrives at the knowledge of all Truth ; until it becomes enabled to receive each part and portion of Scriptural Evidence in its manifest sense ; and that *the literal sense* of the Bible must ever be considered to be its true sense, unless we have, (clearly and fully defined within such Book itself), the authority which distinctly shows that such mode of speech was a figurative passage, or that it certainly was an idiom of Eastern phraseology.

*I believe, that, God (as we have seen) had prior to this time, created the numerous varieties of Mankind upon the Earth ; that He had commanded them (as before observed) to feed upon its uncultivated fruits ; that they had remained fully obedient to God's command, in this respect ; that, therefore, the Prophet truly speaks when he declares "there was not a Man to till the Ground ;" that, therefore, we are told that God is now about to introduce another Man who should be commanded and instructed by Him to perform—who should therefore do—and who should teach others of Mankind to continue to fulfil—the very act for which God's Word declares that there was the want of any Human Being to effect before ; that for this purpose, we shall shortly see, a Man was created, and was placed in a Garden, previously prepared, to dress it and to keep it ; the whom, also, we shall find (when expelled thence for disobedience), is again brought out into the uncultivated wilderness, and commanded "to till the Ground from*

*whence he was taken ;”* that, such clearly-expressed-deficiency, combined with all the consequences which we shall shortly see defined in the history of this individual, (as we proceed to trace it in its minor features ;) the correcting of this declared want of an industrial being, by the creating of another Man, who should have those habits *naturally implanted within him by the command of God* rather than by changing the former habits, which were equally permanently implanted in all Mankind originally,) do tend, materially, to the easy and to the consistent reception of the truth of the record of the absolute existence of each preceding work, and of each steadfast law which was then attached thereto ; that such announcement in the Word of God, as giving cause for a new creation, does declare, fully, that the habit of the cultivation of the soil does not proceed from any natural desire residing in the breast of *all the races of Mankind* ; but that it is, in truth, *a Law* proceeding solely from God, and therefore *a habit implanted, and a beneficial occupation taught* by Him, *originally to one peculiar Being* ; that it is evident that the Word of God which declared to Adam, that “in the sweat of his face he should eat his bread,” did make ‘the tilling of the soil’ to commence with that peculiar Man ; that in Eden it was an easy and a pleasurable occupation ; but that on his being thrust thence, it became laborious and less productive ; that the research into the history of all mankind does positively show us that the cultivation of the soil does proceed from the spot of Adam’s residence ; that it has been thence disseminated amongst other races of mankind who did not previously practice it ; that we do find that in this race were the first ‘keepers of sheep,’ and the first ‘tillers of the ground ;’ and that such natural, and such historical evidences, do tend to convince us of God’s eternal truth, in the most *minute word*, and in the *most brief expression* found within The Book which is a transcript of His Most Almighty Will ; and that these evidences do thus make His meaning and His intent to be both audible and visible to Man, when engaged in running his thought and his most diligent research through all the lengthened stages of Earth’s olden times unto the abiding testimonials of the present day.

#### THE CREATION OF ADAM IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

Having thus traced *one of the objects* for which it is stated a peculiar Human Being was about to be introduced to an already populated World, I shall now proceed to declare my views as to the expressions which denote the *Oneness of this Being* as opposed to the *generality of the former Beings*.

*I believe,—*that, as in the former creation every expression was general, with an unmistakable breadth of meaning and of intent, incapable of being compressed into the idea of one individual, of being limited to one portion of

this Earth, or of being confined to this one Globe; so now, *I believe*, that every expression has a singleness of intent, and an individuality of character, just as incapable of being consistently applied to more than one Being, or to any other being than *the One* specified;—that *here*, the terms which were before ‘*Mankind*,’ and ‘*them*,’ now become ‘*the Man*,’ or ‘*Adam*,’ and ‘*him*;’ that *the definite article* and *the singular number* are now used throughout, invariably; that, instead of the simple mandate of Almighty God, declaring his will, and such issuing in the production of Mankind, a *process* is here declared, so most minute, and so carefully defined, that every feature must enforce the thought of *oneness* and of *individuality* as thereunto attached, and as necessarily resulting therefrom—“God formed *the Man* from the dust of the Earth, and breathed into *his nostrils* the breath of Life, and *the Man* became a *living soul*;”—that a *Garden* is planted—*after the making of the Man*, instead of all these matters being completed before the making of mankind, as declared in the former recital,—“And the Lord God planted a *garden in Eden*, and there he put *the Man* whom he had formed;”—that *the Man* was formed outside of the Garden, and when such Garden was completed, he was placed therein, for “the Lord God sent forth *the Man* (after his fall), from the Garden of Eden, to till the ground whence he was taken;”—that the Garden is evidently a circumscribed spot, hemmed in and cut off from the rest of the Earth; for “he drove out the Man, and he placed at the East of the Garden, Cherubims, and a flaming sword, which turned *every way*, to keep the way of the *Tree of Life*;”—that this Garden contained two trees nowhere else to be found,—“and out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food, the Tree of Life also, in the *midst* of the Garden, and the *Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil*;”—that to *this Man* a decided *Law* is given—“and the Lord God took *the Man*, and put him into the Garden to dress and to keep it; and the Lord God commanded the Man, saying, of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat, but of the *Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil*, thou shalt not eat, for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die;”—that there were beasts of the field and fowl of the air created in Eden, the difference being again that the creatures here formed did not, in this instance, precede the creation of the Man, but that they were formed subsequently to Adam—“And out of the Ground the Lord formed every beast of the field and every fowl of the air, and brought them to *Adam* to see what he would call them;”—that *Adam* then himself first obtained a name;—that, then, after a period, a Woman is created;—“but for the Man there was not a help-meet, and the Lord God said, it is not good that *the Man* should be alone, I will make a help-meet for him;”—that her formation did not only differ in respect to *time*, God having created the former beings male and

female *at one time*, but that another distinguishing mark comes in ;—that her formation is by a different and by a *most peculiar process*,—"and the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon *the Man*, and he slept, and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof, and the rib which the Lord God had taken out of *the Man*, made he, a *Woman*, and brought her to *the Man* ;"—that, then (in addition to these facts, all of which are *absolute disagreements*, where *the mode*, the *circumstances*, and the *commands* are shown upon both sides), come in *certain omissions* to this new pair ; that these *omissions* are followed up by a *relation of facts so intimately connected therewith*, that they set aside entirely the prevalent belief that these matters are *inaccuracies* of the prophet, or that they are *discrepancies* in one and the same statement, or that they are *inadvertences* arising from the narrator having gone over the same ground in the former Creation, rendering, in this one particular, a recapitulation of command unnecessary ; that they cause *these omissions* to stand in the place of an *absolutely declared withholding*, from these beings, of similar powers to those which had been granted to the former races ; that they tend to negative entirely the idea of the narrative of this latter Creation being a recapitulation of the first ; and that it must be evident to every mind, that one and the same prophet, and that prophet instructed by The Almighty to proclaim the circumstances upon which the faith of all Mankind should be subsequently based, never would, or never could, have so declared one tale, or never would have related one connected chain of incidents, in a manner so perfectly opposed, as not to leave one single point of similarity therein portrayed.

*I believe*, we find, that God, when He created Mankind generally, "blessed *them*, and said unto them, '*Increase and multiply, and replenish the Earth*, and subdue it ;'"—that the whole history of the World shows us that these people did obtain such a power, and that they did fulfil such command ;—but, that, at the creation of Adam and Eve, we may also observe, that no such gift was made :—that no such command was declared ;—that their history, as recorded in *The Book of God*, shows us distinctly that such was *not an omission* in the prophet's relation, but that it was a *condition*, mysterious to us, but certainly *appointed by Almighty God* ; that we are not told, in this portion of Scripture, what length of time Adam and Eve lived in the Garden of Eden ; but that we are decidedly shown that Adam did not know Eve as his wife whilst inhabiting that spot, and that they had no offspring born to them until after they had been expelled thence,—a period which, to my mind, appears to have been of considerable duration.

That we are told, as regards their state in Eden, "that when the Woman saw the Tree (of which she had been commanded not to eat), that

it was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, *and the eyes of both of them were opened, and they knew that they were naked, &c., &c.,* and they hid themselves."

I am aware, that it has been poetized with so much power, with such beauty, and with such harmony of language, that the impression has gone so deep into the minds of all readers, that we appear to awake therefrom with feelings of surprise and vast perplexity, when we find that any sufficient authority for the received notion, which I am about to hold up as one essential particular in the general belief of that which is the meaning of God's Word, does not exist in the Bible. It appears that a main feature in the popular creed is, that, prior to the knowledge obtained by the eating of this fruit, (from which God had commanded them to refrain), Adam and Eve were in the full possession and were in the enjoyment of all the ordinary powers, of all the physical feelings, and of all the natural habits of Mankind; and that, upon the fruit of this Tree being eaten, they were instantly overtaken with, and that they consequently indulged most greedily in, an unrestrained carnality; that the line of argument, both poetical and doctrinal, is this—that, if every full desire were natural, and were enjoyed before, that, then, this great and most important 'Fall' could but induce them to assume the warmest features of a wild excess; but, *I believe*, that however great any or all of such authorities may be, I am justified, by the fullest letter of the Scriptures, in standing aloof therefrom, and in declaring my conviction that such a description does most powerfully militate against the Truth, and that it is, indeed, a desecration, and an unwarrantable degradation of the lofty features of this most beauteous passage of the Word of God.

*I believe*—that we have no right to warp this passage from the simple and literal meaning of its words; that they convey a far more beauteous line of features to the mind than would the admission of such gross excess tend to produce thereupon, as a consequent change, then made needful, by the violation of God's Law; that the Scriptures permit us to conceive, and that by inference they tend most positively to show, that, prior to this time, the lives of this one pair were absolutely immaculate; that they show, inferentially, that these Beings were even as the Angels in Heaven, who neither marry nor are given in marriage; that we are not necessarily led to suppose that Adam and Eve, upon their fall, went on from all the former full enjoyments of the flesh, to absolute and to most extravagant indulgences; but that the Word of God declares that the only feeling which arose, was that of *shame*, that 'their eyes were opened, and that they perceived that they were naked;'—that thereupon they hid themselves; alarmed at this discovery, which they had obtained by the eating of the Fruit of Knowledge; that their



former state had ever been so high, that not one single thought connected with the flesh had passed across their minds ; that such had now its birth ; that it created astonishment ; that it induced painful thoughts and fear ; that the consciousness declared to have been then awakened, was but of nakedness ; but that the Scriptures show us that a time does arrive, at which the tale of a change is positively told ; that God, Himself, makes manifest the time at which He both conveys the power and the desire of ordinary intercourse ; that He entails the curse—denounced (which was indeed a *death* from all the former elevation of their natures) ; that He then makes such *ordinary state* to be the future and the natural lot of this one pair, and of all the descendants of their loins ; even as such had been a *gift*, at birth, to all the other classes of Mankind ;—but, with this one most marked, and this one yet-abiding difference—that God did then denounce *an excess of sorrow* or of pain to be attached to this woman and to her descendants, beyond that which others feel ;—“Thy desire,” He says to the woman, “henceforth shall be towards thy husband, and he shall rule over thee, and I will greatly *multiply* thy sorrow in thy conception, and in sorrow shalt thou bring forth ;” that this ‘multiplying of sorrows’ was not as upon any of her former pains (for such she had never experienced) but that such a multiplication of infirmities was comparatively spoken, as regards this woman and all others previously existing ; that, *then*, first, and *thus*, did God declare and as evidently convey to Eve, the ordinary powers or feelings of her sex ; that, then first, *after her degradation and after her fall*, did Adam name his wife—Eve—or Living,—because she was to become the Mother of living Beings ; that then, first, *after their expulsion from the Garden of Eden*, does the Word of God declare that Eve was known to Adam as his wife ; that then, it was, she conceived and bare her first-born Cain ; that then, it was that the Man was sent forth to till the ground from which he was taken, a more intellectual and a more elevated being than the rest of Mankind ; and that then it was, that the woman of this race (being then clothed by the Almighty, and being then taught that concealment of the person had become needful), went forth into the world, a more high, a more delicate, a more burthened, and a more fragile thing, to bear a contrast in her woes and pains (conspicuously seen as an entailed Law of God, when viewed opposedly to the greater freedom from such ills of all the former races of Mankind) telling distinctly of the source of these additional woes, and carrying on the remembrance of the unalterable Word of God, and of His recorded anger against that act of disobedience which caused her spiritual death, and which entailed an equal spiritual loss on all the descendants of that race of Mankind.

## ADAM, THE FIRST MAN,

*in the same sense only as Christ is the Second or the Last Man.*

Will it be asked for what then was Adam first formed, or what was to have been the consequence of perfect obedience?—I reply that the Scriptures do not now precisely tell; that the same answer of absence of information in the Scriptures must be brought against the grounds for the formation of the prevalent belief; even of that creed which determines that Adam's first life, promised or inferred, (as opposed to the now-awarded Death,) would have been a Natural Life of Immortality; that all we know is this—that God, when He created Adam, made him to be a 'Living Soul';—that the peculiar meaning of such expression is, that Adam was originally (by the Spirit which was breathed into his nostrils, and which was given to him at his birth) such a Spiritual Being as Mankind can now alone become by the Regeneration of the Spirit; that God was then pleased to give, to such newly-created Being, not only an animal life, and an intellectual life, but also a more important spiritual capacity or life; the such not being necessary for vitality, nor for the constituting of a reasonable and an intellectual being; that he obtained, at his creation, a life, capable of being added to, without overpowering—or of being withdrawn from, without extinguishing—any of the former essentials to complete human existence; that such 'Life' was the absolute indwelling of the Holy Ghost, of which his body was made 'The Temple of Abode' in a much more abundant manner than was possessed by any of the former creation of Mankind; that such resident power was mysteriously held with such an amount of free-will, in the reception, or in the exercise, or in the rejection of God's law or command, as should constitute a choice of good or evil,—or the power of election of 'the Life,' or of 'the Death,' then declared as made dependent upon his obedience; that it is evident, that the command and the promise of God made provision that Adam should retain and should enjoy such additional life as long as he continued to be obedient to God's law; but, that his disobedience to the first and the only command imposed upon him should involve such an immediate and such a spiritual death as a withdrawal of such superadded life would certainly produce; that such death, or such withdrawal of the Spirit, would introduce him to a lower state of existence;—would incorporate—and would '*open his eyes*' to the indwelling in his frame of certain habits and feelings unrequired in his more elevated nature, and inconsistent with the immaculate state in which he was created; would incapacitate him for that important office, for which, during a season (that season being his time of probation of fitness), he was separated from all other races of Mankind, and for

which he was nourished in the 'Garden of the Lord;' that this '*first Adam*' was truly, at first, '*a figure*' of Him who became the second and '*the last Adam*;' that this Adam was probably intended to work out, had he remained pure, a spiritualizing effect upon the Heathen generations of Mankind, who had even then lapsed into idolatry; but, that he was no more intended for the natural production or for the perpetuating of *the whole race of Mankind*, than was the second Adam; that he was not intended to be the *progenitor* of all Mankind; but that he was conditionally made to be the *regenerator* of all; and that, failing in such, he then became the progenitor of a new race, from whom The Regenerator should and did come; that the first Adam had the Spirit *in a measure*—therefore was capable of falling beneath the temptation of the Father of Lies; that he did fall; that he was then incapacitated to fulfil the high office for which he was created; that it was no longer needful *that God should sanctify Adam's body*, as Christ declares '*he sanctified his flesh for the sake of all Mankind*;' that, therefore, Adam then received the ordinary powers and the usual desires of Mankind, and begat offspring; that such inability to perform God's purpose of mercy, did make room, and did give occasion for, a greater manifestation of God's love; that, finding that this Man had failed, and that there was no other Mediator or Intercessor, that, then, the Eternal Son declared—in the Volume of The Book it is so written of him—"Lo! I come to do Thy Will, Oh God!"—that, then, the promise and the assurance of such restoring sacrifice was given to Adam; that eternal redemption through the offering of Christ once for all, was declared and provided for at this period, in this same woman's seed;—that such was foreknown by God from all Eternity; but that it was held in the mysterious union of Man's free will and God's predestiny, now exemplified in the disobedience of Adam.

*I believe*, therefore, that, as the test of obedience, which was to qualify this first Adam for the important office inferentially shown to have been conveyed, and positively declared to have been lost, God gave one simple law; that the denouncement of the punishment which should follow the breaking of such law was '*Death*;' that he did disobey; that he did not die *naturally*, but that he did immediately become subject to the precise punishment which God had previously decreed and had declared; that he became *spiritually dead*, and that he absolutely became amerced in that debasing punishment and loss, *the withdrawal of the Holy Ghost*, decreed by God to take place should they transgress His laws; the such being, in one appropriate term, called '*Death*!'

*I believe*, therefore, that the supposition of any punishment either waved, or mitigated, or delayed, is contrary to the meaning of Scripture,

and opposed to God's immutability and veracity ; that the denouncement stated to be of God, above named, was absolutely spoken ; that it was as absolutely then fulfilled, *in the mode intended and threatened* ; that, to the full extent—upon the very day—and as a punishment for sin—Adam did most actually suffer the loss of all his former spiritual powers called 'Life' ; that a degradation and a fall from a more pure and more elevated position did absolutely then occur ; that the awfully-impressive and the Scriptural term, 'Death,' thereto attached, is the only expression which can truly convey the immensity of the spiritual loss, or the depth of the fall, threatened before, and then sustained ; that, such less elevated, and such more carnal position then became the nature of this first Adam, and subsequently and consequently became the natures of all the offspring which he was then empowered and was commanded to produce ; that, thus, in Adam, *all* died (*the all* of those people of whom the prophets ever wrote) ; that, as the root had thus become corrupt, so also the branches became corrupt ; that it then became impossible that a clean thing could come out of that which had then become unclean ; that all his descendants are henceforth born in sin ; that, thus, by one Man came (spiritual) death ; that a restoration to *the primitive position of Adam* was then promised, and was then provided for in the Seed of the Woman who should crush the serpent's head (destroy the power of the Evil One) ; that, *thus*, (precisely in the same manner,) as all did spiritually die in Adam, *even so*, in Jesus Christ, (the second Man or Adam,) shall all be made alive ; that, as by one Man came spiritual death, so also, by Jesus Christ, does, and shall come the resurrection from such spiritual death ; that, *thus*, as by the disobedience of one many became sinners, so also by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous ; that, *thus*, as Adam and all his descendants became spiritually dead, by the withdrawal of the Spirit, so also shall the believers in Christ be 'born again,' not of the flesh, but by the coming to them of the Spirit ; that, *thus*, the first Adam is the figure of the second Adam ; that the first Adam was made a living soul, but the second Adam was a quickening Spirit ; that the first Adam was of the Earth, earthly, but that the second Man or second Adam was The Lord from Heaven ; that, *thus, and thus alone*, are these two important Beings spoken of in connecting or in parallel terms as *the first* and as *the last Man* ; that Jesus Christ is absolutely, according to the flesh, neither *the second* nor *the last Man* ; not even of that peculiar race ; but that he is *absolutely the second and the last Man*, in the same sense as it is stated that Adam is *the first Man* ; that, *thus*, it is, also, that those who believe in Christ, *and are alive, shall never die spiritually* ; but, *though they be dead* (naturally), yet *shall they live* (spiritually) ; that a full declaration of the former spiritual state of Adam is not now made known ; that the Bible does not now proceed

to show *what Man might have been*; that it does not waste time in showing farther than that 'God made Man pure, and that he wrought out many sinful inventions'; but that it treats *Man as he now is*, in his state of degradation, from which Adam (if sinless) might have raised him, by some mode now gone by; that he fell; that it was therefore left for the second Adam to complete that which the first Adam could not sustain; that the Word of God fully opens the means of such restoration; and further, that it shows to human faith that there is a time, predestined in the councils of Almighty God, when the followers of Christ, being regenerate, and the dead in Christ, being raised from the grave, *in their flesh shall see God*; that they shall be the blessed subjects of *the first resurrection*, and shall live with Christ upon the Earth, in a state of perfect purity, *such as Adam knew in Eden*, for a thousand years; which Millennial time will be *the second Rest*, which yet remaineth for the people of God.

HISTORICAL PROOF, IN THE FAMILY OF ADAM,  
*tending to demonstrate that they were not the first nor the only persons created upon Earth, but that they were, and that they knew themselves to be, surrounded by other human beings of a different and of a prior origin.*

Having thus shown that all the expressions of the Gospel which might have been presumed to speak of Adam, as *the first man of all the Earth*, are in themselves but passages drawing *the parallel* between him as *the first man* under the same *figure*, as they speak of *Christ* as the *second* and as *the last man*, (neither of which he was in any natural or human sense,) I shall now proceed to follow up the chain of evidence, which the recital of the Prophet immediately fastens around us in the shape of actual *Historical events* occurring in the race of Adam, to *convince* us that Adam *positively was not* the first man of all the Earth, *but that he was absolutely placed, at the time of his creation, in a populated globe*; that such World was old, in matters appertaining to man's skill and knowledge, at that very period; and that Adam and his descendants knew that they were surrounded by, and that they were dwelling nigh to, human beings of a different and of a prior origin. I believe, that, to Adam and Eve, we are informed, immediately after the fall, two male children were born; that, at an early period of the lives of these two sons of Adam and Eve, the elder-born Cain slew his brother Abel; that the punishments denounced by God were such a curse upon the ground, as would withhold from Cain the mode of existence to which he had been accustomed by its cultivation, and such a banishment from the land of his birth, as would make him to be a fugitive and a vagabond:—that such sentence was immediately understood by Cain to be a banishment unto a populated region; and that such is evidenced by his reply—"My punishment is greater than I can bear—thou hast driven me

out from the face of the Earth, and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond, and it shall come to pass that every one that findeth shall slay me."

*I believe*—that it must be here admitted, that this is a positive record, that Cain at least, fully *imagined* that there were neighbouring tribes living around them ; that, from such, he *imagined* he would be subjected to acts of violence ; that he therefore *supposed*, or *knew* that they were men of strength, perhaps of gigantic stature, and indulging in blood-shedding ; that the dread of such violence being exerted against him, (such being recorded as being greater than the gloomy prospect of the difficulty of his sustaining life under the curse upon the ground affecting his daily subsistence,) would have been perfectly groundless and inconsistent, had not Cain then possessed a vivid conception of the tenancy, by mankind, of the surrounding regions of the Earth ; that we have, in fact, the culprit Cain, *suggesting the probability of his being destroyed* by the neighbouring tribes, into contact with whom a banishment from the land of his parents would inevitably bring him ;—but, that we have infinitely more than this—that we have a far more *important Being giving His testimony to the fact, and joining in the correctness of the assumption contained in this declaration* ; that, in the following verse, and in immediate reply to such expressed fear, we have *The Great Lord God*, who is not the author of confusion, and who does not inculcate error by vague expressions of admission of matters, and of things, and of persons, the which and the who have never been in existence ;—*that we have The Almighty God, admitting the reasonableness of such dread, and assenting to the consistency of Cain's fears ;—“therefore,” He says—“will I set a mark upon thee, lest any, finding, shall slay thee ;”* and then we find him denouncing vengeance, in a seven-fold degree, upon any who should slay Cain. Now, I believe, (and such opinion is recorded with all due and humble submission to all and every mode, or figure of speech, under which God may be pleased to proclaim His own important truths,) that no possibility exists of giving other than a literal conception to these words—than of making them to supply other than an absolute marking of the murderer, for the object then expressed, such constituting his protection from those beings, then in existence, who otherwise could or would have slain the Fratricide ;—I believe that to attempt to withdraw, from this portion of God's Word, any one atom of its literal force and meaning, as a relation made of solemn and important facts, as a veritable history of the first assize held upon Earth, in presence of the Eternal Judge, who there gives sentence on the prisoner, must have the effect of attempting to lessen down, and to degrade, a most awful scene, and a denouncement made, and a visitation shown by God, for and against the greatest sin that man's hand could commit, into a most unmeaning and into a most unnecessary farce ; and, that such breaking down of a plain

declaration of Scripture, because we will not set our minds to the task of diving deeply, to find indeed that it truly had the accompanying personages which its words declare to have been necessarily involved in such contemplated catastrophe, far exceeds all I know of wilful blindness, and of bold temerity, in an unwillingness to admit that God knew, and that God intended it to be known by all to whom such language was then addressed—by him especially who then received his protective mark—and also that it should be known by all for whose instruction such history is recorded—that, there were persons, then in existence, by whom Cain would indeed be liable to be put to death as an alien and as a vagabond, in the land of Nod, or in any other neighbouring land, whereunto the erratic life to which he was then doomed might lead his steps, were he found without the protective mark by which God made him mysteriously, and I have no doubt, awfully distinguished, as a living spectacle, and as an example of His wrath against the sin of murder to all the then surrounding tribes, and I believe to subsequent generations through many of the Earth's succeeding times.

*I believe, that other and very important relations of facts in the life of Cain, bearing upon and establishing this point, shortly succeed ; that we are told first, that Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, (or from the spot where the presence of the True God was then admitted to be felt and known,) that he dwelt in the Land of Nod ; that there he knew a wife ; that she bare a son whom he called Enoch ; and that there he builded a City—which he called after the name of his first-born.*

I know, again, that, for the purpose of overleaping the difficulty of Cain having absolutely obtained a wife, in a land where the popular error does not admit of any inhabitants, and that to accommodate the foregoing undeniable relation of a most important fact, carried through the whole of the Scriptures, to the general opinion of Adam being the only Man then on Earth, it has been presumed, or has been explained, that a sister to Cain accompanied him into banishment, and that she there became his wife ; not having stood in such relationship to him whilst abiding with their parents.

*I humbly believe, that this opinion, and that all the tales invented thereupon, are contrary to the clearest meaning of the Word of God.*

*I believe, that we have no authority whatever in Scripture for any sister as being born to Cain, prior to the death of Abel ; nor for any participation in the punishment of banishment, of an innocent party with the guilty ; that we have no authority for such an incestuous intercourse as such an event would have commenced ;—that, I believe, that neither in the precincts of Eden, nor in this banishment, was the marriage of brother with sister the necessitated position of mankind ; that, on the contrary, God has stated such to be repugnant to His Holiness ; that he never did make such intercourse originally to be the necessitated natural state of mankind ; and*

then, at some future time (which is never shown nor hinted at in the complete Book of his Law), to make such intercourse to be repugnant to Himself, to be contrary to His Laws, both natural and spiritual (which are always uniform), and which intercourse, his Will has made to have a degenerating influence on all creature-life, and more especially upon the physical and upon the moral condition of mankind ;—that it has been set up by theologians, and has been wrought into beauteous tales by poets, that such daughters did exist to Adam, that they did become wives both to Cain and to Abel, and that *the excuse for the Bible's vagueness*, in not naming such daughters, or such facts, is, that it was not customary to name the daughters in the genealogies of these early men ; but, I believe, that the absence of any mention at the time of Abel's death, and of Cain's banishment, of any daughters having been born to Adam and Eve, is not an accidental omission, but—that there were none to name ; and that the silence does not arise from mention only being made of the male branches ; inasmuch as a denial is given to this hypothesis by the record in the Sacred Volume (and such no doubt as soon as the facts occurred), of the birth of daughters to Adam and Eve immediately following the birth of Seth ; *which birth took place after the banishment of Cain ; and which birth is evidently mentioned as following next after Abel ;* that it would be taking a great and unwarrantable liberty with Sacred History to give birth to persons in the family of Adam (to whose history such Book is undoubtedly exclusively devoted), who are not therein recorded, and who, *I solemnly believe*, cannot at that time be considered to have had existence,—*if the Bible be admitted to possess veracity !*

*I believe*, that Cain and Abel being born out of Eden, and being surrounded, as we shall shortly see, by other persons, incestuous intercourse was not necessarily ordained by God ; as it must have been if all the races of the Earth had sprung from the one Man Adam. I believe it to be precisely as the Scriptures say, that Cain took a wife *in the Land of Nod*, and not to the Land of Nod ; and, *I believe*, that to *these pre-existing people*, Cain also took *the art of husbandry, he being 'a tiller of the soil'* ; that he could not, after his banishment, practise the cultivation of the field himself, with profitable results, (the curse of God resting upon the ground which he might attempt to till,) but that he taught it to his descendants, and to the tribes around ; that Abel, '*the keeper of sheep*,' being slain, such habit did not travel with equal rapidity, and that, therefore, '*the keepers of sheep*' were, for a longer period, held *in contempt*, and considered '*an abomination*' by the mighty heathens then around, unto whom such knowledge was profitably extended in later stages of the civilizing modes, then destined by Almighty God, and only made perfect to the neighbouring Egyptians in the time of the sojourn of the sons of Israel in that land.



*I believe*, that other very brief, but very important statements of facts soon follow, all tending to establish the same point; that, if such be duly weighed in all that they most positively declare, they must lead the mind of every diligent examiner, to the assumption of the mode of life adopted by Cain; whereby he obtained such power over the labours of others, as to enable him to *build a city*, and whereby men should be taught to withdraw their attention from the only natural occupation then known (the chase), to cause them to congregate in large communities; to devote themselves to the erection of such structures as we find that city did certainly contain; and to concentrate such an abundant population, as should tend to *constitute such a city's occupants*; such city or cities being undoubtedly the habitations of the heathen demi-gods, whose myths yet crowd, with hieroglyphic characters, the fragments of the bygone world; and of giant races, admitted by the Word of God, but defined not in the histories of the race of Adam, *because beyond its intended range*.

*I believe*—that the Word of God points to Cain (*if not indeed to some of those people who long preceded him*) as the discoverer of mineral wealth; such unerring authority telling us that Jubal, an early descendant of Cain, was so far advanced in the acquisition and in the appropriation of mineral property, “*that he was skilful both in the harp and on the organ;*” and that Tubal Cain was “*an instructor of every artificer in brass and in iron.*”

*I believe*—that such statements, being introduced with wondrous brevity, have not obtained the weighty considerations which their characteristics for the conveyance of truthful ideas so justly deserve. I believe, if looked at steadily, in connexion with all the other matters which I have here produced for the Reader's attention, that the building of ‘*a city*,’—the finding of inhabitants to occupy that city,—the erecting therein of an organ or organs,—the making of harps,—the raising of minerals,—the appropriating of such to these and to other purposes,—the teaching of the use of all these to other persons then existing around and with them,—must, upon mature reflection, lead to the admission that these statements are inserted for no other purpose than to lead our minds to the conception of the fact of an older and a surrounding population; that, at any rate, *the word of God* declares that whilst Adam and his first descendants, in the line of Seth, were existing in a most primitive state, considerable advancement was made in arts and in sciences by the races with whom Cain came in contact at the time of his banishment; that it is not likely that he could be the sole originator or the possessor of properties which are spoken of in such wide terms; that as an individual, or as unsurrounded by persons to whom they would become desirable, such minerals would have been valueless as the dust of the Earth; that it is evident that such substances were mira-

culously placed within his reach, and that they at that time did obtain, or had perhaps even previously obtained, a value in the eyes of mankind; that it is evident that either prior to Cain, or else assisted by him, and subsequently perfected by his family, the attention of mankind, in the Land of Nod, was so turned to the conversion of minerals into delicate uses and to artificial enjoyments, that instruments of music were constructed of vast magnitude, and such as would only have been erected in, or would only have been suited to buildings or to chambers of much architectural importance; or, at any rate, as would be incompatible with the dwelling in tents, or in other rude habitations, such as it has been usual to assign to the inhabitants of the Earth at this time, and such as Adam, and his descendants in the line of Seth, did most certainly only enjoy for many centuries beyond the time during which they are recorded in the few verses which are devoted to the history of Cain—the disinherited—the murderer—the henceforth heathen-blended-man.

But—I believe—that the Word of God *multiplies its facts*, tending to prove upon us,—whether we be willing receive such *truths* or not—that there were other races of men upon the Earth at this time than the descendants of Adam; that it is a fallacy to presume that the Bible does not lead us so to assume, that it does not *wish us* (connecting such work with the intention of its Divine Author) to be convinced thereof,—and that it does not require us to make such truths a portion of our harmonious worshipping of Him as ‘the God of the Souls of all flesh;’—that it tells us—“*there were Giants on the Earth in those days;*” that it is quite evident that these beings (here most pointedly named and admitted in Scripture as then existing) did not proceed from the race of Adam; that they are here most clearly mentioned in such a manner as positively manifests the *intention of setting them up most conspicuously in contradistinction* to the race of Adam; that the object of God in giving such statement, through his Prophet, is absolutely for the alone purpose of denoting a peculiar and different race, as *one* of the many varieties of mankind by which Adam was then surrounded; that the recital is positively introduced for the purpose of showing that such beings were not *accidental productions* from parents of ordinary stature, but that they were *a race of men abundant in those days, but now extinct*; that the Word of God proceeds to tell us that “the Sons of God” (or the males of the race of Adam, who acknowledged the true God) came in unto the daughters of these Giants, that they bare children unto them, and that such became mighty men of renown; that it says farther, that “the Sons of God” (still the males of the tribe of Adam) saw the daughters of men (other races not gigantic) that they were fair, and that they took them wives of all whom they chose.”

Now, I believe,—that it must not be declared, and that it should not be

presumed, that *Angels!* or that other *superhuman beings*, are here intended to be mentioned by the Prophet as having indulged in such intercourse with the daughters of men, that they took them as their wives; and that they thence begat the mighty men who peopled the old World! I believe that such declaration would be absurd; that it would be impious, and profane, when speaking of the holy beings who, we are assured, "neither marry, nor are given in marriage;" that such a creed would indeed be going back to the heathen belief in all the absurdities of its Titanic creations; but that, on the contrary, this statement in the Word of God is evidently intended to show us that the descendants of Adam (who were designated the Sons of God "par excellence," if I may use the term) did then form alliances with the tribes around; and that these *recorded intermarriages* do obviate the otherwise necessitated position of the incestuous intercourse of the originators of mankind, which is ever declared to be offensive unto God, and to be contrary to His laws.

*I believe*—that there is yet another short statement, immediately connected with the portions of Scripture over the incidents of which the two first volumes of my Poem will extend, to which it might be needful that I should direct the attention of the Reader, in order to show that all these passages have one and the same intent, and that they are in perfect harmony with each other, as also with the Evidences of Nature; but that they have been usually warped to make them conform to (that which I consider to be) a misconception of the meaning of one important part of God's unerring Word; such misconception rendering it absolutely necessary that all these passages, which are opposed thereto, should be bent and broken down from their original strength and freshness by marginal alterations, and by a new translation, of which I do not believe the original texts will in anywise admit.

That,—it is said, immediately after the banishment of Cain, that "Adam knew his wife again, and she bare a son, and called his name Seth, 'for God,' she said, 'hath appointed me another seed instead of Abel whom Cain slew;' and to Seth also there was a son born, and he called his name Enos; *then began man to call upon the Name of the Lord.*"

Now, *I believe*,—this statement of the prophet has been generally explained, as though it was not to be received in its literal sense, but as though it were there declared that "*then began men to call themselves after or by the name of the Lord,*" signifying that the then *men* of the Earth in their distinguishing appellations then began to assume the titles or the names of Jehovah; that such alteration has been made to endeavour to evade the difficulty of attaching such a statement of '*beginning to call on the Name of the Lord*' to Adam, to Seth, or to Enos, who were then the only men upon the Earth, (if Adam's race be considered the only original one,) and who

had certainly been always taught to call upon the Name of the Lord; that is, to worship the True God; that this text did therefore stand in most perplexing opposition to the solitary family of Adam, then numbering but the three individuals I have named; that, therefore, modern Commentators felt that there was an absolute necessity for supplying to the prophet a more suitable mode of expressing the truths which he intended to declare than that which he had adopted; that the text, therefore, became amended in the margin to suit the modern views; but that no better effect followed; because we do not find that men did then generally name themselves after God; that such appellations were not either assumed, nor were they given to them by their parents; that *the facts of the Bible* therefore *continue* to stand in opposition to the more modern translation; that, then, I am obliged to return to my former conception of the Word of God, as to the pre-existence of the heathen nations, provided in the General Creation; that I can then perfectly comprehend such expression; that I can permit such expression, and every other expression of Scripture to stand uneffaced and without mutilation; that I find a perfect harmony in all these points of supposed discrepancies; that I perceive clearly that the 'men' here intended are the vast heathen tribes then contemporaneous with the small family of Adam; that I can perceive, by Seth having then had a son born to him, that he, and doubtless Adam too, as well as Cain, had evidently even then obtained an intercourse with the families of these 'men;' that Seth thence took his wife, from whom he begat Enos; that Adam and Seth had, in great probability, already spoken to these races of men and giants then around them, of Jehovah, as the True God; and that, already, the probability is (as here recorded in fact) that some of these men had received the Light of the Truth, conveyed by such teaching, and had "*begun*," in prayerful minds, "*to call upon the Name of the Lord*."

#### SUMMARY,

*reconciling conflicting passages of Scripture, where such are shown to be figures of speech, or idioms of Eastern language.*

*I believe*—that I have now invited the attention of the Reader to the consideration of every portion of the Word of God which will be made the subjects of illustration in the two first volumes of this Work, whereupon it may be considered that I entertain extended views.

*I believe*—that all that is needful to bring the mind to a consistent understanding of the meaning and of the intention of the Word of God, is to draw a clear and a true distinction between the portions of such Word when it is obviously treating of a new and of a different subject; to allow all the expressions in such separate parts to have reference to the objects and to the persons, and to such alone, as the Prophet is there evidently

intending to describe ; to avoid reading at all times with the same range of ideas ; to swell out the thought to its grandest dimensions, when the Prophet is speaking of universal things ; and to contract the thoughts to their proper and more limited provinces, when it is evident that he is leading you within a smaller range of God's creative works ; that, it is especially needful to exercise this elasticity of the imaginative powers in the opening portion of the Word of God ; that it is then absolutely due to the proper conception of the revelation made, to take the first chapter of Genesis, and the three first verses of the second chapter as one entire Book—as the account of the General Creation—and, whilst reading or whilst studying such, to endeavour to embody every expression on such extended scale, and to allow every explanation therein given to have relation to the extended objects of such recital ; that it is needful, with the fourth verse of the second chapter of Genesis, and ever afterwards throughout the whole Bible, to confine its histories, and its expressions, as relating to any matters contained within such histories, within a more limited circle ; to suppose the Bible, after the period before named, to be, as it states itself to be—the history of the creation of Adam—the history of his generations or of his descendants in a particular line ;—the history of that portion of the Earth which they inhabited, or over which they spread an influence ; to remember that it is not, and that it does not profess to be the history of all mankind, but that it only mentions all or any other human beings than the race of Adam, incidentally, as might from time to time be found needful in conveying a complete spiritual history of this one race of Mankind ;—and especially to remember that it is the Spiritual history of 'THE LAW,' commenced in the first Adam, and reaching to and concluded in, the second Adam ;—that whosoever so reads, will find no conflicting declarations in the Word of God itself ; that he will find no conflicting evidences between such Book and the volume of nature ; that he will see that a *general creation* both of man and of animals, could be alone sufficient for the *general population* of this World, and of *all the hosts of worlds* ; that he will fully perceive that such is provided for in the Word of God ; that he will not be disposed to detract from the importance of *the individual creation* ; that he will not be disposed to break down or to lessen one single portion of the grandeur of the act of Omnipotence, in creating the One Human Being ; the breathing into the nostrils of that Being the breath of life, and thereby making him to become a living soul ; but, that, whilst he conceives all the grandeur and the sufficiency of the general act, and whilst he also conceives the insufficiency of the individual act for the general population of all the previously separated portions of ~~the~~ *the Earth*, he will be led to arrive at the true intention of the Word of God ;

to see that the two creations, therein recorded, are for the attainment of two widely different purposes, for which they had each the respective sufficiencies which God was pleased to bestow thereupon; that the *general creation* is a *populating creation*, for the general supply of human and of animal life; that the *individual creation* is a spiritual creation, or the creation of *one more spiritual Being, for a spiritual and for a regenerating purpose*, which the Almighty God was pleased to make remarkable in all its features, as a new economy in the life of Man; that the mind, so convinced, will rejoice to grasp the extended glories of the two creations in all their most sublime importance to the soul; the one of boundless extent and numbers; the other of a spiritual design, small as is the planting of the mustard-seed, but destined to extend itself over the souls of all the tribes who had even then received their birth; that then, the thought will bound upward with elasticity, and with delight, as from beneath the so-removed pressure of the confusing weight of any fact of God overthrown or misapplied; and that there will be the satisfying consciousness, and the conviction upon the mind, that such a conception arises in, and that it is—The Truth of God.

*I believe*—that then, being guided by such demarking lines of prophetic intention, he will be enabled to see how the few formerly perplexing expressions of Scripture, the which, (coming after the more limited history had commenced) have yet appeared to favor a general and an universal meaning to the prophet's declarations of later events, do immediately and easily subside into their appropriate places;—that the '*every beast*'—the '*all the World*'—the '*whole Earth*,' and such-like expressions are then clearly perceived to have their extensions or their limitations, exactly corresponding to the subject then under relation or proposed for consideration; that, in the first universal instances, they will be permitted to retain their evidently extended range; that, in many minor and later instances, they will be perceived to be but idioms of the Eastern speech, or figurative expressions attached to absolute facts; as, for example, as when the Apostle in his Epistle to the Romans, speaking of the Faith which had *then arisen* from the hearing of the Gospel, declares, that, "its sound had gone forth into *all the Earth*, and its Words unto the *end of the World*;" that again, as when in the Epistle to the Colossians he declares that—"the Word of Truth of the Gospel had come unto them, as it was, in *all the World*;" that, again as in the Epistle to the Romans—where he tells them "their faith was spoken of *throughout the whole World*;" that, again, as where we are told, that "a decree had issued from Cæsar, that *all the World should be taxed*;"—that, as again, in the temptation of Christ, where we are told that "the Devil took him up into an exceeding high mountain and showed him *all the kingdoms of the World*;" whilst we have reason to know that, in all

these expressions, and in many similar passages of Scripture, the sense is positively shown to be limited by the context, and by every well-known fact; showing, distinctly, that all these apparently *general meanings* of the Prophets were limited most positively to that portion of the World, or to that people who were the objects of the writer's remarks; that this simple clue will lead the mind, with ease and with safety, through all those apparently startling oppositions; and that these apparent contradictions will themselves afford the thread for the disentanglement of all Scriptural intricacies, which the Almighty God had never placed beyond the grasp of Man; by the following of which, both in the attainment of knowledge and in a prayerful use of its privileges, He as assuredly intends that Man should be led to the reception, not only of a part, but of all Truth; and thence, if the knowledge of Truth be perfected in the continual practice of the good which it inculcates, shall be ultimately led to the blissfulhaven of Eternal Rest.

*I believe*,—that, for the immense and continual influence of Satan in all the affairs of mankind, as evidenced in the accompanying Poem, I have full authority, either positive, or by implication, in the Word of God; and that the only poetical licence which I take in this particular is, in the *personification* of that Antagonist of the souls of all mankind, and in the making him to *enunciate the extent and the object of his operations*, in such instances as his *influence* is an admitted scriptural truth.

That—for his influence on Cain, *I believe*, I have full authority in Scripture, 'he being of that Wicked One the Devil, who was a Murderer from the beginning.'

That, for the extended life of Cain, I have no further authority than that of finding no record in the Bible of the time or of the mode of the termination of his life; that I have therefore extended his existence to the time of the Deluge, not being able to find, and not feeling disposed to invent, any other circumstance of sufficient importance, wherein to terminate the existence of so important and of so marked a character; that in this I admit a necessitated licence taken with Scripture, as also a stretch of imagination in making Cain (whom I find having the mark of God, probably on his forehead, as the most conspicuous spot, and as the least capable of concealment, and from his having discovered the minerals of the Earth, and from such involving the necessity of working in subterraneous caverns) to be the origin of the heathen god Cyclops;—and his instructor, Satan, to be the god Vulcan.

*I believe*,—beyond these matters that I have not overstepped scriptural authority in one single point; but that all my delineations will be found in perfect accordance with the spirit and with the intention of the Word of Truth. That I have not been led, even in the highest flights of imagination, to invade one single point of true doctrine, and that my Work will

not be found to shake, (by enlarged views which have no foundation in Scripture,) but that it will be found to enliven, and to give stability to the faith of all those who are sincere inquirers after the Truth, and who delight to trace (even though it be in wider fields than those wherein they formerly expatiated) the good providence of God in all His works, and the great mercy of God in the intended Redemption of all Mankind by Jesus Christ.

*I believe*, (and I am emboldened to declare) that, in coming to the conclusions before stated, and in following the concurrent thread of doctrine which must run, and which must interweave itself throughout the whole Volume of Inspiration, I do not violate, nor attempt to shake, nor to cast down, one single atom of the Truth of God! and to leave a degraded and an imperfect structure in its stead; that none of the promises, nor the threatenings, nor the declarations, nor the histories, nor the admonitions, nor the consequences, as declared under the Old or the New dispensations, are thereby set aside, nor invaded, nor altered, nor endangered, nor weakened; that they do not make void the Law, nor the Covenants of Grace; that they do not interfere with, nor interrupt, the existence nor the growth of grace and holiness in their silent and unobserved progress in the heart of man, with whose joys and pleasures a stranger intermeddleth not; that they do not detract from the grandeur, nor from the sublimity of God's works; that, on the contrary, they lead the mind to a more extended conception of the majesty and the power of God as intended to be conveyed in the vast works of the Creation of the Universe, and in the general Creation of Mankind, as recorded by his Prophet upon the opening page of His Most Holy Word; that they do not impute the withholding, at any time, by the Infinitely Holy Lord God, who is the Author of all Truth, the declaration of all the truths which are essential to Man's salvation, or which stand within the fullest range of Man's capabilities for comprehension; that they do not bid Man to look away from the Word of God, nor encourage him to lean to his own limited understanding of the perceptible Evidences of Nature, uncorrected or unaided by the Word of God, and by the Spirit of Grace; but, that they urge (upon all who have been pleased to follow me thus far in my admission of the Faith, which will be made more fully manifest in the following Poem) the necessity of the deepest study of the Revelation which God has been pleased to make of Himself, of His works, and of His will; that they do admonish the seekers for Truth to be prayerfully attentive to those very brief, but those most remarkable passages of which the Bible is full; the which, in terms the most concise, but of the most wondrous significancy, usher in an Universe of matter, of life, and of spiritual existence; that they urge upon each reader duly to consider what is the scope and the intention of the Scriptures; lest, in supposing them to be the history of all



Mankind, they presume to charge God with imperfection or with untruth ; that they do not make complex nor obscure any doctrine, the which, under former expositions was simple and intelligible ; that they are not intended to incumber the mind with thoughts and with matters which are foreign to the subject, and unimportant, and which would not otherwise, or without this suggestion, have intruded themselves upon the lowly and upon the unambitious Christian ; that they do not treat one single expression of the Word of God as unmeaning or as valueless ; that they do not admit that Men may pick and choose that which they will believe and that which they will reject ; but that, on the contrary, they will urge all men to seek diligently for the solution, in the Word of God, of thoughts and of questions which have often forced their consideration upon the minds of *most*, or, mayhap, of *all* who interest themselves in spiritual things, (the voice of which inquiry has been hushed by the cautionary admonition of seeking to be wise beyond or up to that which is written) ; that the Bible is assisted in its reception, and that it is strengthened in its voice of divine authority, by the exhibition of the perfect accordance of the declarations of God, through His Prophets, with the material evidence which His almighty hand established originally, and which His perpetual providence yet keeps before our eyes, of the manner and of the progress of his created works, especially as exhibited in his creature—man—the consolation thereby received being an assurance, that we have rightly and properly divided, and that we have carefully digested The Word of Truth ; and that we are not resting our hopes of everlasting happiness upon a series of recorded declarations where the Caviller can lay the hand of disbelief upon its opening page, can challenge us to the proof of internal evidence of inspiration by accordance with itself, or with the further evidence of harmony with God's visible works without, and can worst us in the argument.

Thus I have openly and fully declared my belief in the doctrines which will be contained in the body of the accompanying poem ; the two first volumes, or six parts of the work, illustrative of 'Incidents from the Creation of the World to the Passage of the Red Sea, by the Israelites,' are now in the press, and will shortly be presented to the public. The work is written for a series of public readings, to be accompanied by such extensive pictorial illustrations, in the form of dioramic views, as will embrace every scene and pourtray every incident. To accomplish such object, I humbly, but confidently assert, that I have not neglected any of the more weighty and the all-important matters of doctrine which have opened themselves to my mind ; that I have not, as far as in me lies, nor in order to give a poetical coloring to my work, failed to declare that which I conceive to be 'the whole counsel of God ;' that I have not made the great and all-important interests of the world, to be secondary to the embodying of such forms as admit of pictorial

representations ; but, that the combination of religion with poetry and painting, has been attempted upon such extensive scale, with the desire of bringing scriptural scenes before all classes of the public, and of enfixing their grandeur and their truth upon the minds and upon the memories of some who cannot be otherwise approached, nor otherwise so convincingly impressed.

The immateriality of the heavenly kingdom has been attempted to be sustained, and to be pictured by the admission of such forms and of such features only as are given in the Word of God, as to such belonging ; and The Deity has been personally represented according only to the definition which He has been pleased to give of Himself, to the finite conceptions of man, in the visions to the prophets Daniel, to Ezekiel, and, in the Revelation, to St. John.

The production of the illustrations has been delayed by the need of the further supply of pecuniary means. It is my desire, (if I be spared and if the power be given me,) to continue to illustrate both by pen and pencil, the many sublime passages of sacred history which afford such abundant scope for the exercise of higher talents than I presume to suppose myself to possess ; which appear to have been hitherto considered (on so extended and so comprehensive a scale) to be forbidden poetical ground, but which I conceive to be the legitimate field to which the highest efforts of the poet or the painter should be addressed.

With such announcement of intention, and of ruling principle, the work is placed before all Classes of the Christian community ; if it be the work of God, and if it be written according to the dictates of the spirit of truth, it will have free course, and God will be glorified ; it will prosper unto that for which it is intended ; it will be the savour of life unto life, or of death unto death, both to the writer and to the reader ; and it will not return void unto the Lord.

If it be not in accordance with God's Will, either in its doctrines or in the intentions wherewith it is produced, or wherewith it is attempted to be circulated, then shall the over-ruling providence of God seal up the chambers of fallacious imagery, which have been herein displayed, and as the morning mist, before the rising Sun, fleetly evaporates, so shall each trace of error and of deceitfulness as quickly be dispelled, and as surely fade away.



# BOOK I.

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## PART THE FIRST.

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INTRODUCTION.—GOD, IN FIRST INFINITY;

AND

THE CREATION OF ANGELS.



## BOOK I.—PART I.

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### ARGUMENT.

**Introduction.** Declaration of intended subject. A sick couch at midnight. A Spirit approaches and vindicates the ways of God in His dealings with mankind; especially in the afflictions whereby his chosen people are exercised. Invites the Spirit of the Writer to the Heavenly Regions, where God is pleased to rehearse, before His assembled Angels, the past scenes of Creation, and the by-gone incidents of the World's Sacred History. Picture of Infinitude, with the self-existing God—in lonely Majesty, and unparticipated Glory. The Creation of Angels worshipping the Deity; amongst whom, chief in power, and conspicuous in his adorations, is Satan. His address of Praise to the Almighty. The chorus of the Angelic Host.



## BOOK I.

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### PART FIRST.

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#### Introduction.

GREAT! pure! and glorious God!—The Infinite!—  
The Lord of Power!—Spirit of Life and Light!—  
What finite mind can hope, or dares pretend  
It can define, describe, or comprehend  
The Deity?

Who dares, with finite sense,  
Attempt to grasp the Lord's omniscience?  
Or paint for man, ere time was first begun,  
The great Jehovah's form! The Eternal One!

Who dares of heaven, unseen, to tell?  
Or paint the pit of unapproached hell,  
The crucible of wrath?

What mental power,  
In brightest burst of fancy's buoyant hour,  
Can picture forth Infinitude; the birth  
Of constellations fair; the rolling Earth;



The stars, the suns, and each material thing  
 The heavens unfold, God's universe doth bring?  
 What mortal thought—what human tongue, so bold,  
 Would dare essay predestiny unfold?  
 Communion essential? The Origin  
 Of good or ill, of sanctity or sin?  
 Seek thoughts profane in sinful souls begun?  
 Trace holy hopes, pure aspiration,  
 To Source Original? Or show each curse,  
 Each crime, brought home to Influence adverse?

What intellectual grasp—what finite sense,  
 Or spiritual mind, or bright intelligence,  
 Can realize? or can, by ear or eye,  
 Discern, distinguish now, in faith descry  
 The forms ethereal, which float or dwell  
 In heaven's substantial bliss; or, deep in hell,  
 Torments eterne endure?

Great God!—whose breath  
 Each human power wisely distributeth;—  
 Almighty Mover of the wondrous whole;—  
 Who doth create, enlighteneth the soul;—  
 Whence comes the impulse free?

Seek we such mind?  
 Or hope we here such graphic powers to find  
 From classic toils?

Or find we *Learning* hath,  
 If prized alone, e'er opened up the path  
 Where treads man's foot, or where man's foot hath trod,  
 To nature's source, and thence to nature's God?  
 Or must it be, that he who shall obtain  
 So full a power to pourtray or explain,  
 Or grasp one feature's line of Deity,  
 Must here, by life of perfect purity,  
 Himself befit; as vessel, chosen well,  
 To comprehend, digest, and then to tell  
 The wondrous works the Deity did frame,  
 Which point to God, and magnify His name?

Spirit of Good! Spirit of Truth and Light!  
 Thou givest not such full and free insight  
 To purity alone! Thou dost not wait  
 That miracle in man—a mind immaculate—  
 Or none should sing of Thee!

Thy spiritual grace  
 Can, rash desires, and darkest thoughts displace.  
 And lips profane, and hearts and hands unclean,  
 Shall oft be heard, and shall be found, and seen  
 To magnify Thy power; which shall recall  
 The mind from sin—rebuild its headlong fall.

The mind released, the cleansed and pardoned soul,  
 Springing anew from sin's and guilt's control,  
 Shall oft, from dust of deep abasement, raise  
 The brightest burst, the cry most clear of praise.  
 And that, because God's new and glorious light  
 More brightly shines, wher'erst the clouds of night  
 Hung darkly round the soul!—Where deeply fell,  
 The murky mantle folds of mental hell!

Most gracious God! Omniscient, and wise!  
 Thou, who each soul, beneath assumed disguise,  
 Discovereth! I stand before Thee now,  
 Conscious of sin, abasing deep my brow;  
 As every mortal must, who stands in sight  
 Of God's pure eye—the Vision Infinite!

Yet, what, my theme?

Though sinner sad I be,  
 'Tis Heaven! and God! the Glorious Deity!  
 Subjects sublime! Creation's earliest birth!  
 Angelic forms! the fair the fertile earth!  
 The smiling stars! the heaven's ethereal span!  
 The first estate! the fall! the fate of man!  
 Great God! how wonderful thy hand to trace,  
 Building the stars; expanding out all space!  
 Filling all forms with life! How great! how grand!  
 Goodness to feel! Mercy to understand!

Knowing that nought imperfect doth proceed  
 From Thy pure mind ; but blessings are decreed !  
 That *all is good* ! Perfection, without flaw,  
 Is Thy great plan ! Thine universal law !

Then comes man's sin !

Mysterious God ! Heaven's King !

How deep Thy ways ! What strange, what fearful thing,  
 To see a Power spring up beneath thy will,  
 Good to subvert, and warp, to deepest ill,  
 Creation's purities ; first framed by Thee  
 Spotless as heaven ! akin to Deity !  
 Trembles my heart ! shudders my inmost soul !  
 When seek I heaven, and learn the vast control  
 Of *him* who dares to match his spiritual might  
 Against his God, the Being infinite !  
 Who him conceived ; who him most surely made ;  
 And power so vast to him as sure conveyed,  
 To Satan be ! The lying Power of hell !  
 Beneath whose fraud, our purest parents fell ;  
 And who doth yet malicious powers exert,  
 Evil to sow, each blessing to pervert !

Oh, struggling souls ! Oh, heaven ! Oh, this my Earth !  
 How blest were ye, methinks, but for this birth ;—  
 This strange rebellion ! Which, working still,  
 Doth man embrace, and God's pure creatures fill  
 With sin and misery !

To such define,

Trembles this tongue, despairs this hand of mine,  
 Unless my God assists ; and His great Word,  
 Within my soul, as guiding voice be heard,  
 My thoughts within the line of truth to bring,  
 Knowledge to give ! His grace establishing !

My mind *must* fail ; my erring soul *must* stray ;  
 Wander, I *must*, from truth and light away,  
*Unless Jehovah guides* ! The more I strive,  
 Hell's evil power more actively alive !

More fierce Satanic war ! and, he who fights,  
 But loss sustains, and sad defeat invites,  
 If he God's grace ne'er asks—doth prayer despise—  
 Doth seek in pride—on arm of flesh relies !

The sad result shall men most surely see,  
 If they peruse this world's sad history,  
 By prophet's voice declared. Or ye incline  
 To read this tale, this humble Book of mine.

Ask ye this Book's intent ?

'Tis shortly told.

My heart and mind possessed presumption bold,  
 To look within the sphere of holy things,  
 With power alone which carnal reason brings,  
 Or not with prayerful faith !

And Satan brought

His powers to bear upon my wandering thought,  
 And all my soul confused ; until my mind  
 Sought strength in prayer ; and then faith's shield did find  
 Against the Evil One ; whose power, then nigh,  
 By God sustained, I could, with truth, defy.

That conflict o'er, my God did me invite  
 To view His works, His mercies infinite ;  
 And sing them, if I would ; could I then raise  
 My feeble voice to sound one note of praise,  
 His name to magnify ; which infants may,  
 Tunes He their hearts, doth He full grace convey !

Empower'd by Him, all fear aside I flung ;  
 His Word I sought, and caused my stammering tongue  
 Of God to speak ; of Whom I love to tell ;  
 And, Satan dare ! defy the powers of hell !  
 And no presumption fear ; if but I ask  
 The hand of God to aid me in the task  
 Of mighty magnitude ! Dependance place  
 On Him for power His mighty works to trace ;

Where leads His Word, a steadfast Light to me,  
From dawn of time into eternity !

Presumes a sinner, thus ?

Father of Light !

Thy word of truth which Prophets did indite,  
As moved thereto by Thee, in *outline* tells  
Of many a mass of mighty miracles ;  
Creation's works, and all earth's things that be,  
In words of *truth* but wondrous *brevity* ;  
Leaving the *million forms*, each *minor thing*,  
To *eye of search*, or *man's imagining* !  
And oft, my soul, hath, in its fondness, tried  
To such fill up, *particulars* provide ;  
And furnish *incidents*, with such to be  
In concord true and perfect harmony.  
And then my heart hath swelled with figures vast ;  
And, prospects grand, before mine eye have passed  
Enchantingly !

The beauteous Heaven above  
Hath opened scenes of joy, and peace, and love !  
The deepest Hell, in all her vaults below,  
Hath sent forth sighs of bitter grief and woe ;  
Which I have seemed to hear ; till, picture true,  
Hath seemed to burst with fulness on my view ;  
And urged my loosened tongue, my raptured heart,  
To burst with eagerness, and awful scenes impart,  
Which flashed before mine eyes with all the light  
Of God's own form !—Conceptions infinite !

'T WAS midnight's solemn hour !

Sleepless I lay,

And morning's dawn awaited anxiously !  
Feeble the body was ; by care outworn ;  
And all its nerves by sorrow's hand were torn !  
Yet, vig'rous rose the soul ; the spirit free,

Painted awhile, on space and vacancy,  
Pictures of thought!

Faintly and undefined,  
Stole forth, at first, those pencillings of mind.  
Then swelled they forth, in full, in freshest pride;  
'Then softly sank; then languished they; then died;  
That others might succeed.

God's mighty power  
Made such to me *examination's hour*;  
And I in judgment sate, the truth to find,  
Of outward deeds, or workings of the mind,  
Man's life exhibiteth.

My soul then prayed,  
That it might find illuminative aid,  
God's judgments to perceive; and understand  
The workings deep, of His Almighty hand,  
Moving mysteriously, yet sure.

God's *fate*,  
From wandering *Chance*, wisely to separate;  
The wherefore find *Evil* sometimes oppress;  
And why *Iniquity* its rod should rest,  
The righteous to afflict.

God's good control  
Softened my heart, constrained and taught my soul  
Mercy and Truth to see; and *blessings* know  
Where sad affliction spake, where softened woe,  
The heart, erst obdurate; and, every sense,  
Its lesson learned of faith and penitence;  
Convincing well my soul of pride within,  
Of lust so full, of wickedness and sin,  
That, all self-righteousness, was borne to dust;  
The great Lord God confessed as good and just;  
And 'mouth of pride' was stopped.

As thus I lay,  
Counting night's hours, waiting the coming day;  
Communing thus, and counselling well my heart;  
My chamber's walls did slowly seem to part,  
And flood of light admit.

The impression seemed

As though, of such, my mind or senses dreamed.  
 Soft rays around—expansive space—possess'd  
 Features of sleep ; its indistinctiveness ;  
 Also its majesty. To mental eye  
 Appeared it then, A Spirit stood me by !  
 There was the tremblingness all fleshly feels  
 When God thereto in majesty reveals  
 Aught spiritual. The evidence intense  
 That deeper falls than any power of sense  
 Can penetrate ; that God, unto the soul,  
 Speaketh indeed ; intendeth his control.  
 When, for man's spiritual good, so moveth He,  
 Angels of heaven and immortality,  
 To minister to those whom he declares  
 He *wills* to Life ; shall be *salvation's heirs*.  
 A glorious form approached !—His upraised hand,  
 Stillness enforced, and silence did command ;  
 Whilst thus to me he spake :—

“ Shall mortal man

Attempt, in pride, the providence to scan  
 Of heaven's mysterious God ?

“ Shall man's weak mind

Presume to know, to estimate, or find,  
 The workings of God's will ?—Shall human sight  
 Attempt to pierce the secrets infinite ?  
 Shall creature-sense now venture to repine,  
 When wills his God—The Majesty Divine,  
 Afflictively ?—

“ Must God his motives give,

To creature-mind fully explanative,  
 Ere man will condescend to bend the knee,  
 Question without, to His authority ?

“ Shall woe, by wrong induced, dispose man's soul  
 Complaint to find ?—murmurs at God's control,  
 T' originate ?

“ Shall erring man decide,

When wrong shall cease ; when right be justified ?

“ Mortal, refrain !

“ The mighty King of Kings,  
The great Lord God, His deep and wondrous things,  
Hideth in mysteries !

“ The Mighty God  
Appoints, full oft, affliction’s painful rod  
In love ; and hedgeth round the downward way,  
Where man, in ignorance, if free, would stray  
Destruction’s depths unto.

“ God’s unknown time  
Will open up His providence sublime !  
And man convince (though vengeance slumb’reth long)  
The God of heaven permits no ill nor wrong ;  
Though months and years pass by, still moves the wheel,  
Which shall, in time, God’s purposes reveal—  
Iniquity unmask !

“ Mortal ! God’s breast  
To shield the weak, to succour the oppressed,  
Yearneth.

“ The Majesty of Heaven is known  
Sorrow to feel on His eternal throne ;  
And, over earth, protectively to bend ;  
From grasp of ill to shelter and defend  
The innocent.

“ God moves the universe  
The proud to smite ! rebellious souls to curse !  
God, in the plenitude of love, each state,  
Good in itself, did mercifully create  
Originally ! And violence is employed  
When ill ensues, when blessings are destroyed !  
“ God, in his might, doth constantly control  
The onward course of every precious soul  
For good. Within God’s vast and over-ruling hand,  
Observed by him each living soul doth stand.  
Walkest thou not in ordered path aright—  
Closes on thee the Fingers Infinite ;  
And thou His prisoner art.

“ Wisdom regained,  
God’s pressure just, in mercy, is restrained.



His mighty hand then slowly openeth ;  
 Thy course is free ; the circle wideneth  
 In which thy steps might tread.

“ Walkest thou well?—

A path of peace doth wisdom's ways now tell.  
 Struggles thy soul in sin?—Defies thy breath?—  
 God's grasp, renewed, is chastisement—is death !

“ Mortal ! can'st thou God's wondrous goodness see?  
 Or falls a cloud of Darkness now on thee,  
 Omnipotence to veil? In love, then, hear ;—  
 The Mighty God commands me to appear  
 In vision to thy soul !

“ GOD'S WRITTEN WORD,  
 Knowledge on man sufficient hath conferred ;  
 And, to the wondrous Book of His Great Will,  
 I thee direct, as fountain, that shall fill  
 Thy soul with love.

“ Therein declared we find  
 The flowing forth of God's eternal mind ;  
 All merciful to man ! Such doth present  
 To every soul 'The Guide ' sufficient.  
 The Mighty God of heaven and earth doth *there*  
 His works make known—His steadfast will declare.  
 Addition needeth not ; yet, pictures may,  
 To thy weak mind, more vividly convey  
 The truths therein contained.

“ God's pencil true  
 Shall give, in faith, thy mental eye to view  
 The scenes His word declares ; that thou may'st tell  
 The wondrous love doth in such volume dwell.  
 And point, may'st thou, to views magnificent ;  
 Which doth thy God, throughout earth's course, present  
 Man's mind unto.

Therein, his onward path,  
 Though but as worms they be, each mortal hath,  
 By God's great will prefixed.

“ What way is thine  
 Thy conscience hears—my tongue doth now define !

"The God of Love permits, I thee invite  
Now to ascend unto celestial height,  
And see the Great Lord God in heaven rehearse,  
Angels before, The Mighty Universe  
Into first-being called !

"Thence fill thy mind  
With wondrous facts, by God Himself defined.  
Ascend God's heavens, in prayer. Faith shall prevail.  
Thy vision's lens shall shed its earthy scale ;  
And all thy soul will heaven's own voice incline,  
To grasp God's truth ! embrace the Will Divine !"

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Slowly, from me away, appeared to glide  
The Messenger of God ; who me beside  
Of late had stood.

Whether my soul did rise,  
With vig'rous wing, into the farthest skies ;—  
Whether, or not, my spirit and my frame  
Transported thence unto heaven's height became ;—  
Whether, or not, the spirit's powers, or soul,  
Permitted were, without the frame's control,  
To wander far away, and hear, above,  
Unutterable words of quenchless love ;—  
Whether, or not, mine ear then really heard  
Archangel's voice proclaim inviting word ;—  
Whether, in flesh, or faith, or otherwise,  
With new born thought, or visionary eyes,  
The Majesty of Heaven was seen by me,  
In all His glorious works and vast divinity—  
I cannot tell !

I only truly know,  
Such *felt* my soul—that *seemed* it even so !

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Be it reality, or be it still  
In vision's strength, which did completely fill

My powers of consciousness ; a scene most grand,  
 On night's dark disk did solemnly expand.  
 Methought the voice did invitation bear,  
 That I, a sinful soul, should straight repair,  
 Upwards, throughout the universe, to state  
 Of beings, bright and most immaculate ;  
 Who did, with adoration's voice, rehearse  
 Creation's birth, the swelling universe,  
 First called to move, exist, and to expand  
 Beneath the fiat tones and first command  
 Of Deity ! whom thus, by goodness led,  
 Angels adored, and angels worshipped.

It seemed to me a way of perfect light  
 Open'd became, to heaven's celestial height ;  
 Ascended which, my soul.

Methought, to me,

Imparted was unbounded buoyancy !  
 Lifted I seemed from earth ; and to arise,  
 With wondrous speed, into the very skies !  
 Swiftly aloft, effort without of mine,  
 My soul seemed borne, unto the realms divine !  
 Methought my soul, with new and heavenly birth,  
 A wide expansion felt ; and, leaving earth,  
 With upward bound, the massive forms below  
 Diminutive became ; ethereal did grow.  
 Away ! away ! my eager soul did rise,  
 Shooting aloft, and hasting up the skies ;  
 As swift as meteor-flight, upward, I soared ;  
 Suns, stars, and worlds, in rapture new explored ;  
 Scarce venturing then, with anxious, hopeful mind,  
 To look adown, on worlds left far behind,  
 Lest I should feel their influence fall on me ;  
 Drawing to earth, in downward tendency.

At length I turned—

And then, my earth I viewed,  
 At distance vast, amidst creation strewed !

Earth's firm and perfect globe, scarce then,  
As now 'tis known, or habited by men,  
I could discern.

From present height, my sense,  
No feature saw, of matter, firm, and dense ;  
But wide and pure, as far as ranged the sight,  
There seemed to burst a fair and fluid light,  
Its radiant atmosphere ; which then, as robe,  
The surface clothed, and wrapped the solid globe  
In mantle luminous ; and all around,  
Rays did extend ; pure brilliancy was found.

This glorious sphere, awhile, my spirit viewed,  
In all its perfect form, and speed, and magnitude,  
Rolling, with bulk immense, through pathless space,  
With noiseless motion's tread, and steady pace ;  
Sublime—magnificent !

A wondrous sight,  
Angels to charm, the Gods to give delight !  
And now as seen, in vision's field, by me,  
As nearest globe, its bright immensity  
My mind o'erpowered !—

I scarce could understand  
The world, erst trode, had been so pure, so grand !

One moment's time, one little season, there,  
In Space secure, and borne aloft on air,  
Ethereal and pure ; with wing outspread,  
My spirit paused, my reason pondered !  
The world, my earth, devoid of matter-taint,  
Now shone as star, most beauteous seen, yet faint.  
No stain bedim'd, no spot obscured its sheen,  
As round it rolled, of heaven's globe-nest, the queen,  
In lustre eminent ! Outshining there  
Prodigious globes ; the sun itself less fair.  
No foul disfigurement, no human trace,  
Then marred its form ; nor, then, on beauteous face,  
Drew furrowed lines ; as deep recording page,  
Betokening there, each nation's heritage !

No voice of pain, no deep lament of woe,  
 Could thence arise ; nor could my spirit know  
 That grief, and death, in that bright spot, could dwell ;  
 Did not experience teach, and memory tell,  
 That, known and seen, as I had seen, more near,  
 That beauteous face, that lucid atmosphere,  
 Were strewn with forms ; the dying breast—the dead—  
 And all its scenes with sin impregnated.  
 But now, each sound, each trace so sad of these,  
 Shrank far from sight—lessen'd by soft degrees ;  
 And earth, which near was dense, and dark on sight,  
 Emitted beams, and shone an orb of light !

Grandly it moved ; and seemed through Space to glide,  
 With steady roll, and planetary pride ;  
 No travelled track, no beaten pathway nigh,  
 Its union marked with soft and azure sky ;  
 But, round about its orb, soft, clear, defined,  
 A halo bright, a beauteous veil entwined ;  
 Its own pure atmosphere ; in distant sight,  
 To shine as star, with soft effulgent light.

Rolling, sublime ; urged on with motion true,  
 Whilst thus I paused, and deepest raptures knew,  
 The earth had passed !

Whilst yet I gazed, had she  
 Lessen'd her form, enhanced her brilliancy.  
 Away ! away ! my soul, with eager eye,  
 Now sought again to mount the vaulted sky ;  
 And then, as orb on orb, and star on star,  
 In heaven's pure blue embedded, deep and far,  
 As gems of glorious sheen, on breast of night,  
 Came twinkling first, then bursting full on sight,  
 With bulk prodigious ; as, near each mass,  
 With lightning speed, my rising soul did pass,  
 To gain heaven's eminence. With wing unfurled,  
 My spirit flew, beyond full many a world ;  
 Its vent'rous wing, by fear untamed, soon won  
 The radiant glow which circumscribes the sun,

Which this, our universe, doth well control ;  
 Of such the light—of each round star the soul !  
 And as I passed, my growing mind could see  
 Each pond'rous globe, bedded in buoyancy,  
 Sail slowly on. Oh ! great and glorious sight !  
 Round central point, that nucleus of light ;  
 Each orb, with path by gravity assigned ;  
 Ever to sink to central sun inclined ;  
 Yet, onward borne, and made, by soft control,  
 Its yearly circle there, and daily roll,  
 With travell'd line describe.

No pause I knew ;

But, upward still my eager spirit flew ;  
 And, onward sped, in full and swift career,  
 Through planet belt, and path of many a sphere.  
 And far it flew, beyond our earth's wide ken ;  
 On stars it gazed, unknown, unseen, till then ;  
 New worlds it saw ; strange tongues it heard ;  
 And glanced a while on galaxies that gird  
 Systems and spheres in ether-space outspun,  
 Where sin ne'er dwelt, and death was not begun !  
 With ardent thought, urged on by impulse new,  
 Onward, and upward still, my spirit flew ;  
 Untimed by years, undistanced, too, by space,  
 In this her fleet and visionary race,  
 Appeared my soul !

At length, how grand ! how strange !

My soul did seem to take a wider range !—  
 It seemed to burst, from where the worlds were strewed,  
 Right through their bounds, into Infinitude ;  
 And Space was all beyond !

My lightning flight

Had borne me on, to distance vast ; and height  
 Beyond all that which seemed, indeed, to be  
 All matter's range ; the utmost boundary  
 Of worlds and stars !—

Below, dwindling, and dim,

Faded the Universe ; and its vast rim

Grew rapidly obscure !—One effort more ;—  
 No form was there ;—a Void without a shore,  
 My soul confused !—In all that mighty Space,  
 No line I knew—no atom could I trace—  
 And—I was lost !

I could not now compute  
 Or Time or Space, nor knew I if the route  
 I seemed to take, led me aright, or well ;  
 Whether I flew ; or straight, or downward, fell,  
 In this Oblivion !—What time did lapse  
 Knew not my soul ;—millions of years perhaps  
 Had passed unconsciously. This state sublime  
 Annihilated Thought ; and Space and Time  
 Were incomputable !—Methought I tried,  
 In agony, my voice ; and that I cried—  
 “ A soul is lost ! lost in the boundless sea  
 Of Heaven's outskirts, and God's Immensity !  
 Great God ! be Thou my guide.”

As so I prayed,  
 Light, life, and strength, seemed to my soul conveyed.  
 A voice, encouraging, I seemed to hear ;—  
 Rays beamed above ; God's glories did appear ;  
 And soon, I conscious was, that me around,  
 A flight, immense, of angel-wings were found ;  
 Hasting to Heaven ! Angelic arms entwined  
 My fainting soul ; and re-assured my mind.  
 Cradled and borne, upward and on we flew ;  
 And, onward still, with joy, to centre drew ;  
 Whence rays, most beauteous all, unto my sight,  
 Their power intense, seemed fully to unite ;  
 And thence reflow !—Swiftly, within this mass,  
 With multitude immense, my soul did pass ;  
 And then, Oh ! Heaven, how most magnificent  
 The vast scene was, this picture did present !  
 Spread out before mine eye, in Space, I viewed  
 A concourse vast, a glorious multitude  
 Of angel forms !

Their shining groups, immense,  
 Were known to me as Heavenly audience !

A semi-circle bright, with tier on tier,  
 Stretching away, in distance, did appear,  
 Interminate.—Such seemed to now surround  
 A Space unlimited ! A depth profound !  
 At least, unto mine eye, (on things earth-bred  
 Tutor'd full long, and all accustomed  
 To look) it seemed. Of this Vast Space, one side  
 By Heaven's pure host, attent, was occupied ;  
 The all before The Space, appeared to be  
 The Theatre of God !—Immensity !

Music and melody, of sweetest grace,  
 The very essence was, of that bright place ;  
 Where every angel-hand, with touch sublime,  
 The harp's sweet string could teach to chime,  
 Harmoniously and rich ; and, hymns of praise,  
 Ever to God, and His Great Name, did raise  
 Untiringly ! Heaven's splendour did possess  
 My grateful soul with sense of giddiness ;  
 So full the sight was charged ! And wept mine eye,  
 O'erpower'd with love ; o'rcharged with ecstasy ;  
 Until all consciousness of state like this,  
 I seemed to lose ; swooning with weight of bliss ;  
 Each sense extinct !

Administer'd was love !—

So gentle felt, so truly known, above !  
 My soul revived !—An angel-hand did guide  
 To seat reserved ; God's goodness did provide.  
 And I (a mortal form, surrounded there,  
 By beings pure, angelical, and fair,)  
 Awaited, anxiously, the glorious sign,  
 Of coming forth of Majesty Divine ;  
 Whose form of radiance, the Light, should be,  
 The Life—the Soul of all Immensity !

Now came, each knew, Heaven's God !

My soul, with pain,

Could scarce the thought of His approach sustain !



Trembled I, inwardly ; till did appear,  
 God's perfect love, to cast away all fear !  
 My God, I felt, preparatively sent  
 Such ray of grace ; in mercy, to prevent  
 His creature's death !

For such had been the sight  
 (Unless sustained) of radiance infinite ;  
 Approaching now ; in mercy to unfold,  
 That wondrous face, His Angels do behold,  
 When so He wills ; the Face of Love divine ;  
 Man shall behold ; upon His saints shall shine.

Vast Space did seem to spread ;—On every hand,  
 All Heaven did seem with glory to expand.  
 And, all Infinitude's circumference, did seem,  
 With rays of life, splendour intense, to beam,  
 O'erpow'ringly, and full !

It was God's will,  
 That Mighty Space with His Own Form to fill !  
 Such knew, each angel, now ; and I could see  
 Myriads of forms, mute with expectancy,  
 Bending, in humblest attitude, the head,  
 Their shining wings ; their upraised hands outspread ;  
 Shrouding each eye.

Each glorious angel-brow.  
 Abased in love ; each form was prostrate now.  
 And, silent awe, and love, the most intense,  
 O'erpower'd, enchain'd the heavenly audience !

Brighter, and brighter, now, vast Vacuum grew ;  
 And ray, on ray, as unto centre drew !  
 An ocean-flood swelled forth of glorious light ;  
 For angel-eye too beauteous far, too bright !  
 Gather'd the rays, from scatter'd beams profuse,  
 To focal point ; God's *semblance* to produce.  
 And God, Omnipotent ! in vast Infinitude !  
 Sublime ! appeared, in true similitude !

God sate upon His Throne! and, Him beside,  
 A right-hand seat there was, unoccupied.  
 The God of Light, dwelling in majesty  
 Through time, and space, and first eternity,  
 Was manifest! His glorious form immense,  
 Filling all space with beauteous radiance!

In this bright scene it was God's gracious will  
 A form, perceptible, to wear or fill.  
 A form, most vast, bright rays of light defined;  
 Which semblance wore, and likeness to mankind.  
 For so, in image grand, God's Will did dress  
 His Godhead pure! His own Almightyness!  
 Ten thousand suns, with all their beams, were dim,  
 Diminutive, and dark compared with Him,  
 Whose Form now filled Infinitude with rays  
 Magnificent and vast! The Ancient of Days!

Moving and swelling clouds, as pure as gold,  
 Did, God's pure throne, in lofty space, uphold.  
 Around, with hues, brilliant and most intense,  
 (Evolving light, shedding more radiance)  
 A rainbow, pure as brightest gem, was seen;  
 As topaz rich, as brightest emerald green;  
 Changing continually; with hue on hue;  
 Bursting with beams; expanding on the view;  
 Until its mighty arch seemed to embrace,  
 In gem-like arms, the pure and glorious space,  
 Where sat, enthroned in lonely majesty,  
 The God of Heaven! Th' Eternal Deity!

A Sea, as though of glass (so clear and light)  
 Or crystal waves (so deeply rich and bright)  
 Was spread around.

Its pure and liquid stream  
 As floor of life, and buoyancy did seem;  
 The Throne of Heaven (as bright and holy state)  
 To keep apart, as spot inviolate.

Before the throne, and all around, did shine  
 Seven lamps of fire, mysterious, divine !  
 Burning with light intense, their rays to shed,  
 As though their flames unceasingly were fed  
 With essences of life. The seven-fold Light  
 Of Deity Itself ! God's Spirits Infinite !

Thus sate The Mighty God ! In Form Defined !  
 The Maker of the Earth ! Creator of Mankind !  
 Sourceless ! Self-formed ! Incomprehensible !  
 Eternal ! Changeless ! Uncommenceable !  
 Existing there, IN SPACE immeasurable outspread !  
 Formless, unfilled ; boundless ; untenanted !  
 No Voice, as yet, before His Throne, to sing !  
 No World to roll ! No Creature worshipping !  
 Lord of a Universe !—Which, God, beside,  
 No Being held ! Was all unoccupied !  
 Himself—the Source of Unborn Life, which He  
 Did meditate to pour through Vacancy ;  
 When He, within such vacuum, should raise  
 Worlds to adorn ; Angels, to sing His Praise !

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Then came ' A Period of Life ' !

A time

When sight discerned Creations most sublime !  
 The Mighty God, of such new work conferred  
 With Him, He called ' The Life ; ' ' The Light ; ' ' The Word ; '  
 But who, as yet, no separate form received,  
 But God begat ; within His Breast conceived !  
 The Great Lord God, His Mighty Will conveyed,  
 That myriads of forms should now be made.  
 That, Angels pure, Intelligencies bright,  
 Should be create, to revel in His sight,  
 And furnish Heaven !

Blissful and spotless Things,  
 Who Heaven should fill with endless worshippings !

God sate, in Majesty, upon His Throne !  
 Unbroken Space around His footstool shone !  
 The Infinite Lord God, His Hands, then raised.  
 Into the depths of Vacancy I gazed ;  
 A mighty cloud seemed, from beneath, to swell ;  
 In which, at first, was nought perceptible,  
 To tell of Life.

But, as it rose, on every hand,  
 Beings, thereout, of beauty, did expand !  
 And myriads, on myriads, of Angels bright,  
 Came bursting forth, in pure eternal light !  
 As mighty clouds, breaking the deep repose  
 Of Heaven's first calm, in living groups, they rose ;—  
 Spirits of graceful form ; first dimly viewed ;  
 Then beaming forth, in all the magnitude  
 Of Forms Celestial !—Peopling vast space  
 With Spirits pure ; replete with life and grace ;  
 Millions of Angels burst !

One flight enjoyed,  
 In which was wing, and limb, and sight employed ;  
 In fullest ecstasy ; prostrate, they all  
 Before God's Throne, in reverence, did fall !—  
 Silent that scene became !—Such mighty stress,  
 Most suited seemed unto God's Holiness !—  
 As thick as Ocean's sands, for multitude,  
 On Heaven's wide floor, were joyous beings strewed !  
 The Throne in midst, uplifted high, and vast !  
 Millions of ranks, around, in circles, cast !  
 Their forms, immense, of light, seeming to be,  
 As then compared with God's Great Majesty,  
 As motes, in sun-beams, viewed ; though each possessed  
 Angelic form of lofty mightiness !

As knelt the Hosts of Heaven, The God of Love  
 Himself did manifest, upon His Throne above !—  
 The Great Lord God spread forth His Mighty Hands !—  
 Attention deep, that motion then commands !

Bending, attent, adown, on prostrate knee,  
 Angels appear, far spread as placid sea ;  
 And silence reign'd in Heaven !

With Voice profound,—  
 Whose tones did reach Infinitude's deep bound,—  
 The Deity thus spake :—

“ Angels of Grace !

Ye Potentates, and Powers !—Immortal race !  
 Ye Angels good !—Who, now, from Godhead's Will,  
 Being receive ; my Mercies to fulfil ;—  
 All Hail !

“ Your God to ye, well pleased, conveys  
 Goodness ; and Bliss !—Eternity of days !  
 My Spirit's peace, I breathe !—Receive, possess  
 Fulness of good ! Perpetual happiness !  
 Over ye all—over each angel's head,  
 Vast streams of life, deep floods of bliss, I shed.  
 Angels and spirits pure, around ye be,  
 The overshadowing Love ! The Grace of Deity !  
 Into your hearts descend love, peace, and joy ;  
 Full bliss obtain !—Goodness, ye powers, employ.  
 Provision, thus, God makes ! Almighty Grace,  
 Your good with good, will constantly replace,—  
 Replenish ye with Love !

“ Blessed are ye !

*Pure* are ye made !—So *wills* the Deity !  
 Your God accepts the reverence ye pay,  
 Love courts your love ; and bliss doth bliss convey !  
 Ever fulfil the Deity's command,  
 Ye Ministers of Good,—with ready hand ;  
 And, such employ, shall every soul possess,  
 With constant joy, unceasing blessedness !  
 Archangels pure ! Ye seraphim, most bright,  
 Stand ye before the Presence Infinite !  
 And thus, to all, in occupation good,  
 Duties I give, already understood ;  
 And, find ye all, in heaven, the blissful state  
 Ye now receive, in life immaculate.

" Sufficeth now your praise !

" From bended knee

Arise, all heaven ! So wills the Deity.  
But, in your hearts, unto your God above,  
Cherish ye praise ; preserve unceasing love.  
And such, to ye, My goodness shall increase,  
In bliss sustained ! Immortal tides of peace !"

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As ceased the Majesty of Heaven His charge,  
Each angel heart did blissfully enlarge,  
With vast capacities, heaven to enjoy,  
And voices pure, unceasing to employ,  
In sounding forth God's praise !

Millions then rose ;

And crowns of gold did all their brows enclose !  
The creatures, first, were they, dwelling above,  
The product pure, of joint creative love !  
*Good*, were they made. *Immortal*, too, their state :  
Their minds so free, so most immaculate ;  
No erring thought could in their breast begin ;  
No evil lurk their hearts or souls within ;  
Needed *no law* their freedom to restrain ;  
Required *no zest* their worship to sustain.  
Obedience, love, and gratitude, and praise,  
Their nature 't was, to yield, to feel, to raise ;  
Departure thence did not within them dwell ;  
In grace to fail became impossible !  
Goodness innate, without the power of Ill,  
Did them sustain, did every bosom fill.  
Each Power its due degree at once obtained ;  
Princes and potentates, honors sustained,  
Diff'ring in form, and name, title, and might,  
As star from star, in full and glorious night !  
Their only blest employ God's gracious will ;  
In full to learn, unceasingly fulfil.

All heaven rejoiced ! And, soon I found the throng,  
 Themselves combine, to raise to God the song,  
 Of heaven-taught gratitude !

'Ere such commenced,  
 One glorious form, its love thus evidenced !  
 A Being pure—Angel supremely bright,  
 Shot up, o'erjoyed, and sailed along heaven's height !  
 As paused the voice of Heaven's Eternal King,  
 He rushed aloft, with full and radiant wing ;  
 And, seemed it then, his spirit did possess  
 Unmeasured love, pure energy's excess ;  
 In heaven, itself (where every breast did feel  
 Full floods of grace, and quenchless flames of zeal)  
 Almost incredible !

Throughout heaven's throng,  
 In rapid whirls, his wing did pass along ;  
 And, round the throne, in circles wide, did flee,  
 Pauseless and swift ; joyful, exultingly.  
 His energy extreme, a mighty train  
 Of flying worshippers immediately did gain.  
 And heaven, with rapid rush of wings, was stirred,  
 Of glorious forms, Creative Power, conferred.  
 And, thus, with voice, clear, full, profound,  
 (As bending, wheeling, fleeing, all around,)   
 With arms outspread, before God's brilliant throne,  
 Satan (who, then, in spotless radiance shone)  
 Appeared.

Now, gracefully in flight he stayed ;—  
 His rushing train, devotion's act obeyed ;—  
 And, kneeling, he, to Heaven's Great King, did raise  
 The fullest burst of energetic praise  
 A creature could bestow.

No feigned love  
 Then dwelt in heaven—escaped from lips above.  
 He felt high heaven, in God, *all good* possessed !  
 And thus, his voice, his gratitude expressed—

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“ God ! Good ! and Great ! and Pure !

To life I rise.

My every sense, now given, doth realize

Thy Majesty !

“ Joy,—peace,—and bliss extreme,

Upon my soul do burst. And *there* doth beam

Thy love.

“ Jehovah ! God ! Superbly Great !

Giver of Life Thou art ! And Thy vast state,

(As there, upon Thy bright and brilliant throne,

Thou sittest now, Omnipotent, Alone ;)

My soul acknowledgeth.

“ Good ! Pure ! and Grand !

Thy Godhead is ! My soul can understand,

And bend adoringly.

“ God ! From above

Look down ! Accept Thou praise and love !

Around Thy throne, a mighty multitude

Of angel-breasts, with peace and joy embued,

(As promised now by Thee, the Heavenly King,)

Its first receipt our spirits witnessing,

In floods of bliss ; each thankful heart and soul

Feels, drinks, imbibes,—cannot, Great God, control

From pouring forth in praise.

“ Thy Mightiness,

Power to supply such bliss, doth well possess.

And, Thy vast love, Thy wisdom, doth create

Joy,—Peace,—Excess of Good,—interminate.

“ God ! We, as Thou hast said, in heaven, do burst,

The product free, the emanations, first,

Of Thy Great Will.

“ Thousands of angels bright

Surround Thy throne ; Thy Presence Infinite !

Knowing The Source from whence they did proceed ;

Shouting Thy praise ; and blessing Thee, indeed !

God, in our sight, immediately made known ;—

Heaven for us framed ; eternal life our own ;—



Rolling, enswathed, in radiance and bliss ;  
 Our joy, our peace, our sweet existence this—  
 That we do *know* ; do *feel* ourselves to be  
*Inhaling* GOD ! *Breathing* DIVINITY !  
 That, fly we far, or spread we pinions wide,  
 'T is God !—and God !—and nought there is beside.  
 That *all* is GOD ; that Thou art ever nigh ;  
 Thy Presence bright doth fill the heavens and sky ;  
 That, Godhead pure, incomprehensible,  
 Who us forth-called, and in our hearts doth dwell ;  
 Oceans of joy doth spread ; doth here provide  
 A boundless, endless sea, exhaustless tide  
 Of never-ending life !

“ Th' Eternal Whole,  
 One Self-existing God ;—Thy Self-created Soul !

“ God ! for the life Thy Goodness doth provide,  
 Receive Thou praise, and be Thou glorified  
 Eternally !

“ To thanks express, must give  
 The one-desire angels shall feel to live !  
 Almighty God ! This new estate, to us,  
 How most superb ! How most mysterious !  
 Grandeur, immense, in life's provision shown !  
 How beautiful ; how rich ; how radiant Thy Throne !  
 Goodness, Oh, God ! in every form is found !  
 Joy's perfect stream ; and happiness abound !  
 Almighty God ! if Angels can preserve,  
 A state so pure ; and Thy Good Charge observe ;  
 If Angels' minds perpetually fulfil,  
 Designs expressed, of Thy Most Gracious Will ;  
 How blessed will Heaven remain !

“ Love ! Grace ! will be  
 Celestial fruits, growing eternally !

“ Jehovah !

King !—Observe, how Spirits vast,  
 With me, their Crowns, adoringly, now cast  
 Before Thy Mighty Throne !

“ We thus present  
 To Thee, our God ; Gracious ; Omnipotent ;  
 The Stream of Love that in each bosom dwells,  
 And, outward now, as from a fountain, wells ;  
 The Source thine own !

“ Oh, God ! to Thee, each breast,  
 Daily, such Love in praise would manifest !  
 With condescension kind, receive, Great King,  
 The adoration pure, Heaven’s legions bring,  
 And, at thy footstool, place.

“ Marv’lous the state  
 My opening mind, my God ! doth contemplate !  
 How full is Heaven, and all this mighty space,  
 Of holy forms ! How wonderful their grace !  
 Title do *I* receive, some station high,  
 With powers immense, to fill, and occupy ?

“ Doth Satan here, by Thy Supreme Command,  
 Honor’d in Heaven, mighty in power, now stand ?  
 My soul, with love and energetic breath,  
 The boon, so great, aloud acknowledgeth ;  
 Of God’s good preference proud.

“ Satan’s free soul  
 Confesseth, here, God’s wonderful control !  
 Satan’s vast love desires a voice more strong,  
 The Praise of God, with tenfold power, prolong !  
 Satan’s address more phrases would invent,  
 Becomingly to God ; His goodness to present.  
 Satan’s full joy,—Satan’s pure mental light,  
 Confesseth, here, its Fountain Infinite !  
 Satan, in every power he doth possess,  
 Creative Love,—Creative Mightiness,  
 Would glorify !

“ The Fount, the only Source  
 Of Good, is God ! and His, the Mighty Course  
 Of flowing Holiness, that Angel-breast  
 Shall ever feel ; henceforth shall manifest ;  
 And sing aloud ; till echoes of this state,  
 The Name of God alone reverberate !

“ Angels, around !

United voices raise  
To sing God's Love ! to speak Jehovah's praise !  
Long, and unceasingly, may Angels learn  
God's Will to know ; His Goodness to discern !  
And, may each Power, its given state possess,  
(As this day known,) with constant thankfulness :  
As thus we bend our breasts, our knees, to Thee,  
The Great Lord God !—Creative Deity ! ”

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As Satan's voice now ceased ; Beings of Might ;  
Arch-Angels pure, in numbers, infinite ;  
Leaders of Heavenly Hosts, with line on line,  
Of Seraphs bright, and Cherubin divine ;  
Elders, in flowing robes, and garments bright,  
Stood forth, in radiance full, of Heavenly light,  
To lead, with form erect, and waving hand,  
The song inspired, of vast angelic band ;  
Until, as sound of mighty rushing sea,  
The chords, the swells, of Heaven's first melody,  
Did burst upon mine ear ! Waking my soul  
With tones divine, and sweetest aerial roll,  
In time-beat, true and free ; as, swell on swell,  
Against the walls of wide Creation fell ;  
Reverb'rative !

Solemn, Heaven's Host did stand ;  
Each head inclined ; upraised each Angel-hand ;  
Spontaneous seemed to flow th' adoring song,  
Which then arose from all that heavenly throng !  
One Mighty Word swelled forth from every breast ;  
“ HOLY ! ” *it was*—

And then, in Heaven, a rest !  
Deep Echo's voice embraced the awful word ;  
Space, far beyond, the dying-pulse, transferred !  
“ HOLY ” ! *again*—

And then, a pause, once more,  
Till reached, the sound, Creation's farthest shore ;

And, back recoiled, with echo's ceaseless chimes,

"HOLY!"—

"HOLY!"—

Increased ten thousand times!

"HOLY!"—

"HOLY!"

"HOLY!"

"LORD GOD!—most Great!"

(And, thunder's voice, did such reverberate)

"HOLY! LORD GOD! ALMIGHTY KING! to Thee,

Who ever was! Who is! Who is to be

All Heaven full praise ascribes! and, thus, each Crown,

We humbly cast, in purest worship, down!

"Worthy, art Thou, Oh, God!

Honor and Praise,

To thy Great Name, created creatures raise!

For, Thee to please, were all created things!

To Thee, most due, Thy creatures' worshippings!

And, God!—Our God; Thy Glorious Name we bless;

And bend before JEHOVAH'S MIGHTINESS!"

"And above the firmament was the *likeness* of a Throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone; and upon the *likeness* of the Throne was the likeness as the appearance of a man above it. And I saw as the colour of amber, as the appearance of fire round about within it, from the appearance of his loins even upward, and from the appearance of his loins even downward, I saw as it were the appearance of fire, and it had brightness round about. And as the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of brightness round about. This was the appearance of the likeness of the Glory of the Lord. And when I saw it I fell upon my face." *Ezekiel*, ii. 26.

"I beheld till the Thrones were cast down, and The Ancient of Days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool, His Throne was like the fiery flame." *Daniel* vii. 9.

"And immediately I was in the Spirit; and, behold, a Throne was set in Heaven, and one sat on the Throne. And He that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone, and there was a rainbow round about the Throne like unto an emerald, \* \* \* \* And there were seven lamps of fire burning before the Throne, which are the Seven Spirits of God; and before the Throne there was a sea of glass, like unto chrystal. And round about the Throne were four-and-twenty seats, and upon the seats were four-and-twenty Elders sitting, clothed in white raiment, and they had on their heads Crowns of Gold, \* \* \* \* And they rest not day and night, saying, Holy—Holy—Holy—Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come; Thou art worthy, Oh Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power; for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they were created." *Rev. iv. 2.*

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## MUSICAL INTERLUDE.

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FIRST BOOK.—END OF FIRST PART.

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It was “Holy”! and “Holy”! and “Holy”! again ;—  
That burst forth, now in Heaven, the first notes of the strain  
Which the Angels of God, the first morning stars, bright,  
Shouted forth, at their birth, in the Kingdom of Light.

It was—“Holy, Lord God!—Thou art worthy, Great King ;  
To the praise we ascribe ; to the worship we bring ;  
For Thy might, and Thy pow’r, and Thy voice, and Thy will,  
Do, Infinitude’s bounds, with our Angel-life, fill.

“Thou art worthy, Great God!—For Thy wisdom and grace,  
They impart our full joy ; they pervade Utmost Space ;  
And, where now, our glad wings, can, in ecstasy, flee ;  
We behold—the Lord God!—we exist—God!—in Thee !

“We have heard, we have felt, Thy Great Voice, through the skies ;  
And to life we expand ; into being we rise !  
And our forms (which thus live,) are, in multitudes, thrown,  
In the love of our God, at the foot of His Throne.

“And the outskirts of Space, where our millions extend,  
Like a vast sea of life, whose deep waves find no end,  
Can rejoice in the Source—feel the Presence Divine,  
That within them doth spring ; that, around them, doth shine !

“ But Thy Throne ! and Thy Form !—God ! we veil, thus, each eye,  
As around Thee, in bliss, our vast Legions do fly !  
And we shout forth Thy praise ; and give glory to Thee,  
Who for ever hast been ; who, for ever, shalt be !

“ But Thy Throne !—and Thy Form !—Oh ! thou God of all Grace !  
Where Thou, now, in vast love, dost unveil Thy bright face ;  
From the beams of its light, as the brightness of day,  
Space outspreads its wide bounds ; the fair Heavens fly away !

“ And they fly ; and they spread ; as Thy brightness shines on ;  
And the darkness retires ; and its stillness is gone ;  
For the Vacancy swarms, with glad spirits, who bring  
Their first praises to God !—their first thanks to their King !

“ And they spread ; and withdraw ; and they swell ; and expand ;  
As determines Thy Will ; as Thy Word doth command ;  
But the Space teems with joy ; and immortal souls rise,  
God made known to their hearts ; Heaven exposed to their eyes !

“ And Thy glory revealed ;—and Thy grandeur displayed ;—  
And Thy goodness infused ;—and Thy life-streams conveyed ;—  
Oh ! they urge on our hearts ; they our spirits inflame,  
To give vent to our love ; thus, to praise Thy great name !

“ Be Thou pleased, our Great God !—and vouchsafe, to attend !—  
As an incense, approved, let the echoes ascend,  
Of the praises unfeigned, which each Angel's glad heart  
Prompts his lips to express ; bids devotion impart.

“ And the ‘ Holy ’ !—and ‘ Holy ’ ! which finds, now, release,  
Shall ne'er die on our lips ; shall ne'er slumber, nor cease !  
But, eternal the song, which immortals shall raise  
To the Lord God of Heaven !—Th' Eternal of Days !”

**BOOK I.**

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**PART SECOND.**

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**THE CREATION OF THE WORLD.**

**SATAN'S REBELLION,**

**AND**

**EXPULSION FROM HEAVEN.**





## BOOK I.—PART II.

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### THE CREATION OF THE WORLD.—SATAN'S REBELLION.

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AN Angel appears before the throne of God, announcing the intention of the Almighty to create the Universe of Worlds, and proclaiming such Creation to be the joint work of God, The Father, and God, The Son ; who has resided in the bosom of The Father from all Eternity ; who shall now occupy the right hand seat of God's throne ; that all beings, in Heaven and in Earth, shall honor the Son even as they honor the Father ; and that at the mention of His Name, each Creature should bend in adoration to the Glory of the Father. The Angel also announces a change in the economy of God. As Angels had previously been incapable of sin, God now desires their voluntary worshippings ; and makes them free to offer or to withhold their praise. At these announcements a shade passes over the countenances and persons of Satan and his Host, who occupy the central position before God's throne ; such shade being the denoting mark of a declension from purity. The Triune Deity appears, and the works of Creation are commenced. The Creation of Light. The Great Central Light prior to the formation of the Suns—being the first or general Day. Nuclea of gaseous particles formed, which consolidate to spheres and become Suns. Carbonic vapours, emitted from these, consolidate, and become opaque globes, revolving round their parent ball of flame. General view of the Universe. The Earth alone rolls into the foreground. It is without form, its surface being covered with water. A Comet approaches the surface of the Earth. Its central minerals acquiring additional heat, burst up the encircling rinds. Mountains, Valleys, and Seas are formed ; and the Earth assumes the features which it now possesses. A period for the production and maturity of the Vegetable Kingdom ensues ; this is followed by the creation of Animals, in their various climates, and over the whole surface of the globe. The Earth is then fitted for the creation of Mankind. Mankind are then created in various parts of the globe, having their distinguishing features, and being suited to the various climates wherein they are created and intended to propagate the species. All these beings

existing without any law beyond that of their consciences ; being the Pre-adamites, or Heathens, spoken of in Scripture as being a law unto themselves. All having impressed upon their minds, the Being of God ; the Immortality, and Accountability of the Soul. The Sabbath of Rest instituted. The Almighty God retires into the Heaven of Heavens ; assumes an attitude of repose ; leaving the Celestial Hosts to the celebration of His praise during such period.

Satan, who has watched, with apparent discontent, the progress of Creation, refuses to celebrate God's praise ; charges God with having dealt unfairly in the appropriation of honors to the Son ; is excited to envy by the promised elevation of Man to equal happiness and glory with the celestial beings ; addresses his followers, and, by his eloquence, induces them to become partakers in his rebellion. He presumptuously directs his followers to approach and surround the throne of God ; is intercepted by Michael and his legions, whom Satan defies. His speech including defiance of the Deity, the Almighty again occupies His throne in Triune Majesty ; elevates His hand ; and casting lightnings upon Satan and his host, hurls him from Heaven into the Abyss below.

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## BOOK I.

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### PART SECOND.

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The Heaven of Heavens, in all the purity  
Of God's great will, in first economy,  
Calmly progressed.

Approached, in Heaven, a time,  
Destined for change, important and sublime.

The scenery, again, was Heaven!—God's Throne,  
Still high, in midst, conspicuously shone!—  
A Court, in Heaven, was called.

The God of love,  
Summoned His powers, unto the heights above ;  
And, fond alacrity, 'neath leaders high,  
Brought Heaven's bright host, unto God's prescnce, nigh ;  
Appearing all to rise, Angelic sea ;  
Effort without, and simultaneously,  
Until, around Jehovah's central seat,  
His Court was formed ; assemblage was complete.

God sate, on high!—Heaven's scenes now meant  
Angels, in first estate, to represent ;  
And bright was all that host ! More bright they grew,  
More luminous appeared, unto the view,

As, God, they glorified. As though, such beam,  
 Lighting each brow, acknowledgment did seem  
 Their praise accepted was ; and, garments bright,  
 And persons pure, radiant with shining light,  
 Gave outward evidence, that God's full tide,  
 Of grace Supreme, did, in that form, reside.  
 Darkness, the sign to be of sad reverse,  
 And, form unclad, denoting mark of curse !  
 That, Angel, fallen ; unclad ; did not possess  
 The Light of Grace !—The Robe of Righteousness !  
 That, Angel-proud, by shadows so obscured,  
 The wrath of God,—His anger-frown endured !

Heaven, yet, no change, in forms immaculate,  
 Had ever known ; nor such could contemplate !  
 Ever around, and nighest to God's Throne,  
 Three Leaders bright, of high estate, were known.  
 Satan was one ! over one third of Heaven,  
 To him, was sway, and Rulership, then given !  
 Honor'd, in love ; the first in dignity,  
 Lofty in power ; unstained in purity,  
 He, there, abode ! Ever, the central space,  
 Before God's Throne, Satan's array did grace ;  
 And, none of all the Heavenly powers or host,  
 Could greater light, or greater favor, boast !

On either side, with shining way between,  
 The marshalled ranks, of other Chiefs, were seen ;  
 And next, in station high, and honored name,  
 Michael, and Gabriel, were great in fame.  
 Archangels bright. Each form a Potentate,  
 To whom the Mighty God, did delegate,  
 The rule of Heaven ; and, their deputed sway,  
 Angels observed ; did duteously obey ;  
 And all shone out, in pure and brilliant dress ;  
 An Army vast ! Heaven's Legions, numberless !  
 All powers ordained of God ! Each Heavenly thing,  
 To His great praise, ever administ'ring !

In condescension, now, speech was assigned,  
 (Which should declare Jehovah's will or mind,)  
 To Angel tongue. An Angel, high, and bright,\*  
 Whose head, and hair, as driven snow, were white ;  
 Whose countenance, most meek ; whose face, divine,  
 Like to the Sun, in all his strength, did shine !  
 Whose very feet (as seen his robes below)  
 As molten brass, from furnace bright, did glow !  
 Stood out, in majesty, and power, serene,  
 The lamps of God, the flames of life, between ;  
 And thus, with voice of many waters' sound,  
 Assembled Hosts, sitting attent around,  
 In mighty words, addressed—

“ Ye Spirits great !

Who, God's high Throne, in pure and solemn state,  
 Approach !

“ Ye Angels good ! Ye Powers sublime !

Spirits of Grace ! Approached hath now a time  
 When God's Almighty Will destines to place,  
 In yonder vacuum and boundless space,  
 Innumerable worlds.

“ Angels of Grace !

Look far away, in yonder distant space,  
 Which seemeth now, to Angel-eye, to be  
 A boundless realm of vast vacuity ;  
 Your God declares by me, 't is His intent  
 Such mighty void shall shortly represent  
 Suns, Stars, and Worlds ; God's great and destined plan,  
 Firm globes to frame ; and life to give to Man !

“ The mode, the means employed, doubtless will be  
 With all God's works in perfect harmony.  
 Expectancy is rife ; longing for this  
 New link of love ; progressive step in bliss !

“ Angels of Love ! Creatures of Perfect Joy !  
 What mighty scene shall now your sight employ ?

\* Rev. i. 13, 14.

God ! Good ! Supreme ! and Infinitely Wise,  
 Shall soon unfold, before your wondering eyes,  
 Almighty purposes—His new intent,  
 More wond'rous far and more magnificent  
 Than Angel-mind, all clearly, can possess,  
 In picture true or comprehensiveness !

“ Angels of Light, attend ! Receive by me  
 A secret strange ; a wondrous mystery !  
 Through ages long, all ye have glorified  
 Jehovah-God ;—no Lord confessed beside.  
 It willeth God now to reveal, in power,  
 An Only Son ; begotten for this hour,  
 From all eternity ; dwelling mysteriously  
 The Breast within of God's Great Majesty !  
 By Him, it pleaseth God, the worlds to frame ;  
 That every Power, henceforth, His Mighty Name  
 Might reverence ! The Great Lord God His Word,  
 His Fulness, too, hath on His Son conferred ;  
 That every Soul, that every Spiritual State,  
 Each Angel-high, each Heavenly Potentate,  
 Before him, low, might bend ! Acknowledging  
 That He is Lord ! That He is Prince and King !

“ God doth command, Glory and equal Praise,  
 Ye give the Son ; whom doth His Love now raise  
 Above all Heavenly Powers ! Him, thence, adore !  
 God over all ; Blessed for evermore !

“ In this, His Godhead-Vast lessens God not ;  
 In that God honors Him His Love begot ;  
 In that, Angels most High shall do the same,  
 God magnifies alike His Will, His Name.  
 Henceforth, at God's right hand, He ever sits ;  
 Into His hand all Judgment God commits,  
 That, *named* His Son, each Angel-knee shall bow ;  
 Abased each crown ; humbled each lofty brow ;  
 Honor'd, in Heaven, His Name shall ever be,  
 By all who love,—revere the Deity !

“ Angels of Bliss !

Rapt'rous, indeed, to me  
Revelment is, of this Great Mystery !  
Our God proclaims A SON ! Who here shall dwell ;  
By Him beloved ! By us approachable !  
The vacant seat, ever at God's right hand,  
Could not, my mind, profess to understand.  
The such, for *Him* prepared, opens to view  
Creations rich, and glorious, and new,  
In Him, and by Him made !

“ Angels ! how sweet,  
The God of Love, in His Own Son, to greet !  
And access, thus, to find, henceforth to be  
‘The Way of Life’ unto the Deity !  
Blessed, Oh, Gracious God ! the day—the time—  
Of gift so pure ! Revelment so sublime !  
All Heaven's pure love ; all Heaven's full choice,  
Such hour will bless ; in God's Good Grace rejoice !

“ And other change God makes.

Angels of Light !

Receive ye, now, Commandments Infinite.  
It pleaseth God, who doth new worlds arrange,  
At such same time, your destiny to change.

“ Angels around, of pure and high degree,  
Who God's Great Power, His Goodness, ever see ;  
Needeth it, now, that voice or tongue of mine,  
To ye extol the Attributes Divine ?  
Or justify the Ways of Him, whose Will,  
As fountain pure, doth all His creatures fill  
With Everlasting Good ?

“ By God's command,  
Before ye, now, declamative, I stand,  
Telling of coming change.

“ What such might be,  
Wait ye, in hope, or deep anxiety ?



Yourselves within, in all this Heaven around,  
The evidence exists, and doth abound,  
That 'God is Love.'

“ Jehovah doth possess  
Supremacy of Good ! Pure Holiness !  
Pure Good ! All Good ! therefore, must be the State  
Of Change, most wise, God's Mind doth contemplate !

“ Angels of Bliss ! The Grace ye all possess,  
Derived hath been from God's Pure Holiness.  
Which, at your birth ; at your creation's hour,  
Implanted He, with such Almighty Power,  
Ye could not fall ! Therefore, in purest deed,  
The power was God's ;—no merit could ye plead !

“ God, now, designs a Change !  
Your Worship, free,  
Covets your God—desires the Deity !  
Your Love, gratuitous, God now would find,  
The Gift, spontaneous, of Angel-mind !  
Therefore, ye stand, by God all uncontrolled,  
Praise to ascribe ; or Worship to withhold !

“ Your former life, Experience, doth give,  
Your duty, what ; how Angel pure should live.  
Walk ye, henceforth, Angels, in paths of Light !  
Receive ye shall, from Goodness Infinite,  
Sufficiency of Power and Grace, to be  
Protective Life, for pristine purity,  
Wherewith ye were imbued.

“ Pure souls shall tell  
The brighter joys in such good gift shall dwell.  
God grant, no Spirit here, by will adverse,  
Experience, may, the sad, the dark reverse !

“ Angels of Heaven ! Vessels that comprehend  
The Mighty Floods that constantly descend,

Of Love and Grace ! God now awards to ye  
 A nobler state : a new-born destiny !  
 And blessed more ; henceforth, more glorious they  
 Who Good pursue ; who Righteousness obey !  
 Angels, who seek, may ever find God's Face !  
 Angels, who ask, ever receive God's Grace !  
 Angels, who will, from First Estate, withdraw,  
 Henceforth, are bound by no coercive law,  
 Their God to glorify.

“ By Grace, ye all  
 Ever do stand ! By sin alone ye fall !  
 But Light, and Truth, and Good, shall ever be  
 The Impulse Pure ! The Will of Deity !

“ Thus, know ye, all, your Fate ! Now, freely choose !  
 But, Oh ! forbear, God's Goodness to abuse !  
 And, use ye not, your Freedom, to transgress ;  
 Or Woe ; and Grief ; Torture ; and Wretchedness ;  
 Immortal Souls shall feel ; who, thus, invite ;  
 Most justly due ; The Anger Infinite ! ”

Whilst, thus, the Angel spake ; and God's Great Word,  
 Freedom of Thought, on all that Host, conferred ;  
 The Lights, and Shades, of sure and certain Fate,  
 Did beam and fall ; and strangely alternate.  
 The Powers of Heaven, immense ; *on either side* ;  
 Which, Michael's Host, and Gabriel's, occupied ;  
*Emitted constant Light* ; and, brighter, grew ;  
 More luminous appeared unto the view,  
 As, God, they glorified. And, Light Divine,  
 From every breast, on every brow, did shine ;  
 Glitter'd each Angel-crown ! Life-giving Rays,  
 Responded, there, to numerous bursts of Praise ;  
 And all was luminous ! In purest state,  
 Radiance supreme did them illuminate ;

The Central Spot, where Satan, station high,  
 In Heaven's wide floor, did ever occupy ;  
*With deepest shadow frowned !*

There, shade on shade,

Passing across his form, mine eye surveyed ;  
 As though some veil, or substance dense,  
 Between his Soul and Heaven's pure radiance  
 Did intervene ! Struggling, he seemed to be,  
 With some new thought ; some new indignity ;  
 Never, before, in Heaven, that Place serene,  
 Known to exist ; by Holy Creatures seen ;  
 Envy ; and bitterness ; and pride, became  
 Residing powers, growing within his frame !  
 And e'en his Garment's tint, unto the sight  
 Became less pure ; less radiant ; less light ;  
 His frame, immense, did seem at once to be  
 Deprived of powers of former buoyancy ;  
 And 'twas, with effort vast, he did sustain  
 His growing weight ; or, standing-place maintain  
 On Heaven's Ethereal Floor !

Effort, alone,

His Station kept before Jehovah's Throne !  
 If folded were ; or ceased his mighty wing,  
 For moment's space, from constant fluttering ;  
 Down ; down ; he sank ! and every eye could see  
 Deflected rays, and downward tendency,  
 Growing more manifest ! until, again,  
 A rush, undue, would former post attain ;  
 And fling his figure dense (whose new-born weight  
 He governed not, and could not calculate,)  
 To height extreme !

Heaven's substance did present,

To form so changed, a place, and element  
 Most uncongenial ; and, he assume  
 Internal discontent ; External Gloom !

Silence he yet maintained. Responding Word,  
 Was not, as yet, from all his Legions heard !

Anxious, was he, the purpose to possess  
 Of God's Creative Will ; whereon, such stress,  
 Announcing Angel laid ! Therefore, concealed  
 Was every Thought ; his Tongue no change revealed !

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The Period now arrived, at which God willed,  
 His Throne to show, in Triune Glory filled !  
 God, in the Clonds, in new and Triune state,  
 Of Godhead, most supreme, my soul did contemplate !

God's Mighty Form (lessen'd in no degree)  
 Was Grandeur ;—Grace ;—and Ancient Majesty !  
 With every power of such accompaniment  
 As should, of years untold, and age present,  
 Ever unalterable !

His flowing beard,  
 Silvery with Time, and ' Ancient Days ' appeared.  
 And Form of Man, Immense, as heretofore,  
 Eternal Majesty, in condescension, wore !  
 Over His Head floated a Mighty Dove !  
 At His Right Hand the Son of His pure Love ;  
 Rested against His knees.

Sedate, and Mild,  
 With love, intense, the Eternal Son then smiled !  
 And oft ; his eye, to Father's face, he raised,  
 And then, adown in space, affectionately gazed,  
 As they, with Will-Divine, calmly above,  
 Conferred on course of Their Creative Love.  
 God, in His Majesty, supremely great,  
 The one Source was whence did originate  
 Conceptions grand !

THE SON, THE MIGHTY WORD,  
 By which, God's Will, was into forms transferred !  
 And every Work superb, Angel can name,  
 'Twas his to make ; into its form, to frame !

Possessed, before, of God's intended ways,\*  
 The Son of God The Universe did raise ;  
 Which God beheld ; and as complete it stood,  
 Content expressed ; declared each stage was " Good."

*Above was Heaven !* Its central Focus-Light  
 The Throne of God ! The Presence Infinite !  
 Around the Throne, in numbers deep and dense,  
 Seraphic Hosts ; the Heavenly Audience.  
*As separating-floor*, the Clouds were found ;  
 From edge of which looked down, in depth profound,  
 Thousands of Angel-eyes ; intent to see  
 Created Worlds upfill Infinity !  
*The depths below*, did, widest space express ;  
 And Vacuum it was ; and Emptiness !

From Heaven's Prescenium, did now ascend  
 The Majesty of God ; the Space to lend,  
 Wherein, the Macrocosm of this, our World,—  
 This little Earth,—should be to sight unfurled,  
 Progressively complete.

God's works were shown !—  
 His Hand—unseen !—His Mighty Means—unknown !  
 Such loss to compensate, descriptive word,  
 Of Angel-voice, accompanying, was heard,  
 Each change.

" Ye audience" (it said) " attent !  
 Look far away, and Space shall represent  
 A portion small, appreciable to sense,  
 Of that Vast Whole of God's Omnipotence,  
 Which limit knoweth not !—Whose endless round  
 Knoweth no pause, nor terminating bound ;—  
 Extends Eternally !

" Such to inspect  
 Taxeth not God an Angel's Intellect ;  
 But, bringeth He, within an Angel's scan,  
 That which pertains unto his Creature—Man,—  
 For whom is framed—The Earth !

\* Prov. viii. 22.

“ A Grain of Sand !

Whereon do grow ; upon whose face do stand  
Millions of Souls, though all its surface be  
But as a Speck in God's Infinity ;  
For measure too minute.

“ A World, possesst,  
(Viewed by itself) of size, and interest  
Prodigious ! But, in God's Works embraced,  
Sought out with pain ; and scarcely to be traced  
With Million—Millions mixed !—Its Path, afar,  
A little Spot !—A little rolling Star !  
• Blended with multitudes ; observed and known  
Ever by God !—Sustained by Him alone !  
But, minister'd unto, perpetually,\*  
By portion pure, of Angels—Good, whom He,  
Doth separate thereto ; as doth provide,  
His Mighty Will, for every World beside,  
Spirits Beneficent !

“ Making alert  
The Hosts of Heaven ; their Goodness to exert  
Unceasingly to Souls ; whose density  
Knoweth no lapse ; peopleth Immensity.

“ Ye Audience Sublime ! In yonder Space,  
God condescends the History to trace  
Of Earth, alone. And, Scenes, will circumscribe,  
To points, instructive made, which shall describe  
His Righteous Laws ; the Laws he hath defined ;  
In Love prepared ; and taught to all Mankind.

“ ‘ *In The Beginning*’† ’twas ! Aye—at that time,  
The which, *conceived*, were wond’rously sublime !  
As back, beyond all date (where Millions of Years  
But as a Speck, beyond Time’s birth, appears)  
It carryeth The Thought !

\* Heb. i. 14.

† Gen. iii. 8.

“ Down Time, far hence,  
When God, by Works, sublimely did commence,  
His Power to manifest !

“ Back—through Time’s Space,  
Farther than Thought footsteps of Years can trace,  
By Millions !

“ Backward again, I must,  
Your Minds ; your Intellects ; your Spirits thrust ;  
Back, in Eternity, Millions of Years,  
Ere—‘ *The Beginning*’—to your Sight appears ;  
When God the heavens did frame !

“ Send back, each Sense !  
And, if ye can, Existence-time, commence,  
From Deity !—A Time, beyond all date,  
Force back your Souls truly to contemplate !  
When, as a Curtain-vast, God’s Mighty Hand,  
The Heavens around (His Dwelling) did expand !  
When forth His Spirit moved ; and, Word of Might  
Shed forth command sublime, ‘ *Let there be Light ;* ’—  
And Light first was !

“ Angels ! The Time that came ;  
Which God’s Own Word doth ‘ *The Beginning* ’ name ;  
Created Powers saw not ! Seraphic Host,  
Back to that time, cannot existence boast ;  
For *Light* created *was*, (and that ye know ;)   
When forth from God, in happiness, did flow  
Celestial Essences ! When, even we,  
God’s Will begat ; began, in Bliss, to be !

“ God, in His condescension vast, e’en so,  
Would give to us, His first Great Work, to know.  
‘ *His Spirit moved !* ’ His Mighty Mind did sweep  
Over the surface vast, unlimited, and deep,  
Of all Immensity ! Spread out His Hand ;  
And, following such, flowed forth the full command,  
‘ *Let there be Light ;* ’ The Vital Principle,

Which, in God's Breast, as Source of Light, did dwell,  
 He, into darkness, breathed ; and Space was filled  
 With brightest beams Creative Goodness willed ;  
 Abundantly !

“ No brilliant Sun, no Sphere,  
 We now behold, did, in that space, appear !  
 One Central Light did God's OWN BREAST supply !  
 And this one mean did fill Infinity  
 With Glorious Beams !

“ Infinitude, immense,  
 Was one bright whole of Breathed-out-radiance,  
 From Central-Source Divine !—Such brilliant state,  
 God did produce, and did perpetuate,  
 Creation to supply, and Light provide,  
 When system's-suns, in space, all multiplied,  
 By God's Vast Will, should be.

“ Such bright array  
 God, then, was pleased to nominate ‘ The Day ;’  
 And Light, thenceforth (exclusive of Time's round)  
 Such term retains ;—e'en so described is found.

“ How long such state endured, an Angel's mind  
 Would fruitlessly attempt, by strength, to find,  
 Of reasoning !

“ Into *Six Periods*-wide,  
 It pleased God, the Stages to divide,  
 Wherein he made the worlds ; their frames sustained ;  
 And perfect made all things therein contained ;  
 Denominated ‘ Days.’

“ Angels !—Your sight,  
 Hath travelled down, from first-created-Light,  
 Through all these stages-grand ; where, view on view,  
 Substance displayed ; as Matter onward grew  
 Beneath Creative Will !

“ Your vision saw  
 Commencement made of Matter's-form and Law !  
 Your telescopic sight did present find,  
 In all their magnitude, Vast Worlds ; defined



The millions of Suns, centres that are,  
 Each to its group, of beauteous Star on Star ;  
 With System-paths uncountable !

“ Know, too,

(Though such addresseth not an angel's view)  
 The wondrous properties which do reside  
 In that pure atmosphere God did provide,  
 Where float these substances !

“ Its grasp, immense,

Binds into Balls all yonder Globes most dense,  
 That fall they not abroad ! Its arms are found  
 With such judicious care, all things around  
 Encompassing ; it crusheth not, with weight,  
 One fragile form, however delicate  
 That object be ! It claspeth, too, each world ;  
 Which seemeth, there, to be in vacuum hurled  
 Promiscuously ; constrains its onward roll ;  
 Buoyed on its breast ; guided by its control ;  
 And, nourisheth its Life !

“ Knoweth each heart,

Nameth my tongue ; but atoms-small, and part  
 Of wondrous powers, God's breathing did convey,  
 When usher'd in, the primal Light and Day—  
 His Word !

“ Twas then each bright and Morning Star  
 Shouted with joy !—Sang forth God's praise afar !”

“ Again appears a change ! Again obscure  
 The Lights of Heaven, with all their garniture ;  
 Whilst slowly there, with pond'rous bulk, and near,  
 One solitary Globe, one single Sphere,  
 Sails softly into sight.

“ God bringeth nigh,

Step after step, His Works of Majesty ;

And *portions now defines*. As comes *detail*,  
So alters He, and magnifies *the Scale*  
Instructively!

“ The sight of each, and sense,  
Can now embrace its whole circumference ;  
And ‘ Earth’ is now revolving there, in Space,  
So admirably nigh, the sight can trace,  
From pole to pole, its outline full and pure,  
A circle-true, pourtrayed in miniature !

“ The Earth without Form is ! An Ocean-dense  
Covers the whole of its circumference ;  
And it is Void !—Profound and gloomy sleep  
Doth clothe the face, the circle of The Deep !  
Know ye, no state-original, there shown ;  
But that, yon Globe, hath now long stages known ;  
That, in progressive steps, most calmly, she,  
For millions of years, most steadily,  
Hath passed along, from first deposit made,  
Of gaseous elements, as nucleus conveyed  
Which fed its central fires.

“ That, dross of these,  
Upon its face, by slow but sure degrees,  
A crust hath formed ; and outward rind on rind,  
The burning Globe, with solid bands, doth bind ;  
Which Granite rocks became ; and Earth around  
One solid mass of Composite is found  
Covering long-caverned fuel ; which, flames-intense,  
Burning continually, have wrought to bed-immense  
Of molten minerals.

“ Upon Earth’s rind,  
Vapours cast off, condensed to Seas, we find !

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“ Now comes another change ; which shall possess  
The features-bright of varied loveliness  
The Earth assumes.

“ Earth’s liquid, dormant face,  
To various beautiful forms, must now give place !

Dry land, and continents, and mountains high,  
 Their heads must lift, deep vallies lowly lie ;  
 And, deeper still, with sunken bed, must be  
 The base-profound, the basin of each Sea.

“ Now, Angels-pure, prepare !

“ Each change ye viewed,  
 Hath passed along with voiceless quietude !  
 For this, Earth’s alteration vast, God’s Mighty Hand,  
 Disturbance-great, shall, in such sphere, command !  
 Yon Earth’s deep bands, the Globe’s now deepened crust,  
 Opaque become by indurated dust ;  
 And, gathering round, a firmer, inward shell  
 Of earthy matter’s dross, and mineral,  
 Incorporate and mixed, can find, no more,  
 Escapement vent, evaporating pore.

“ Within its womb, a molten fluid boils ;  
 Increasing, there, its temperature, until it toils  
 And labours to burst forth. But, still, ’t is stayed  
 For fiercer fires,—external burning’s aid.

“ Such now appears !

Behold ! in farthest space,  
 Approaching flames ye can distinctly trace ;  
 Coming the Earth towards ! A Comet’s light  
 Bursts fiercely, now, and swiftly, on the sight !  
 And, sweeping round, in orbit rashly nigh,  
 With ruddy beams, and hot and burning sky,  
 Sends forth its rays, in one extended line,  
 Far down, beneath the stagnant ocean’s brine ;  
 Heating the surface-soft of sunken soil ;  
 Until, within, doth rage and fiercely boil  
 The molten minerals !

“ Behold God’s Power !  
 Observe His *means* for this momentous hour !—  
 How beautiful !

“ The Earth, which silent sate,  
 In her quiescent mode, expectant state,

Doth roll to meet the fast-approaching sphere !  
 And now, as such to Earth's dark ball draws near ;—  
 Observe, from Earth, explosive volumes fly ;  
 As forth do burst, into the startled sky,  
 Volcanic flames!

“ With conflict wild and dread,  
 Each mountain-mass lifting its glittering head ;  
 Whilst strata-firm of Earth (which deepest dwelt  
 Before this Globe that Comet's influence felt)  
 Reverse their order-due ; and splintered forms  
 Their heads upheave to regions high of storms ;  
 And send, with loud report, into the air,  
 Their granite rocks, their mountains rude and bare ;  
 Each rolling up its lofty Alpine spires,  
 Just bursting forth, glowing with central fires ;  
 And sheets of flame, now upward wildly sent,  
 From every mountain-base, from every rent,  
 Whose yielding gap doth volumes bright eject ;  
 As onward rolls with burning ray direct,  
 Commotion's cause !—Kissing the slumbering Earth,  
 To rolling rapture's swell,—to ruddy birth !  
 Whilst steam-wreaths dense, in volumes rolled,  
 Of mighty clouds, the mountain-brows enfold ;  
 As ocean's waves, (rushing now to, now fro,)  
 On fires volcanical, volumes do throw  
 Of seas !

“ Away ; the mighty waters sweep ;—  
 And whirl, and rush into the sinking deep,  
 With foaming eagerness !

“ As burst, on high,  
 Mountains immense into the lofty sky ;  
 The waters rush from every mountain-head ;  
 Then back recoil from every rocking bed ;  
 Washing, with mighty roll ! Each rushing tide,  
 Sweeping the soil from upheaved mountain's side ;  
 Whilst down their slopes, and deep in vallies nigh,  
 The softer mould, in richer beds, doth lie,  
 For vegetation's pulp.

“ Onward doth sweep  
 The Comet's breast ; whilst upward, still, doth leap  
 The monstrous mountain-forms ! Hinge-like, arise  
 The mighty Alps ! Others assail the skies,  
 Explodingly ; until the whole obeys  
 The motive-power, which, now, to Earth conveys  
 The form its surface wears !

“ Angels, can you  
 Complete the sketch ? Fill up the splendid view ?  
 Arch-angel's voice, with figures most select,  
 Would tame appear ;—would weaken its effect.  
 And heaven now passes on, with coming-stage,  
 Your minds to fill ;—attention to engage.”

“ Now, Angels, know (for ye remember well)  
 The mighty truths which shall my discourse tell,  
 Of Earth's condition now. God, by His Will,  
 Doth every change of His great purpose fill  
 With good ! Making His stages-vast portend  
 All to some great and most important end !

“ Thus God his first disrupture makes. Thus He  
 Gives Hills their rise, sinks down, to depths, each Sea.  
 The change is wrought by such provision grand  
 As manifests the will, and shows the wondrous hand  
 Of His beneficence.

“ As, thus, God's mind  
 Doth burst abroad earth's belts and girding rind ;  
 And doth (for after-good, he doth premeditate)  
 Vast continents of Earth first elevate,  
 From that vast 'Void' (which now upbreaketh He)  
 The general deep—Earth's all surrounding sea ;—  
 The change is wrought, having respect most kind  
 To all that man, shall, for his comfort, find  
 Provided there ; when he (now willed) appears,  
 After a lapse of many thousand years,  
 Such to enjoy.

"Riseth now, first, the Plain,  
 Its vegetative crop, its verdure to obtain ;  
 The hidden agency of such turmoil  
 Lies buried there, concealed within Earth's soil,  
 For man's hereafter good !—Provision-wise  
 Doth now command Earth's metals to arise ;  
 And they, in their escape, have torn Earth's belt,  
 Wherein, before, their boiling substance dwelt ;  
 And, in the softer pulp, which rolls away  
 From granite hills, long streams of metal stray,  
 As on, by lodestone, drawn. That Influence  
 Drawing such rays to Earth's circumference,  
 The same great Comet is ; which takes its course,  
 From *North to South*, o'er Earth ; and, by its force,  
 Ore-veins attracts ; and sparry cross-bands-strait,  
 The which, from Earth's far-poles, now radiate.  
 These are God's means, the which, at this grand time,  
 Motion supply ; complete His Works sublime !

---

"Now just conceive prodigious time hath past ;  
 And Earth, itself, hath clothed with verdure fast ;  
 And now, again, to shortest range confined,  
 The Globe draws nigh, each feature is defined.  
 The sodden World, with all its hills, at first,  
 Barren and bare, into the sky did burst ;  
 But now, with forest-green, and plant, and tree,  
 Its face is clothed with rich variety ;  
 And as it sails, in distance-clear, away,  
 Features, most grand, your vision can survey.  
 The Alpine ridge covered with fields of snow,  
 Sparkling and bright, by contrast you can know,  
 With deeper tints beneath ; where forest-green,  
 And lakes, immense, and shining seas are seen !  
 Volcanic hills and craters, deep and vast,  
 Their wreaths of fire into the sky do cast ;  
 The outlets all, from which, as yet, do flow  
 Vapour and flame, from furnacc-beds below,

Subsiding, now, by slow but sure degrees,  
 Through first-born-time's—uncounted enturies.  
 And tints, harmonious, you may behold,  
 From azure blue, to pure and palest gold,  
 Decking, as on it sails, sublime, in space,  
 The varied features-grand of turning face ;  
 Which, by degrees, doth bring each mountain's height,  
 In clear relief, into the glorious light,  
 Then turns them down to shade ; that others may  
 To them succeed ; alike enjoy 'The Day.' "

---

"Then comes a primal period, on Earth,  
 Prepared for life ; fitted for creature-birth ;  
 But not, as yet, for Man.

" 'Tis now God's Will

The seas, the groves, the deserts wide, to fill  
 With Earth's first habitants. Creative-word  
 Gives birth to beasts, and many a form of bird ;  
 Fishes, and reptiles-strange, amphibious, and dread,  
 Are, in the seas, and steaming marshes, bred,  
*Most monst'rous all.* Where'er your eye doth rest,  
 Its verdant scenes, are, to the full, possess  
 Of various forms of life. *Reptiles immense,*  
 In marshes new, obtain their residence ;  
 Monstrous and powerful brutes, no human hand  
 Would dare control, no human strength command."

---

"Cometh, again, a change.

"God doth, once more,  
*Bury this race,* and changes, yet, earth's floor,  
*By repetition's course.*

"From *East* to *West*,

*Now comes the cause ;* rending, *again*, Earth's breast !  
 Again, the Land, is tortured and is rent !  
 Again, convulsion's means new Lands present !  
 Altereth again Earth's face ! new mountains rise ;  
 Sending their points, into the vaulted skies.

Old Lands and Forests sink ; track upon track ;  
 Of Groves of Trees are cast, in basins, back ;  
 And, over these, inverted-strata sweep,  
 Cast there, by force ; or thither, by the Deep,  
 Now washed as sediment ; and bed on bed  
 Are there laid down, and oft deposited,  
 As roll the Ocean's waves through this wild state,  
 When earth's torn crust doth swell and alternate  
 God's wonders to perform !

“ By Him decreed,  
 Beneath Earth's layers combustion doth proceed ;

And, measures-vast, fields of immense extent,  
 Of vegetable growth, buried, present  
 Mould'ring and smother'd fires ; and, framed for men,  
 Become the beds of fossil bitumen,  
 Charred subterraneously ! Earth's fires let loose,  
 The latent heat, through all their veins, produce ;  
 And the prolific waters leave their dead ;  
 In sediments of seas, or drained-off bed ;  
 To petrify or change, as time shall show,  
 In all the wonders-vast, the world below,  
 Shall evidence.

---

“ Now comes, again, a time,  
 When God's great works, growing still more sublime,  
 Bring on the Earth, creatures he doth decide,  
 Shall change no more ; shall now, through time abide.

“ The forms-immense, of first and mighty race,  
 By change destroyed, to other brutes give place ;  
 Now, fitting-life is made ; by God designed  
 In harmony, most full, with all mankind,  
 To dwell and be subdued. Now, saith the Lord,  
 This race, with man, will I on earth record,  
 In such Almighty Word as I will give,  
 To be to man, of these, definitive,—  
 The labours of my hand !



“ Now, Angels-bright  
 Bursts forth, again, the rich and joyous sight,  
 Of Earth, in all its animals most dense,  
 Established, now, in all the permanence  
 Of God's finality !

“ God's mighty breath,  
 The vast command to earth now issueth,  
 And every race of creature such supplies,  
 Doth, at His Word, in vig'rous gladness rise  
 With instincts full.

“ The well-stocked Earth  
 For residence of man, and, for his birth,  
 To give each mind, to trace,

Is now prepared.  
 Mankind produced in every clime and place,  
 Successive portions small of this rich land,  
 Heaven's scenes will show ; prepared by God's command.  
 Not now a single pair, to Earth's rich state,  
 The world's supply, truly inadequate !  
 Thousands of souls, in one prolific birth,  
 Are called to life, created upon Earth,  
 With features various ! God's power sublime,  
 Fitting each form for every Land and Clime  
 His Will would populate. His One Command  
 Filling the Earth, and furnishing each Land  
 With stock original !

“ With Love, behold,  
 Heaven doth, again, God's Majesty unfold !

“ The mighty God upon His throne is seen,  
 With Parent's Love, upon His Son, to lean  
 With arm Omnipotent !—With smiling Grace,  
 Gazeth the Son in God's Eternal Face !  
 Nor is it robbery of God's vast state,  
 Equal, in power, the Son to designate !

“ Beaming with light, and wings outspread, more nigh,  
 The Holy Ghost, in Unity, doth fly.

And all, in pure and most omnific state,  
 On work-sublime do pause, and meditate.  
 Nought moves except Jehovah's Mighty Hand ;  
 Which now, upraised, in posture of command,  
 Some coming act of His great Will bespeaks ;  
 And, thus, God's Word, Heaven's deepest silence breaks :

“ ‘ Let Us make Man in Our similitude ! \*  
 Be Man, with gifts-divine and Grace, imbued !  
 Our Image give ! Let Man thus represent  
 The God who made the Starry Firmament !  
 Let him Dominion have ; and Earthly sway ;  
 Let all created forms his will obey ;  
 As We, in Heaven, do rule ; ’

“ Angels of Grace and Might !  
 Conceive ye, well, the vast and wondrous sight  
 Such words, utter'd by God, Supreme and Great,  
 Not only did *announce*, but did *create*  
 The Universe throughout ?

“ Think not, God, then,  
 Called into life, *on Earth*, one first of Men !  
 Nor thousands, *there*, alone !

“ Such had been grand ;  
 But limit, then, to God's expressed command  
 Had been perceptible.

“ That, now befel,  
 Wanteth my tongue, with due effect, to tell,  
 Accents of suited power !

“ ‘ *Let Us make Man !* ’ ——  
 As mandate-rich, throughout Creation ran,  
 With simultaneous force ! And *every Earth*  
 (Millions on millions, then,) obtained its birth  
 Of human habitants !

“ Each globe displayed  
 Its surface-rich, in every part, arrayed  
 With Man ; having Immortal souls, as we,  
 Who worship here, and love the Deity.

\* Gen. i, 26.

“ As moved God’s hands abroad, His Mighty Will  
 Worlds upon Worlds, with Human Life, did fill,  
 Countless by Angel-tongues ! And more immense  
 Than can embrace an Angel’s sight or sense ;  
 To whom, in condescension, now, one star  
 Heaven’s scenes do separate, distinct, and far  
 From its companions ; and such is made  
 A sample-true, whereby, is now conveyed,  
 The wondrous whole.

“ As speaks the voice divine,  
 Let each, to Earth, his piercing eye incline ;—  
 Behold !—

“ Earth’s primal souls, bent down, are viewed  
 In numerous groups and humble attitude ;  
 And such, know ye, the posture true to be  
 Of every soul of all God’s family,  
 In all the globes through space ; with power to fill  
 God’s high behest ;—His purposes ; His will !  
 Now calleth up, my hand, each minor view,  
 The *globe* termed *Earth*, on such occasion, knew.

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“ The first exhibited, in view sublime,  
 Is temperate tract, and most congenial clime.  
 And race of Man, athletic, here, I name,  
 Of ruddy skin, and well-developed frame ;  
 Filling this portion-wide of favored Earth,  
 With rich, and full, and most redundant birth ;  
 Causing its woods, and plains, and groves, to be  
 O’erflowing, then, with each variety !  
 With Man are animals, to mildest state  
 Ever attached, and most appropriate.  
 Cattle, in droves, and numerous flocks of sheep,  
 The meadows line, where cooling streams do sweep ;  
 And steeds-diverse, for fleetness made or power,  
 Their liberty enjoy, at Man’s creation’s hour ;  
 Roaming beneath a rich and azure sky,  
 Of moderate tone,—varied sublimity.”

---

“ *The Earth just rolls* ;—a dark and swarthy race  
 Wheel into view ; and change the landscape’s face.  
 Burning, the sun.—Beings there are, there met,  
 With features broad of Ethiopian jet  
 Woolly, their hair ; and, underneath the skin,  
 A film most dense doth spread ; the blood within  
 From burning rays (which would its state effect  
 With boiling heat) in wisdom, to protect ;  
 As sanitary law, wisely ordained,  
 In every land, this swarthy tribe obtained.  
 The land, the animals, the plants, the trees,  
 In harmony complete, the view displays, with these ;  
 Vast tracts of sterile ground, deserts of sand,  
 Do overspread portions of this warm land.  
 The ostrich-strong, amidst the feather’d race  
 And these wide sands, obtains its natal place.  
 And here, the King of Beasts, shunning the day,  
 Doth prowl around to find and rend his prey ;  
 Here, forests deep do wave, with foliage dense,  
 Of tropic climes, giving its evidence  
 In growth luxuriant.

“ Rank woods between,  
 Created here, the crocodile is seen ;  
 Which here, in marshy bed of sluggish Nile,  
 Its victims seeks, with plaintive cries beguile ;  
 And such devour.”

---

“ *Turning again around,*  
 A race, less dark, on India’s plains is found.  
 Commencement, here, have now Tartaric race,  
 With shining hair, and frames of active grace.  
 And here, in pastures rich, the Arab steed  
 Displays its slim, its swift, and docile breed ;  
 The camel-high Creative-Hand supplies,  
 For wants of man, where moisture He denies.  
 And, here, the tiger-fierce, midst jungles deep,  
 With tawny skin, ’neath mid-day Sun doth sleep :

Or, during night, doth prow! with stealthy pace,  
And movements soft, and beauteous active grace;  
Dreaded, and much admired.

“ In Groups around,  
The elephant-immense, in woods is found;  
Native to him; and where, through Time, alone,  
The Creature-vast, untamed and free, is known!”

“ *Moves on the Earth!*—Then, may your vision know  
Earth’s Climes of Ice!—Regions of constant Snow!  
And here, again, is Man! The only Creature, he,  
Which now is made, with such diversity,  
Each climate to endure!

“ God’s first pure Law,  
Doth, here, create the dwarfish Esquimaux!  
And, here, doth place, at first creation’s birth,  
Cut off from climes-congenial of earth,  
By mighty seas, spread out, as frozen field,  
By frost intense; in forms sublime, congealed;  
Ice-bergs immense; their pinnacles most high,  
Lifted aloft, into the starlit sky.

“ No Sun doth daily warm!—A Realm of Night  
Illum’d, long time, by scintillating light,  
Streaming from hidden source.

“ A bow most vast,  
Of brilliant hues, into the zenith cast;  
And coruscations-pure, where flash and fly  
The golden rays and beams of purple dye  
Of phosphorescent arch!—Providing, there,  
A twilight-soft, where dwells the polar bear;  
And where the Seal, leaving the ice-bound tide,<sup>i</sup>  
And Walrus-fierce, provision doth provide  
For primal man!

“ Here, God stern wonders raised,  
And Man is here!—Jehovah, here, is praised!”

*“ Earth turns around !*

Appears the Indian-red ;  
 Created, now, on Mississippie's bed ;  
 A strong and stately race. His hunting ground,  
 Prepared with food, in wild herds, doth abound,  
 Of bisons fierce ; feeding in groups most dense,  
 On plains-outspread and prairies-immense !  
 The grissly bear, a beast of monstrous might ;  
 And wolves in troops, with skins of creamy white.  
 The mighty monster, there, the mastadon,  
 A brute extinct, a creature now by-gone !  
 All these, with Man, as yet in infancy,  
 Mine eye doth trace, each Angel, now, might see,  
 In pictures-true pourtrayed ; as they, at first,  
 At God's Creative Word, to life do burst,  
 To populate the Globe ; and long to live  
 In first estate ; with habits primitive !”

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“ Thus, God, pictorially, in space, pourtrayed  
 The Heavens, the Earth, each living thing He made !  
 In Six important Periods of time ;  
 Wherein together wrought His Laws-Sublime ;  
 Which, now, completed are !

“ Angels ! Most bright !  
 Ye wondrous Powers ! who dwell in God's Own Light,  
 Superlative !—Learning and loving, still,  
 The evidences-new, of Laws and Will,  
 Magnificent and pure !—Angels of Grace !—  
 Have ye looked out, the Mightiness to trace  
 Of Godhead's Plans ?—Looketh, your eyes, from earth ;  
 Which, now, is seen, pourtrayed in hour of birth,  
 As seeming Central Spot ; whilst all around,  
 Ten thousand worlds, at distance vast, are found,  
 Walking in widest space ?

“ Look ye, away,  
 Where faint becomes yon distant Planet's ray ?

Think ye, that Star, dying in space, is found,  
 On outskirts placed of Vast Creation's bound ?  
 And ye can fly, with mighty wing, thereto ;  
 And, far beyond, a mighty vacuum view,  
 By worlds untenanted ?

“ Ye think not so !—

Your minds, Heaven-taught, the wondrous truth do know,  
 If, in one moment's time, your pinions-bright  
 Could reach, in strength, that distant Orb of Light,  
 No distance ye had gained ! For, thence, should ye,  
 For fifty-thousand-years, still onward flee,  
 With undiminished speed ; 'twere centre still,  
 To that vast whole, ye know, your God doth fill  
 With Systems, Suns, and Worlds ; and, left unviewed,  
 God's works yet were !—Unknown their magnitude !

“ Oh ! Angels, wise ! As mighty steps are these ;  
 From World, to World ; whereby, as grand degrees,  
 Eternal altitudes ye reach ! Do they  
 Lessen the thought, Creation doth convey,  
 Of all Infinitude ?

“ Then,—Angels, bright,—

Examine ye, with microscopic sight,  
 Minutiae of all these globes ! There, as reverse,  
 In every atom, see, a Living Universe  
 Of creatures wonderful !

“ Commence your thought

With forms superb, (Creation now hath wrought,)  
 Conspicuous from size !—Then, link by link,  
 Adown the steps of living creatures sink ;  
 Each, in itself, most beautif'ly designed,  
 Its proper place, in God's Great Plan, to find ;  
 Until ye reach, atoms, so small, no eye,  
 With unassisted powers, can such descry ;  
 And which, the smallest grain of sand beside,  
 To mountain's bulk, by contrast, magnified,  
 Would certainly appear ! Take one of these ;  
 And, there, survey the vast machineries

Of millions of parts, all finished well,  
 That, in such form, componently do dwell,  
 Moving its bulk ; as perfect, and as rife,  
 With regulated laws, and with Instinctive Life,  
 As mightiest creatures are ! As man can be !  
 As Angels-pure ! The Will of Deity,  
 Each, in its way, to work !

“ Then, Oh ! Ye Powers ;  
 (Be such research ;—be such attainment ours ;)  
 The Magnitude of God ; the Wisdom ; and the Might,  
 Which, in Creation's Works, portrays the Infinite ;  
 Shall, by degrees, each Angel-breast possess,  
 With overpowering thought of Nothingness,  
 As in Jehovah's sight ; that (as we raise  
 Our present shout of energetic Praise)  
 Down, in the dust (as, now, are Mankind all)  
 Each Angel bright, adoringly, shall fall,  
 Our God to glorify !

“ Eternal King !  
 Prostrate, behold, each pure and living thing,  
 Thy Face before ! On Earth ; within Thy skies ;  
 To worship Thee, each thankful creature lies  
 In humblest attitude ! And, joint acclaim  
 Blesseth Thy power ;—Doth magnify Thy Name ! ”

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“ Accepteth, Angels, now, the God of Love,  
 The stream of Praise that to the Realm above,  
 As Sacrifice, ascends !

“ A Time of Rest  
 God now declares, to be, as Sabbath, blest. ”

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Sitting above, in full sublimity,  
 The Triune God,—Creating Deity!—



The Mighty God, His all-creating hands,  
Over the Space, in Majesty, expands,  
And bids Creation—" Rest !"

And, Works-decreed,  
At such point stopped !—No further dared proceed !  
Over the Space, in all its depths, were heard  
The tones, profound, of God's Almighty Word !

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" Blessed be Man !—Who, now, in all this Earth,  
Receive of Me your life, and this, your birth !  
Fruitful may ye become ! The Earth supply  
With streams of life !—Increase and multiply !  
Dominion, absolute, tempered with mercy true,  
Above all creatures made, I give to you !  
Whether on Earth, in sea, or air, they live,  
Into your hands, dominion full, I give !  
Of every tree, which beareth annual fruit,  
Ye may partake, and every pulpy root,  
And every tasteful herb, which beareth seed,  
I do accommodate unto your need ;  
And ye, may these, enjoy !

" Blessed, again,  
Be all these tribes ; the primal pairs of men.  
Eat, drink, enjoy ! Be virtuous ; be free !  
And worship God ! For I am Deity !

" Rest, all ye elements !—Creating laws,  
At this point rest !—From all progression pause !  
Hitherto, progressive-means have wrought  
My pleasure-pure ; and, stages-due have brought  
The worlds, in myriads, on !—God, now, doth *rest* !  
Good is each work ! Completed-things, be blest !  
Let every law, in quietude, subside !  
A Sabbath keep, and be such sanctified  
My name unto ! Throughout the vaulted skies  
Let Angel-Hosts such period solemnize !

And may all Heaven my fullest Grace enjoy,  
 As ye, this pause, hallowed by me, employ,  
 In giving praise to my Beloved Son,  
 For whom, alone, Creation hath begun  
 Another race !

“ Angels of Heaven, possess,  
 In this repose, a Sabbath's happiness !  
 And Peace, and Love, from God's Almighty Mind,  
 May each obtain ; each spotless Angel find !

“ Rest, new-born Man ! Possess, of good, the fruit !  
 A period long ; as Sabbath institute !  
 In which The Mighty God hath now decreed,  
 There be for toil, or labor's act, no need ;  
 But, every thing shall rest ; that Man might raise  
 Unto his God, (as they increase,) due praise  
 Becomingly ! Pure Parents of Mankind !  
 God gives ye, now, a great and reasoning Mind !  
 No one command I lay upon your souls ;  
 But this I give ; and such, alone, controls !  
 My Spirit shall reside, all ye within ;  
 Expressing good ; forewarning ye of sin !  
 By such be ever led ! Its dictates true,  
 Shall make all law, which I enforce on you !  
 A conscience free, shall every soul possess ;—  
 If ye against its voice deeply transgress,—  
 Your God, alike, condemns ! If ye do well,—  
 Approving voice, assuredly, shall tell.  
 The Mighty God, who dwells above the sky,  
 Who is around, to every being nigh,  
 With favor will observe the creature, He  
 Doth now create, to live eternally !

“ Of your good fate, know ye the whole ;—  
 This I impress on every living soul !  
 That it may bind ye all with every care,  
 Your life to guard, for other state prepare.  
 Your frames shall subject be ; to change each day ;  
 Ripe, shall ye grow ; then fade, and waste away !

Gradual decline ; final decay ; then death ;  
 The end of every thing, which here hath breath !  
 But, when, on Earth, your life shall terminate,  
 Opens, again, a new and endless state,  
 In which your souls exist !

“ That state, so vast,  
 Ever shall be ! Eternally shall last !  
 Retributive also, I have decreed,  
 Its joys, or woes, for thought, or word, or deed,  
 Now done ; indulged ; in good or ill expressed ;  
 Whilst ye, full power, have freely here possessed,  
 The dictates of my voice, to know ; and feel  
 What conscience tells ; what reason shall reveal !  
 Follow its voice, in good ; and, my pure love  
 Shall ye receive, to realms of Bliss above !  
 Where ye shall ever dwell ; to Me as nigh  
 As Angels are ; though great they be, and high !  
 Sight cannot view, the Mind cannot conceive,  
 The depths of joy your Spirits shall receive !  
 Nor shall Man’s tongue, nor human words express,  
 The full amount of Spiritual Happiness,  
 It shall be yours (if ye aright employ  
 The grace I give) hereafter to enjoy !

“ The true Estate of Man, I thus impart  
 To every soul, to every human heart,  
 That Time shall e’er produce !

“ Such pure decree,  
 Each human Mind shall grasp instinctively !  
 Follow God’s Voice !—Thy Conscience understand !—  
 Swerve not therefrom !—The such Thy God’s Command !  
 And such, the Monitor,—the constant Guide,—  
 Goodness affords !—My Spirit doth provide ! ”

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As thus, God’s Voice, to Angels spake, far less intense  
 Became Heaven’s Throne ; subdued God’s radiance !

To distance, far away, slowly conveyed,  
 The Form-Divine, in Heaven of Heavens, did fade !  
 The Mighty God, into Himself, retired ;  
 And, fervid rays, of outline-bright, expired,  
 To beams diffused !

The Great Creator's breast  
 Reclining seemed, and in repose did rest ;  
 And Sabbath institute !

Faintly defined,  
 In distance-great, the Mighty God reclined,  
 Recumbent on the clouds !

“ From Space above,  
 Folded its wings !—Faded the Holy Dove !  
 And God (if such strange term can be supposed)  
 From labors-long, in quietude *reposed* !  
 Leaving all Heaven to new devotions free,  
 Uninfluenced by look, or Word of Deity !

As died the Presence-bright, in Space, away ;  
 And faint, almost, became The Godhead's ray ;  
 Far more conspicuous, in Heaven, became  
 Each Angel form, more clear each Angel frame ;  
 In multitudes immense !

Prostrate each knee,  
 As then withdrew, to rest, The Deity !  
 And, silence-soft, awhile, as placid spell,  
 Even on praise, or purest murmur, fell !  
 Hushing the harmony of Angel's song,  
 And bending down, adoringly, the throng ;  
 (Whose joy it is, unceasingly, to raise  
 Anthems to God, of Gratitude and Praise),  
 In speechless reverence !

God's parting Word,  
 Such deep repose, such quietude conferred !  
 Anticipative, such, of coming-burst, wherein  
 A Sabbath's praise, should, All that Host, begin !  
 As Heaven's-vast-God to distance did retire,  
 And rays-intense did softly there expire ;

Slowly, mine eye could see, over such state,  
 New lights and shades begin to alternate !  
 As, o'er a landscape's breast, the shadow's veil,  
 Or sunbeam's tint, on summer's day, will sail ;  
 With this variety :—*One spot, alone,*  
*With shadows-dense, or deepen'd tints, was known ;—*  
*All else was brilliancy !*

*On either side,*  
*Harmonious light, as sunbeams, did abide !*  
 But, *full in midst*, with aspect stern as night,  
 Satan, and all his Host, observed my sight,  
*Deep'ning in Gloom !*

An envious, troubled breast,  
 And, dark'ning brow, in him was manifest !  
 A deep indignity, as swelling storm,  
 Did seem to shake his agitated form  
 With workings deep, and writhings most intense,  
 Of wrathful mood, and passion's violence !  
 With swollen breast, and frowning brow, he rose,  
 And, songs of praise, he hastened to oppose !  
 As though the harmony he would restrain,  
 To him were grief ; to him would cause deep pain ;—  
 He, station high, assumed ; then, spreading wide  
 His clenched hand, he Deity defied !  
 As, turning, now, to his dark peers around,  
 He them addressed ; his voice, as fullest sound,  
 Of deepest thunder's breath ; rolling, intense,  
 Around, above, the Heavenly Audience.

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“ Angels of Heaven —

God !—In Thy Mightiness !—

Whom shall I seek ?

What Ear ?—What Mind address ?

Jehovah —

King !—

Mighty in Word and Deed !—

Myriads-Celestial !—Who did proceed

(As you are told) from God's Almighty Word!  
Which, day by day, repeated here, is heard!  
The Holiness of God!—His Love! doth seem  
The only Song; the one Employ;—the Theme—  
Of this Soul-crowded Spot!

“ Angels, most bright!  
These features new, which tells The Infinite,  
My Mind bewildereth!—Our New Estate  
Doth cause my Mind and Speech to fluctuate,—  
Losing consistency!

“ By God's vast Throne,  
No burst of joy doth now my Spirit own!  
'Twere new, mayhap, in Heaven, did tongue express  
Presence of wrong; absence of happiness!  
And, Angel-mind, might some disturbance fear,  
In Heaven's deep Dome; did it dissent once hear  
To rectitude of God!

“ As though, such word,  
Whisper'd in Heaven—in wide Creation heard—  
Should burst the walls, beneath God's angry frown,  
Of Space, abroad; shake Heaven's high ceiling down.

“ Still must I speak! Utt'rance is given to me!  
God makes His change! Obedience is free!  
On Heaven's wide floor I exercise the right  
Accorded late by Wisdom Infinite!  
Question, I would, if novelty present,  
Full ground for praise; matter of much content!  
What mighty Good hath God's Creation brought,  
That Heaven's pure Host are all to phrensy wrought,  
Of joy extravagant?

“ My tongue doth not profess,  
In contemplated good, such readiness!  
Nor join I, now, in premature display,  
Which would, to God, gladness or praise convey;  
For all Creation's works, so lately shown;  
And now, to us, in plan-complete made known,  
Wherein God's Mighty Mind hath pondered well;  
But, never yet, to Angels' ear, did tell,

Till, burst upon our sight, vast Worlds to be  
 Some novel link in God's economy ;  
 We know not how, even on Angels' state,  
 Might chance to bear ; be found to operate !

" Upon those Globes, Beings, most high and pure,  
 Of His Own Form, the very miniature,  
 God, now, hath placed !

" Their destiny, more high,  
 To dwell, at last, within this very sky,  
 Our habitation-known !

" A Glorious State,  
 None others *should*, none *must* participate !  
 Invaded now, by new-born Man, shall be,  
 This state most high ; this Heaven's bright sanctity !  
 Can ye, Compeers, declare, whether 'twill chance,  
 Peace to convey, or happiness enhance,  
 Within these realms.

" Angels ! and Powers ! most bright !  
 What saith your God ?—The Being Infinite ?  
 What promise hath He made ? Whence augur ye,  
 Excess of joy, increase of dignity ;  
 That ye must riot run ; and rashly raise  
 Songs premature ; exuberance of praise ?

" To me, I must confess, announcement made,  
 Far other thought, than full content, conveyed,  
 And, Vast Creation's Works (altho' sublime)  
 Awoke no praise, no gratitude of mine ;  
 For, in those scenes, amidst those novel sights,  
 I fancied oft, invasion of The Rights  
 To Angels only due ! And, bitterness,  
 I scarce could then, from venting loud, suppress ;  
 Seeing, by whom, and for whose constant praise,  
 These works-stupendous our God did raise,  
 In yonder vacuum.

" Which, had I willed,  
 Were vacant yet ;—by all its forms unfilled !

“ Ah ! Angels-mine !

“ Do your deep murmurs tell,  
Satan, your Lord, expressed your feelings well ?  
Emboldened, then, I am, others can feel,  
And dare declare, (as I now dare reveal,)  
Celestial discontent !

“ Angels, most High !  
What have ye seen, when God's bright Throne was nigh ?

“ A vacant seat—a Throne—at God's right hand,  
For occupying-Form, in sight, doth stand !  
Say, Angels-high, did ye ne'er speculate  
On whose might be the great and glorious fate,  
Thereon to sit ?

“ Have ye not felt the sight  
Your eager voice, your energies excite ?  
As though the Mighty God displayed a prize  
Some Power of Heaven might hope to realize,  
By constant services ?

“ God ! I have felt  
A motive-power, in that high Vision dwelt,  
Urging my Spirit on ; until, I own,  
A candidate I felt for that same vacant Throne.  
Which useless seemed (it cannot be denied)  
Until 'twere filled ; until 'twere occupied  
By some High Spirit here ; whom God should tell  
Had won such prize ; had served him ever well !

“ Ah ! murmur ye, again ?—

Then, by Heaven's King,  
Not vague that thought ; ye feel my reasoning !  
And, prospect, too, mayhap, which I disclose,  
Hath been inducement-strong, whence praise arose  
To that Almighty God, whom ye believed  
Such love admired ; such worship-pure received.



“ How is that Vision marred !—

God hath destroyed

All Heaven's bright hopes !—Made such ambition void !  
 Heaven's emulation ends !—Creation tells  
 What other Power in Godhead's Person dwells !  
 And, false the hope ; deceptive the pretence ;  
 Unfounded all the plans, the inference,  
 Which, to that seat, would Occupant assign  
 Less great than God ! Second to Power Divine !  
 God hath a Son ! Who dwelt within His breast ;  
 And He, that Throne, by birth-right, hath possessed,  
 From all Eternity !

“ Such, now, the tale ;

And, God, Himself, such mystery did veil  
 Till plans were ripe.

“ Then, comes—this Son !

Claims, with our God, Eternal Union !  
 With God, the vacant Throne, He occupies ;  
 With voice-combined doth bid vast Worlds arise !  
 And dashes, thus, away, the long-formed hope,  
 For which God's acts, His silence, gave the scope !  
 God, now, by His Own Son, bright Worlds doth frame ;  
 All to redound to His Eternal Fame !  
 Immortal Man (He gives us understand)  
 And every Power are placed at His command !

“ And, Law, God makes, that every knee shall bend,  
 When God, The Son, in Heaven shall condescend,  
 His presence to bestow.

“ Ye Powers, most High !

Justice, in this, I fearlessly, deny !  
 Long, have we served The Deity ! How well,  
 Myriads of years, in Heaven's long cycles tell ;  
 Without one lapse, relinquishment, or pause,  
 Which can proclaim disrupted rule or laws.  
 And, what the boon, which ye, in Heaven, have viewed,  
 For this long line of ceaseless servitude ?

"Now hear me, all!—

"If one new Power, there be,  
Angels, now thrust between, and Deity;  
Why not a thousand more! and who can state,  
What, thence, might be, at length, an Angel's fate!  
Or where, upon the scale, at God's command,  
Arch-Angel bright, might ultimately stand,  
If changes thus prevail!

"Your God, might Will,  
That *Man*, who now is made, might station fill,  
Angels have occupied! The dread of this  
Would darken Heaven; deny perpetual bliss!  
And will I not, my struggling doubts, conceal;  
I have no joy; do not such raptures feel;  
And can no Sabbath keep; if such express,  
More brilliant hopes of Heavenly happiness;  
Because, Almighty God, in His Great Might,  
Is pleased, some former Void, to flood with light;—  
Creation's bounds extend!

"No gain, to me,  
This vast increase of doubtful property!

"Trembles, all Heaven, at this most novel view?  
I own it strange. I know such accents new,  
In Realms Celestial! Heaven, ne'er hath heard,  
Dissentient voice from God's Almighty Word!  
The Mighty God, doth, former Laws, reverse,  
He doth not Love nor Angel-Praise coerce!  
But leaves ye all Freedom of Mind and Will,  
His Laws to love, His precepts to fulfil!

"Well-timed the latitude!

God saw; God meant;—  
Occasion, here, for Angel's discontent!  
And, that complaint should come, doubtless, you'll find,  
The purpose too, of His Almighty Mind!  
Or, why release, at this strange point of Fate,  
Angels of Heaven, from first approved Estate;

In which they now have stood, devoid such power,  
 From first Eternity's Creative hour,  
 Sinless, and Pure ! And, wherein dwelling, they,  
 Could not depart ; could but God's Will obey !

" Angels of Heaven ! In state and numbers vast !  
 Over your heads, my strongest voice I cast !  
 Straining each nerve of speech, that I might be  
 Unto each ear, on Heaven's extremity,  
 Distinctly audible !—Millions, away,  
 In distance far, what Satan now doth say,  
 Hear ye distinct ?

" Angels ! decide,  
 Whether, or not, Justice I have denied,  
 Now, causelessly ; in that I question make,  
 Whether, or not, God doth His compact break ;  
 Under the which we have His Love deserved ;  
 His Law fulfilled ; Heaven's sanctity observed ?

" Whoso with me accords, will now delay  
 This Rest to keep ; increased devotion pay ;  
 Till, God's new Laws, HIS now-enforced-command,  
 More fully, here, Angels can understand ;  
 And estimate as good !

" How long will be  
 This Sabbath's rest, Repose of Deity,  
 Angels cannot foreknow !—

" 'Twere well ; 'twere wise,  
 During such pause, we deeply scrutinize  
 The true ingredients this new-born state,  
 At birth presents, and shall perpetuate ;  
 As tending, they, to influence and bind  
 Jehovah's new resolves ; and pretext find,  
 Whereby, in numbers vast, by some new Will,  
 The Mighty God, Celestial Realms might fill  
 With foreign occupants ; with place as high  
 As Angels-pure, in heaven do occupy,

Whose lengthened servitude God doth proclaim,  
No merit knows, no gratitude can claim !

“ Angels of Heaven !

“ Thus far, my voice to ye  
Hath been addressed, firmly ; exclusively !  
Satan doth more intend !—Behold me, now, address,—  
In sight of all—God’s Own Almightyness !

“ Jehovah !—God !—Who, here, in Heaven doth dwell ;—  
Majestic, and Serene !—Immutable !—  
Supreme, in all Thy Majesty, and Might !  
In wisdom ; strength ; and Glory, Infinite !  
Being Incomprehensible !—Spirit Divine !—  
What is it, now, doth prompt this tongue of mine,  
Thee ; God !—The Lord !—in Thine Almightyness ;  
Omnipotent ! secure ;—to now address,  
Complainingly ?

“ Lord God of Heaven ! Supreme !—  
Who, now, in distance there, remote doth seem ;  
As Mighty Shade, in contemplative mood,  
Retiringly withdrawn, within the solitude  
Of thine Omniscience !—Whose Eye, doth see  
Effort without, and all instinctively  
The movements of each thought, which doth control  
An Angel’s Mind ; urge on an Angel’s Soul !

“ Great God !—In Vast Omnipotence, I, Thee,  
Behold with Awe ; Wonder, unceasingly !  
Remainest Thou, ever, in full, Unknown !  
Thy Will !—Thy Mind !—Thine Attributes, I own,  
Unfathomable depths !—

“ My heart, my mind,  
When now, to doubt, to thoughts-adverse, inclined,  
Trembleth !

“ Almighty power !—Coming from me  
Imagined speech, of plaint, were blasphemy !

“ Whoso, in face of Thy star-studded sky,  
Dares, in his Thought, Wisdom, or Power, deny,  
Evil originates ! And, doubt of God, expressed,  
Would, sin-commenced, in such, make manifest ;  
Immoderate !—Aye, even such as might  
Strike Heaven with awe !—Pure Spirits with affright !”

“ Yet, here, within my breast ; my throat ; doth dwell,  
The *struggling thought* ; the *strangling syllable*,  
Which *fighteth* to be free !—

“ I would suppress,  
This rising burst of my rebelliousness ;—  
But cannot such control !

“ Creator !—King !—  
Hear me, all Heaven ; and each Celestial thing !—  
The highest power, God did create, above,—  
Ceaseth to praise !—Withdraws, from God, his Love !—  
And, flings, in face of God’s Omnipotence,  
The seal, the pledge, of long allegiance,  
Unshaken-love, returned !

“ Now, Heaven’s loved wealth,  
God subdivides !—withdraws from us, by stealth !  
And One, of whom, as yet, no Angel guessed,  
Is now preferred ; resides within God’s breast ;—  
And God, doth, Angels *wrong* !—

“ Utter’d the word !—  
All Heaven’s ;—Earth’s God !—The syllable hath heard !

“ Satan, unsmitten, stands !—

Wondrous, again !—  
God’s patience, stern, from vengeance doth abstain !—  
Charge I, my God, in truth ?—*I look around* !  
Myriads of forms, Angelical, are found ;  
Faultless, Immaculate !

“ Creator ! Infinite !  
Complain I, here, of Thy Great Love, aright ?

" *I look below !*

" Great God !—How Grand ; how Great  
The process was, that did originate  
The beauteous worlds, which all around I see,  
Peopling with life the wide vacuity ;  
All profitless before !

" From Heaven's high brink,  
My sight doth now, downward and downward sink,  
Into Creation's womb !—twining, and swayed,  
The rolling worlds to pass, and to evade,  
As they their orbits tread ! Beauteous, each Sun ;  
Which there, unheld, its given course doth run,  
With all its satellites ; wheel-like, and free,  
Measuring their paths, throughout immensity.

" God !—Do I charge Thy Most Almighty Mind,  
With Love withdrawn ; with motive here unkind ?

" Whence comes the change ?

" I fail, I dread to tell !

Rebellious such ; but inexplicable !  
Almighty God ! Thy works, each attribute,  
Dares not my tongue to light-intent impute !  
It is the pure Perfection of Thy Plan,  
In giving these all-Perfect-Worlds to Man,  
Moveth my spirit thus ! And, all Heaven's frown,  
My discontent, would fail to reason down,  
Now once, the seed is sown ! My words express  
Dissent in doubt ; anger in anxiousness.

. . . . .  
. . . . .

" ANGELS OF HEAVEN ! *Again, to ye, I turn !*  
Do thoughts, like these, in other bosoms burn ?  
If so, unto the Throne of God repair !  
Remonstrance bring ! Lodge Angel-protest there !  
Invasion show of Rights, ye well might state,  
If not yet *made*, ye now might *contemplate* !

And God, mayhap, to your united word,  
Firmly expressed, by Satan's voice preferred,  
Other decrees might give.

“ Godhead, alone,  
Sits *there* on high, and occupies Heaven's Throne !  
Shaken, mayhap, would its firm pillars be,  
If all Heaven's Host, in mighty unity,  
Assembled there, expression-free did give,  
Of my new thoughts, my doubts, confirmative !  
And God may well, when each Angelic state,  
His eye around doth fully contemplate,  
Rescind each will, to Angel-state adverse ;  
Amend His plans ! Offensive-law reverse !  
And, *combination-prompt*, expression-free,  
Might even *move* ; might *sway* the Deity ! ”

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A pause in Heaven ensued ! None seemed as yet,  
The fear of God so fully to forget ;  
And all His works of Mightiness above ;  
And all His proofs of Wisdom, Power, and Love !  
No Angel Mind, with healthful thought endued,  
Could so shake off long-cultured gratitude,  
As now, with Satan's speech, by loud acclaim,  
Accordance show ; or full support to name.

Th' astonished heavens, the seeming conscious skies,  
Trembling with dread, did seem to sympathize !  
Gabriel and Michael stood, on either side,  
With looks aghast, and nerves half petrified ;—  
To God they looked ; who heard, as they supposed ;  
But, there the Lord in dignity reposed,  
Seeming unconscious !

Each Angel-pure,  
Could scarce the pause, silence, so deep, endure !  
No power, as yet, rebuked ! So strange would be,  
Contentious words before The Deity !

Each Angel-pure, seemed silently to wait ;  
 Expecting God his Law would vindicate.  
 And that the Anger-fierce, of Justice Infinite,  
 Would, bold Blasphemer, then, to atoms smite !—  
 Fate well-deserved !

Calmly, serene, above,

The Mighty God tested each Angel's love !  
 Conscious, the Will that did such Powers create,  
 Could them, as soon, fully annihilate !  
 And, stirred all Heaven from its allegiance,  
 One look of His could sweep its millions thence,  
 As though they ne'er had been !—And could supply  
 Their vacant place, by birth, as instantly,  
 Of myriads, more pure ;—who should Heaven fill,  
 (Spake He such Word ;) framed He, for such, The Will !

God, then, the purpose had, Angel's might be,  
 From His restraint, from His Coercion free ;  
 And thus accountable ! Probative test,  
 In God's design, in Heaven, was manifest.

The pause of God, in greater length, sustained,  
 The greater confidence the Rebel gained ;  
 Swelled out his form, in such proportions dread,  
 A mighty shade, across Heaven's front, it spread !  
 His plummy wings (as driven snow before)  
 A leathery look, opaque with darkness, wore !  
 And so, his followers—all, (whose minds were led  
 By sinful thoughts, his Rebel-speech had spread)  
 Slowly became ! A mass, in Heaven, immense,  
 Growing, as cloud, most ominous and dense ;  
 Of coming storm, its token sure, to give ;  
 Of woe, and wrath, and sin, indicative !

Motion, in Heaven, began !—With object-shown,  
 Satan, his Host, marshall'd towards God's throne.  
 As station-high, the which, ere he rebelled,  
 His Host and he ever in honor held !



Hostile design, Michael's quick sight discerned !  
 With indignation prompt, his bosom burned !  
 And, instantly, his Hosts' pure lines, he swept,  
 Satan before ; and him did intercept ;  
 And speedily opposed.

On other side

Gabriel, his Host, with leading hand, did guide !—  
 And, all around the sacred spot, were seen  
 Angels, with garments bright and holy mein,  
 Marshall'd for its defence !

On outer bound,

Dingy and dark, Satan's dense bands were found !  
 And Heaven, at once, did sight most strange present,  
 Of war's array, and hostile armament,  
 Shaking its cloudy floor.

On distant height,

Withdrawn, afar, reposed The Infinite !  
 No ruffling wrath, upon His features seen !  
 Placid, in power !—Omnipotent !—Serene !

Nearest around the Throne, a brilliant band  
 Of Angels-pure, with shining shields, did stand !  
 And breast-plates, proof, on each a mystic name,  
 And spears of light, and swords of living flame !  
 Helmets appeared not ; their brows were decked  
 With crowns of light, which did, from blow, protect,  
 The subjects-pure, who did, in love, profess  
 Allegiance to God ; proclaim His Holiness !  
 Above their heads, tower'd the clouds of gold,  
 Which, God's bright Throne, when present, did uphold ;  
 And, every form, and every Angel's face,  
 There beamed with Love ; shone out with purest Grace !

Satan, and all his host, in myriads dense,  
 Darkly described Heaven's full circumference.  
 Sweeping around, as clouds, the thunder's weight  
 Darkly did fill ; did fiercely agitate !  
 Weapon'd was every hand ! It seemed to me,  
 Armour displaced Heaven's Harps, spontaneously,

As though, hostile intent, each Angel clad,  
 (Or be he good, or be his motive bad,)  
 With weapons most complete ; murky, or light ;  
 Wherewith assail, in deep and angry fight,  
 The warriors, each, of Earth !

Satan's vast band

All darkly armed, assailingly did stand !  
 And war in Heaven now was !—The War of Will \*  
 Did Heaven's pure plains with spiritual discord fill !  
 And semblances, in Heaven, the forms did wear,  
 As though the need of slaughtering hand was there ;  
 Issue to try, upon Celestial field,  
 Of Conqueror who ; or who should vanquished yield !  
 Strange images for man, in condescension shown,  
 To make God's Will, Heaven's former History, known !

Michael, to Sin opposed, now forward pressed,  
 And Satan thus, in accents firm, addressed :—

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“Satan ! stand back !—Traitor to Heaven's High King !  
 Spirit accursed !—Defiled !—Unholy Thing !  
 Being of Dread !—Thy Light is now effaced !  
 Fallen thou art !—Rejected here !—Disgraced !—  
 Darken'd with sinful Pride ! Thine aspect, now,  
 Thy breast ; thy Countenance ; thy lofty brow,  
 Complexion deep of Sin, stained by thy breath,  
 Disgustingly, to Heaven, exhibiteth ;  
 And each forewarns !—

“Attempt not here to press !

Of Grace devoid !—Recreant from Holiness !  
 Nighest unto God's Throne, thy place *hath been*,  
 As Highest of the Lord, none came, thine Host between  
 And God's vast Majesty !—None did possess  
 More Mighty Name !—more Grace !—more Loftiness !  
 Pride hath thy ruin proved ; as late, the first,  
 So art thou now contemned, despised, accurst !

\* Rev. xii. 7.

"Thou and thine Host (though such thou cans't not see)  
 The outward marks do bear, of full iniquity.  
 The shades of Death, thy presence doth convey !  
 Unholy Thing ;—I thrust thee thus away !  
 Mine ear, and all this Host, amazed, hath heard,  
 With dread, intense, each God-defying Word ;  
 And, knoweth well my mind, thou canst not be,  
 Worthy to stand thus nigh to Deity ;  
 Or, now, God's Throne approach !

"To know what might

Determine, now, The Spirit Infinite ;  
 Is not for me !—But this, my duty, clear ;—  
 Satan !—Accurst !—your Legions pass not here ;  
 Thy presence doth pollute this Holy place,  
 Thou, foretime didst, in sinless beauty, grace !  
 But now, thy form defiles !

"Polluted state,

As thine now is, would Heaven contaminate ;  
 And back—far back—I say—Heaven's brightness, must,  
 Thee, down, The Prince, the Fiend of Darkness, thrust,  
 From God's Dominions !

"No form can dwell

In Heaven, like thine, so darkly terrible !  
 Awaiting now, The Mighty God's command,  
 Here at our post, around His Throne, we stand,  
 Angels, His Grace, hath kept ; and, sinless still,  
 Delight to know, would strive to do His Will !

"Comest thou here, strange warfare to provoke ?  
 In Heaven, attempt to wound with hurtful stroke ?  
 No railing word, accusative, to thee  
 My tongue now brings beyond necessity ;  
 But, may the Lord Himself (thou hast defied),  
 Rebuke thy Soul ! chasten thy stubborn pride !  
 And, hurling thee, by His Great Might, far hence,  
 Crush thee, Heaven's Foe, into obedience !  
 Traitor to God !—Disturber of Heaven's Peace !  
 May God thee chain, and never thee release,

Discord in Heaven, this pure and holy State,  
 With thy vile breath, so poisonous, to create !  
 But, Wills our God, we war ;—then, Satan—high,  
 Thy force-accurst, I readily defy.  
 And comest Thou, despised, rejected Thing,  
 More nigh God's Throne, I will, thy carcase fling,  
 From off the Throne of Heaven ; to be destroyed  
 In everlasting fall, in that Vast Void,  
 Where eye of mine can no foundation trace ;  
 But God Himself will make, for thee, a place  
 Of woe, interminate ! Where Thou, reserved, shalt be,  
 In chains, and fire, torture and misery ;  
 And all thy host, and every soul abhorred,  
 Who thus insult, and thus despise the Lord ! ”

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Inflamed the breast of Mighty Satan grew !  
 Deepen'd his rage ; darken'd his brow's deep hue !  
 Opposed the leaders stood ! The one all light,  
 The other, now, opaquely dark as night.  
 Contemptuous pride his wrathful bosom stirred,  
 And Heaven did ring, as flowed forth word on word  
 Of violent eloquence ; his host to lead,  
 In frantic zeal, to some most desperate deed ;  
 For which, before, the annals-bright, of Heaven,  
 No tale had told, nor one example given !

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“ Michael !—or God !—Angel !—Whose voice, accurst,  
 Satan defy, before his legions, durst !  
 Seraph !—Or God !—If God deposes to thee,  
 Of His Great Power, the name, or custody !  
 Creature beneath contempt !—Heaven's Deity,  
 Debased, destroyed, by such strange unity !  
 Angel, or God !—If in thine arm, contemptible,  
 The Mighty God doth bid His puissance dwell ;—  
 I thee defy !—

Alike, rash power, to me,  
 Whate'er thou art ! What joint capacity  
 Within thee dwells !—Satan, in terms, alike,  
 Doth thee contemn ; and bids thee, Michael, strike ;  
 If blow, thou dar'st !—If, in thee, dwelleth, still,  
 The Deity Himself, attend not I thy will !  
 Satan's broad brow ; Satan's indignant breast,  
 Tempts thee to try thereon The Mightiness,  
 The God of Heaven, (whose Throne thou would'st defend,)  
 Doth now, to thee, His Champion-fierce, extend !  
 And, back, I say ; or now, despite thy boast,  
 Thee will I crush, and all thy puny host,  
 To me contemptible !

“ Vast God !—Strange King !—  
 See I, Thy Power, in that despised thing ?—  
 Then, wonder not, my words extend to thee,  
 In Michael's form, my threats, defyingly !

“ God !—Is it true, Thou wouldst me so debase,  
 As, in yon form, insultingly, to place  
 Permission, power, it might be\*too, command,  
 Satan before, defyingly, to stand,  
 And, thus, mine anger chafe ; till I, to thee,  
 Transfer the words of deep indignity,  
 Michael hath now aroused !

“ God !—As I live,  
 Though Michael be Thy representative,  
 If he, such title, claims ; now made his right ;  
 Though, in his arm, dwelleth Thy given-might !  
 For that he hath insult and graceless word,  
 On me, in Heaven's high face, proudly conferred ;  
 Him will I crush !—And, by such blow,  
 Teach Angels, here, the danger-sure, to know,  
 When Satan they defy !—When Satan's soul,  
 Pleading Thy name, attempt they to control !  
 God !—Am I, thus, to be in might displaced ?  
 From Heaven's high rank my name to be erased ?  
 Or minor made to some, when I should be  
 Second, alone, and next to Deity ?—  
 Never !—

“ If Heaven I now embroil—then know—  
 No right I wave ; no privilege forego !—  
 If strange disturbance comes, the hostile sin,  
 Did not, with me, The Injured One, begin !  
 Thou, in Thy vast Immutability,  
 Did'st *change* proclaim, in Angel's destiny !  
 Did'st thrust upon Heaven's powers, to Thee obedient,  
 Debasing servitude ; creating discontent !

“ Thus, then, for rights, invaded, I contend !  
 Satan's stern Host ! your Leader now attend !  
 Vacant is God's High Throne !—Nighest thereto  
 I would approach, as still, in Heaven, my due !  
 Who stands my Host and that vast Throne between,  
 Smite ye, and slay, though God should intervene !  
 And teach these puny things, that war can be  
 Sustained and felt, sternly, celestially !  
 That God might be, upon his Throne, defied !  
 Justice arraigned !—His rectitude denied !”

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As Satan spake, and forward movement made,  
 Towards the spot where was God's Throne surveyed,  
 The Scene was changed !—

To holy Angel's view,  
 God, now, did make a Revelation true ;  
 Foreshowing Heaven's events !—Picturing each deed ;  
 That all Heaven's Host the Mystery might read,  
 Which now to Satan's Wrath had given birth,  
 And should effect, with wondrous change, the Earth,  
 Eternally !

'T was figurative sign,  
 Showing, by forms, Revealment most divine,  
 Of what the Natures are, of God's own Son,  
 (Conceived by God before the World begun,)  
 And Woman's seed !—Foretelling, well, the path,  
 The rebel course, wherein should Satan's Wrath

Itself expend!—It then did represent  
 His nature,—whereto changed,—his punishment!  
 In all the spacious 'Heaven of Heavens' above,  
 (That glorious place of Goodness, Truth, and Love,)  
 There now appeared, pictured in truthfulness,  
 (Which all God's scenes and promises possess)  
 A Symbol-wonderful! \*

To Angels' sight  
 Was pictured forth, a Sun of glorious Light!  
*Such Sun was GOD!—*

A Woman's form and head,  
 Such Glory clothed and overshadowed!  
 She stood, such Sun, within!—Beauteous each line;—  
 And vast extent her figure did define  
 With radiance.—She smiled.—All Heaven then viewed,  
 In humbleness of mien and pious attitude,  
 Exalted innocence!—Full consciousness  
 Of emanative Love of God's vast Mightiness!  
 The Gracious Will by which the Human State,  
 God, to His Own, now deigned to elevate,  
 Was shown. Her arms, crossed gently o'er her breast,  
 Devotion told,—Meekness and Grace expressed;  
 And, every act, the feelings would suppose,  
 Of peace complete; most undisturbed repose!

Beneath her feet the silvery Moon was placed!  
 And, twelve bright Stars, a Crown of Glory graced,  
 Encircling then her brows!

Those Stars of Light,  
 God's Gracious Will, the Pleasure Infinite,  
 Foretold!—That God, from her, twelve tribes should raise,  
 Glorious in power, to magnify his praise;  
 And, emblematic, they, of Grace, decreed  
 Should henceforth shine, and be, unto her seed,  
 Eternal Evidence that God would trace  
 Through such, in her now long-pre-chosen race,  
 Honors Divine! blending, mysteriously,  
 The Woman's Seed with Heaven's Divinity!

\* Rev. xii. 1.

The Woman, now, to Great Jehovah's breast,  
 With fullest power, with greatest interest,  
 Appealed !

The burthen of her sex she did sustain !  
 She travailed now with parturition's pain ! \*  
 And, cried unto the Lord, her God, that He,  
 The Everlasting power, The Deity,  
 Her Seed would save !

With arms outspread,  
 And bended knee, most earnestly she pled !  
 And, energy of look, did deprecate  
 Her God above to save from dreadful fate !  
 Altho', around, protectively did shine  
 The rays of love, the radiance Divine !  
 And she, the centre of a sun of light,  
 Enveloped was, in Glory Infinite !  
 And emblematic now in Heaven, was she,  
 Of purposes of God towards humanity,  
 In His own Son ! — That he, at human breast,  
 Godhead should veil ! God's mercy manifest.

Full cause for dread appeared !

For now, behold,  
 Another miracle doth God unfold !  
 A Dragon—fierce, prodigious, and red,  
 Having ten horns, with crowns upon his head,  
 Stands her before !

“ A vast, unsightly thing,  
 Startling Heaven's Host, and loudly threatening,  
 Her infant, he (even at birth's first hour)  
 Would seize, would crush, would instantly devour !  
 Assuming he such form, to terrify ;  
 And cause her, thence, in danger's hour, to fly,  
 Imprudently !—

Most causelessly she feared !  
 The man-child, now, in glory's rays appeared !  
 The emanative fruit of God's Great Will,  
 Which did, conception's means, in her fulfil,



As by the Holy Ghost ! Her Virgin state,  
 Blessed and pure, unchanged, immaculate ;—  
 O'ershadowed !—Destined, the Child, by God,  
 Nations to rule, with ever righteous rod,  
 Most just and merciful !

Sweetly at rest,  
 The wondrous Child, upon its mother's breast  
 Reclined !

A Mighty Hand on either side drew nigh !  
 The Child arose, uplifted to the sky !  
 Caught up unto its God ! And, placed alone,  
 In sight of Heaven, upon Jehovah's throne !  
 Proclaimed, by this one act, to be,  
 The offspring-pure, the son of Deity !  
 The union-close, mysteriously displayed,  
 By picture-clear, in Angel-sight pourtrayed,  
 Of Godhead veiled in flesh ! The occasion shown,  
 When Satan's mind, as Anti-Christ was known ;  
 Then followed, soon, the Dragon's overthrow ;  
 His casting out, to Hell's deep realms below ;  
 And clearly how, from first estate he fell ;  
 Why cast from Heaven ; why-chained ; why-sealed in Hell !

The wondrous Child, on God's own Throne secure,  
 Beyond the reach of Satan's rage impure ;  
 And he, for one full time, cast out below,  
 In pit of wrath, and everlasting woe ;  
 She, on the Earth is placed, and for, such time,\*  
 Nourish'd, appears, in peace ! God's wrath sublime,  
 Hiding the Serpent's face ! Concealing well  
 (And torturing too), in lowest depths of Hell—  
 Disturbing-cause.

Then God, again, to view,  
 A figure gave, presenting feature new.

The Woman, now, my vision doth present,  
 On Earth become created resident !

A solitary form in her is viewed,  
 But type, is she, of mighty multitude,  
 Yet to be born ; when God each mundane state,  
 And Earth, most wide, should fully populate.

Again, the Dragon foe, from Hell unbound,\*  
 The Woman now, in place of rest, hath found ;  
 By God prepared ! God limits his approach !  
 Beyond God's bounds, cannot his rage encroach !  
 Then did Heaven see (as if 'twere in contempt,  
 Of God's Great Will, or he were then exempt)  
 The Dragon foe, his hideous form enlarge,  
 And, from his throat, oceans of waves discharge,  
 As overwhelming flood !

The Earth did aid  
 The Woman's flight, and succour was conveyed !  
 The flood, on every side, did roll around ;  
 Covering with waves, and deluging the ground !  
 Earth opened her mouth ! A chasm wide  
 Did swallow down the vast expirited tide ;  
 And she his rage outlived !

These truths conveyed,  
 The Vision closed—predestined scenes did fade !—  
 Expanded, then, Heaven's veil !

Heaven brighter grew ;  
 And, Coming-God, celestial creatures knew !

With countenance most stern ; dreadful to see ;  
 Arose, from quietude, the Deity !—  
 Walking the circuit of the Heavens, in sight  
 Of all its Host, approached The Infinite !  
 The Throne His form received. Again was He  
 Pourtrayed thereon in Triune Majesty !  
 The Mighty Son, in silent sorrow, bent ;  
 Knowing God's wrath, feeling the punishment  
 That must on Satan fall ! And, grief-sincere  
 Bedewed His eye with full and earnest tear ;

And Satan's woe, his well-known coming fate,  
Beheld the Son, with breast compassionate.

Without one Word, His Hand, God raised on high !  
From palm thereof, Lightnings, most fierce, did fly !  
Forked, and full, over each Angel's head,  
Around the Throne, innocuous, they fled !  
Sparing the good ; shielding, with sheets of fire,  
All Michael's Host from Satan's dreadful ire ;  
And streaming down, where Satan onward pressed,  
The Chief, and Host, they smote upon the breast !  
One lengthened shriek, into the Heavens, arose ;  
As, from Heaven's floor, fell back, God's stricken Foes,  
Rolling in millions down ! Whilst sheets of Flame,  
From mouth and eyes, and every outlet, came !  
Showing that fire, oozing throughout the skin,  
Had found its seat their very souls within !  
And, scorched forms, which downward shrieking fell,  
(With being changed,) became combustible,  
And, henceforth lived, eternally to be  
Angels of Hell ! Creatures of misery !  
Carrying, in struggles fierce (as though destroyed),  
Heaven's floor, whereon they stood, into the void,  
As streams of flames !—Which God, on them, did fling,  
Deep'ning their fall ; their forced-flight hastening ;  
Leaving, on edge of Holy Realms, above,  
The Hosts of Heaven, more perfect made in Love,  
Standing around God's Throne ; the swift descent  
Of Satan's Host, Heaven's hostile armament,  
With hands upraised, to view !

Eyes sealed in bliss,  
Followed the fall, into the Deep Abyss,  
Of Him, and Those, who would their power employ,  
Heaven's rule to break ; its purity destroy !  
Who could not God deny ; but, would not own  
The Son of Love, exalted to Heaven's Throne !

Who now is chained, The Dragon foe !—His fate,  
First foe to Heaven ! Evil's first potentate !  
God of all Sin ! Antagonist to be,  
To all of Good ! From that day forth, when he  
Like Lightning flew, as God's fierce vengeance fell ;\*  
And hurled him, crushed, adown to nether Hell !

\* Luke x. 18.

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## MUSICAL INTERLUDE.

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FIRST BOOK.—CLOSE OF SECOND PART.

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He was cast out of Heaven ; he was thrust down to Hell ;  
 And the echoes of space were disturbed as then fell  
 All the thousands of stars, which, as lightning were thrown,  
 By the Hand of their God, from the face of His Throne !

In the high court of God, Satan held his first place ;  
 And his heart beamed with love ; and his form was all grace ;  
 And 'The God of All Gods,' he, alone, was more bright,  
 In those regions of bliss ; in those pure realms of light !

But he kept not (we find, in the Record of Fate)  
 His first measure of good ; his first lofty estate !  
 And he dared to rebel ; and, defiance to fling,  
 'Gainst the Will of his God ; 'gainst the Law of his King !

And the Great God of Heaven, was, in Majesty, seen,  
 On the Seat of His Power ; in His Might most serene !  
 And the wrath of His Eye, for one instant, was shown ;  
 And the Rebel was crushed, and his Legions o'erthrown !

'Twas an instant of awe !—For the floor seemed destroyed  
 Of the Courts of God's Realm, and to sink in The Void,  
 As the thunder-bolts fell, 'midst the Legions-accurst ;  
 And the Lightning-beamssmote, and God's rage o'er them burst.

'Twas a moment of dread !—'Twas a warning for pride,  
 To the Angels of bliss, kneeling Godhead beside ;  
 For the lofty were lost ;—and the fairest then fell,  
 To the darkest of depths ;—to the dungeons of Hell !

And they fell, and they rolled, and they sank the space through,  
 Thrown afar, from God's throne; thrust adown this cursed crew,  
 Till they found, in Earth's womb, for their residence-fit,  
 The abyss long reserved; filled the Bottomless Pit!

Ye will search, but in vain, for a figure, that may,  
 Such a downfall depict; such stern vengeance convey;  
 For the forms which then fell through the Spheres by God's blow  
 Were excelled but by God!—are yet Angels in woe!

And they sank, and they fell;—and the hurricane's blast  
 Whirled them down, in swift clouds, as the hail-storm is cast;  
 And the lightnings of God, and the thunder's deep din  
 Spoke the Anger of God; smote the Author of Sin!

And this Earth, and yon Stars, each their portion received,  
 Of the Gods who rebelled; and the Fiend who deceived;  
 And the caverns of each, with their fire-beds of woe,  
 Were the realms of God's wrath; are death's regions below!

But 'The God of all Gods,' He still sat on His Throne;  
 And the space which sin clave but an instant was known;  
 For the goodness of God, with its upfilling-tide,  
 Streamed its bliss through the breach; caused regret to subside.

And the Anger-cloud passed from the regions above;  
 And The Godhead beamed forth in its beauty and love;  
 And the Angels of bliss, did in ecstasy raise,  
 The full burst of their joy; the loud songs of their praise!

And their harps, and their hands, and their voices kept time;  
 And their shouts told their love; and the strain was sublime,  
 Which then spread as a flood; and drew peace o'er each trace  
 Where disturbance once dwelt, where fierce pride showed its face.

And the peace and the praise, and the joy and the love,  
 Were so full and so free, in these fair realms above,  
 That you ne'er could suppose rebel-words had been spoken;  
 That an Angel had fallen;—that His Faith had been broken!

# BOOK I.

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## PART THIRD.

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THE DESCENT OF SATAN TO THE BOTTOMLESS ABYSS.

SATAN BOUND IN HELL ONE THOUSAND YEARS.





## BOOK I.—PART III.

### THE DESCENT OF SATAN TO THE BOTTOMLESS ABYSS.—SATAN BOUND THERE ONE THOUSAND YEARS.

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#### A VIEW OF HELL.—SATAN'S RELEASE.

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SATAN being cast from the Floor of Heaven by the Omnipotence of God, is followed in his descent by Michael and his Angels, who bear the chain and key wherewith Satan is to be secured in the Bottomless Abyss for One Thousand Years. Satan alone, of all the falling Angels, has the power or the hardihood to contend in his downward course against the pursuing Angels. He frequently attempts to contend with Michael, but is thrust down by the terrors of his spear. The different globes, which roll in the line of the descent of the falling Angels, receive their forms, and find, for them, their places of punishment. Satan and his nearest followers, are cast out upon the Earth. In the centre thereof is the Lake of Fire reserved for the Devil and his Angels. Hell first appears unkindled. It appears as the central cavity of Earth, in which there is, as its continuous floor, a solid and combustible globe. Into this space Satan is thrust. He is followed by the Holy Angels ; by whom he and his followers are chained and sealed ; he occupying an elevated Throne. The Angels depart, and the Floor of Hell bursts into spontaneous combustion.

The scene then changes. The Thousand Years are past. Satan and his Angels are now unbound. Satan institutes a feast. At his will semblances of grandeur and state become apparent. He addresses his Angels, and, in derision and scorn, drinks of the Cup of God's Wrath. In this he is followed by his Angels ; Satan describing, in contempt, the state of punishment in which the Thousand Years have been passed.



## BOOK I.

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### PART THIRD.

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Opened the scenery of Heaven, with view,  
To such pure realms, astonishing and new !

The last scene showed Satan, as lightning thrown,  
Over the battlements of Heaven's insulted Throne,  
By God's o'erpowering Wrath !

Heaven now did represent  
His falling course ; his swift and long descent  
Throughout the Void !

The wrathful Infinite,  
No further shew of His consuming might,  
Vouchsafed to make ; beyond that one stern blow,  
Which did suffice each Rebel's overthrow,  
Most fully to effect.

Michael doth now  
Pursuit take up, from Heaven's vacated brow ;  
Following in rear of Satan and his Crew ;  
Whose downward course more swift and dreadful grew,  
As they in rolling clouds, then thickly strewed,  
Distance obtained from Heaven's blest altitude !

My vision's powers Satan's descent to trace,  
As down he fell, throughout the Realms of Space,  
Scarcely sufficed.

By God's force hurled,  
Round, swiftly round, each falling Angel whirled,  
Describing in their speed, circles, whereby  
The air they cleaved, rolled down more rapidly ;  
Cluster'd in groups ; twisted and twined in crowds ;  
And streaming down, as rain, from falling clouds !  
Thousands of mighty forms now blended shown ;  
Then, bursting they ; and whirling down, alone ;  
Or struggling, they, in minor groups ; entwined ;  
Until, a separate form, therein to find,  
Became impossible !

Then, would be viewed,  
That crowd, as shreds, in separate atoms strewed.  
Mixed up, with sheets of flame, which God did fling,  
Their mass amidst, with dreadful thundering !  
Tempests of fire, the thunder-bolts, vast weight,  
Their forms to crush, and to precipitate,  
To realms of punishment !

A flood immense,  
Descending, now, to find Hell's residence !  
Which God, as instantly, for them, did make,  
As they, Heaven's peace, with tongue of strife, did break,  
Rebelliously !

Sheer down, through Space they fell ;  
And *every Sphere*, obtained a Cavern'd Hell,  
For all, to whom, in line of their descent,  
Such rolling mass, a centre did present !  
To them receive, each opened not its jaws !—  
Waited they not for matter's usual law—  
But passing through the overlaying crust,  
To central flames, each Rebel-form was thrust,  
And there imprisoned fast !

The last of all,  
Struggling 'gainst Heaven, fighting as he did fall,  
Satan appeared !

Recovery he sought  
 From downward thrust, upreared his head, and fought,  
 Michael against ; who, with Celestial force,  
 Pressed on his rear, and followed on his course,  
 Commissioned by his God, Heaven's foes to seal,  
 And bind, with links of adamant and steel,  
 In bottomless Abyss !

A following train,  
 From Heaven itself, bore down the Mighty Chain,  
 And pond'rous key ; wherewith these powers impure,  
 In depths of Woe, God's Justice, should secure.

Down !

Down !

The Angel Host pressing behind,  
 No moment's rest ; no shelter could they find.  
 Ranks upon ranks, of wrathful Angels near,  
 In beautiful array, with glittering spear ;  
 Whereto, the Mighty God a power supplied,  
 Torture to give, altho' to forms applied  
 Purely ethereal !

Satan's fierce breast,  
 Rallying full oft, against such weapons pressed !  
 But suddenly recoiled, with backward bound,  
 Whilst Space did ring with shrill and fearful sound  
 Of agony expressed !

No other form  
 Attempt once made, to stem that awful storm !  
 But he unto the charge upward returned,  
 Michael he sought, 'gainst him his anger burned !\*  
 That Angel-pure, with steady course of flight,  
 Doth onward lead the Host of Angels-bright ;  
 Satan, his strength expends in fruitless hate,  
 Whilst Michael's thrust, his soul doth penetrate  
 With pain unbearable !

Now yields, at length,  
 The rebel's hardihood ; the traitor's strength !

\* Rev. xxii. 1—3.

And Satan with fierce shout (which fear implies),  
To seek concealment with his legions flies,  
Earth's central caves into !\*

There is reserved  
The Lake of Fire, his sinfulness deserved !  
Woe ! woe ! unto the Earth !—Its depths should find  
The prison-house for him ;—Ill's master-mind !  
Woe ! woe ! to Earth's inhabitants, who dwell  
Where Satan was cast out ;—where Satan fell !

Thus closed one feature grand of Heaven's dread fight !  
The hostile hosts had passed the realms of Light  
In swift descent !

Opened, again, the view,  
With scene of dread ; prospect immense and new ! †

'Twas Satan's prison realm !

The deep, deep Hell,  
Where, for a thousand years sealed up should dwell,  
The Dragon foe ! The Serpent old ! whose place  
No more in Heaven should Angel find or trace,  
Throughout eternity !

The inner rind  
Of Earth's concave, the ceiling-vast did find,  
Hanging endless !

A monstrous convex base  
As floor appeared, with intermediate space  
Immense ; whose height the supposition gave  
Of vault continuous ; internal cave !  
Its floor a globe, which did a base present  
As ball immense, in shell of more extent,  
To which it centre was ; leaving around  
A vacuum, ringlike ; a vault profound  
And circular !

\* Rev. xii. 9, 12.

† Rev. xxii. 3.

My mind at once could tell,  
 The central globe was all combustible !  
 Upon its floor were blocks immense of stone,  
 And, high in midst, appeared a mighty throne  
 Conspicuously placed !

As yet, no light  
 That vast round floor, was suffer'd to ignite !  
 But prostrate there, crushed with their fall, were strew'd,  
 In scattered heaps, the mighty multitude  
 From Heaven thrust down !

These Angels did present  
 Stature of God's ; but they were impotent !  
 Vanquished, dismayed, in attitudes of pain,  
 Each sought support his figure to sustain ;  
 Or on the basement writhed !

A change drew nigh ;  
 An Angel band throughout the vault did fly ;  
 And as along, with wondrous speed, they passed,  
 Fetters and chains around each form they cast ;  
 And every brow they sealed !

Satan was shown,  
 Sitting enchained upon Hell's mighty Throne !  
 His feet, his limbs, his mighty body bound,  
 With links of steel, to granite seat around,  
 Unmeltable ! Dismay, despair, disgrace,  
 Silenced each tongue ; confusion clothed each face !  
 Around was gloom !

Each Angel good and bright  
 Departed now ; to Heaven resumed its flight !  
 And as, through Hell's high roof, each wing did rise,  
 (Subdued in rays, diminishing in size ;)  
 A mass of fire ! an ocean-bed of flame,  
 Rolling in wrath the central bed became !  
 The standing-place of all ; the base of every seat  
 Was one wide sea ; a floor of molten heat !  
 Thereto were millions chained, whose awful fates  
 Justice assigns ;—Vengeance perpetuates !



And whom I leave in agony to tell,  
How great is God ; how wise ; how terrible !

The scene again was changed.

I would refrain,  
Did truth permit the horrors to explain  
Of coming scenes !—For God did represent  
The awful state of woe, and punishment  
On Satan's head conferred !

His voice did bid  
The picture lift the adamantine lid,  
From off the Sepulchre of inmost Hell,  
And scenes expose, almost incredible ;  
Where Satan now, midst pains the most intense,  
Obtained his home ; his constant residence,  
'Neath Wrath-Divine !

Now Earth once more for me,  
Doth burst the bands of its solidity !  
With rapid yawn, and loud and startling din,  
Doth burst its coats of rocky covering ;  
And strata firm, whose stubborn ribs do bind,  
Fermenting fires within their womb confined ;  
Do swiftly spread successive belts and bands,  
Until revealed, Hell's flaming centre stands  
In all its misery !

Since saw I last  
This sad abode, long centuries have passed !  
Its features-sad have changed !—And so have those  
Who there, sustain interminable woes,  
Increasing constantly ; such made, by fate,  
To deeper grow ; ever accumulate !

A period, it seemed, had now rolled round,  
When Satan's host, by God's command, unbound  
In Hell should be ! The sabbath term of rest,  
Which Heaven and Earth and primal man possest,  
Had passed ! And now, for his release, is rent,  
The bottomless abyss of Satan's punishment !

A thousand years have passed since Heaven's high Throne ,  
 Had his disturbance felt ; rebellion known !  
 Since earth was made the sad receptacle,  
 Where Satan, bound in chains, and sealed, should dwell  
 In Lake of Fire ! Now he, and his, again,  
 (Though still amenable to wrath and pain)  
 Are for a season loosed ; and such new state,  
 Hell's Chief and followers all did celebrate.

High and important then, aye, e'en sublime,  
 Might now be called the occasion and the time  
 Whereon this conclave met ! Most awful, too,  
 Its terrors came ; immensely grand the view !

Satan on high appeared ; lofty and wide,  
 The Throne of state, whereon he did preside !  
 Seated in dignity and stern repose,  
 Far, far, above the assembled crowds, he rose ;  
 Who all were seated now, and did attend,  
 In circle vast, to which mine eye no end  
 Discerned !

Hell's space was one continuous sea,  
 With forms filled up unto obscurity !  
 Glorious and bright had shown the wide expanse,  
 Whereto, as court, his myriads did advance,  
 Could we the mind divest of Floor of Fire,  
 Whose rolling flood is never to expire !  
 And roof, calcined, until it white became,  
 Reflecting back its showers of constant flame,  
 Into such chamber vast ; whose atmosphere,  
 No vapour showed ; was shadowless and clear,  
 Because combustion there became complete,  
 And all was fervent flame and dreadful heat,  
 Unparalleled !

Angelic forms of pride,  
 Ever therein, did, unrelieved, reside.  
 No moment's lapse, in which they could surprise,  
 In torpid state, the Worm that never dies !

But, Angel's mind, habitually sustained,  
Till they, no more, of agony complained !  
Until it did, of dignity's excess,  
Possession show, Nobility express,  
Accumulated force of God's stern blow,  
By novel maintenance of life in woe,  
To personate.

Such prideful element,  
Satan's vast Court did, to mine eye, present,  
As on his Throne he stood ; and, upraised hand  
Attention claimed ;—deep silence did command !

His form, immense, appeared in dignity ;  
A model rich of vast sublimity,  
With woes illuminate !

One mighty stride,  
He forward took, and then his voice he tried ;  
Whether or not its accents' fullest sound  
Would float, distinct, to conclave's furthest bound,—  
Remote.—

“ GOD ! ”—

“ God ! ”—He cried ! Sailed forth the sound ;—  
His arm he moved, with motion slow, around ;—  
Contemptuous glanced his eye ; his bearing, proud ;  
As, rolling back, an echo, rich and loud,  
Did “ God ! ” and “ God ! ” repeat !

The accents, plain,  
Passed deeply down ! Then, down, they sank, again ;  
Reverberative ! Falling, with link on link  
Each throb less long, less loud, and less distinct !

The volume of his voice from every side,  
Sinking away, a less'ning vocal tide,  
Hell's centre passed ;—was lost 'neath central floor ;  
Clashed there conjoined streams ; rushed back once more ;  
Ascending step by step, as though to bring  
That voice aloft, some form came travelling ;—  
Sounding God's name !—Upward again it rose :  
The mighty Void, thus measured, to disclose !

Grew full in power ; until, returning-word,  
 Fresh from Hell's depth, above Hell's throne was heard,  
 And there did reunite ; one loud acclaim,  
 Spake Satan's strength ; did 'God'!—and 'God'—proclaim!  
 At such tremendous sound the arch-deceiver sighed ;  
 Vibration ceased ; God's name in echo died ;—  
 And Satan was content !

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“ 'Tis good !—my breath,  
 Without one let, this vast space travelleth !  
 And God, thy name, at last, hath found a vent,  
 And followeth not its long accompaniment—  
 A CURSE !—

“ Echo returns, from deep, vast, round,  
 And bringeth back, in awful strength, the sound,  
 Of ' God !'—and ' God !'

“ But nought beyond replies !—  
 The Curse *I breathed*, even in Hell now dies ;  
 Is in my breast consumed !

“ God !—Thy fierce Might,  
 Thy terrors strange, Thy Tortures Infinite,  
 Somewhat relax —These limbs unchained  
 A boon appears ; is somewhat now obtained ;  
 Such boon it seems, my spirit doth restrain  
 From former-course, long-practised, to refrain,  
 And words can now escape, e'en here, beside,  
 The deep stern roll, and ever onward tide  
 Of blasphemy ; which hath alone expressed,  
 Life yet exists ;—that speech is yet possessed !

“ What, now, my course !—

“ Mighty Lord God !—My mind,  
 One slight relax, from Thy Stern Wrath to find,  
 Trembleth ; lest I, from mercy shown, should fail  
 Thee to condemn ;—thy goodness to assail  
 Continually !

“ Astonished Hell doth seem  
Assembled here, as 'neath some mighty dream,  
They moved unconsciously !—

“ Now, Satan's ire,  
Must shake their minds, lest they indeed expire,  
From laxity of Wrath !—Lest boon conveyed,  
Should scorn, subdue ; Rebellion's lines invade ;  
Lest one small drop of mercy dispossess  
This sphere-unique of envy's vividness ;  
Which beautiful now is,—unbroken seems,  
In all the power, the vigor of extremes,  
This spot displays !

“ Rich HATE, if once destroyed,  
No power there is could ever be employed,  
So fully to rebuild ;—no pride again,  
Could be conceived such structure to sustain !  
Hell now as perfect is, and opposite  
To Thee and Thine, as Darkness is to Light !  
Therefore Vast God—will Satan's arm protect,  
The perfect pile his spirit did erect,  
To Thee opposed !

“ Vast God !—If *good* I tried,  
Thy mighty Name, my efforts-small would hide,  
Beneath its wide renown !—In *Evil's* name  
I seek to build my pinnacle of fame,  
Eternally !

“ Thou shalt not, *Sin*, pull down,  
Can I provoke, sustain thy fearful frown !  
Nor will I, now, thou *Good*, should'st exercise,  
Hell's wrath to quench ; its rage to neutralize ;  
Now grand !

“ Mighty self-forming God ! Shall Satan raise  
To Thee one prayer ; bestow one word of Praise ?  
Never !

“ Relief, entire, from woe would be,  
Most vapid sloth ; Flat-insipidity !  
I cannot Heaven regain ! No joy can dwell,  
No peace be known, nor happiness in Hell !

My restless Soul habitually requires  
 To be stirred up by ever-deepening fires,  
 Which but excitement seem, to warm my hate  
 Lest it congeal; and wrath evaporate  
 Insensibly!

“Angels of Hell!

Vast stress

I now have laid on God's relentlessness!  
 Which here, in Hell, doth seem to paralyze  
 All genuine rage, and smother down our sighs,  
 As though repentance here commenced a course  
 Of shame-faced-humbleness, and deep remorse!  
 God's love to name, as though 'twere possible,  
 Should here have place, or here should ever dwell,  
 My Soul exasperates!

“Oh! all ye Powers!

Know ye, feel ye, what farther fate is ours?  
 Oh! all ye Gods (for Gods, as yet, are ye,  
 Though swathed in flames, walking in misery,)  
 Can ye foreshow how Hell's unbounden state  
 Might us empower, might us accommodate,  
 To work revenge;—or, in some subtile way,  
 Vengeance on God, for pains long past, repay?

“Thou Power Immense!

Thou Mighty Scourging God!

Who, smitten hath, with Thy most heavy rod,  
 Our Souls unmercifully!

“What now the Fate,

The which all Time, since intermediate,  
 Hath filled for those whom certain, threatened pain  
 Of Thy Great Wrath, could not, in Heaven, restrain  
 From following me, their Leader stern, and thence  
 Hurling into Thy Face, their disobedience  
 Insultingly!

“Angels! who me surround!

From long review of guilt and payment found,

It seemeth me some plan might be devised,  
Wherein may each, and all, be exercised  
In undermining good !

“ Thwarting God’s plan,  
As it affects that same new creature—Man—  
Our bane !

“ For whose creation sake, these limbs were chained ;  
These frames-immense sad tortures have sustained ;  
And all this Vault, where ye and I now dwell,  
Was made, to me, the cursed receptacle  
Of beauty, power, and Grace ; wherewith, I now declare,  
Impoverished Heaven hath nothing to compare !

“ Is this unmeaning boast ?

Extend your eye,  
Each Angel, now (if such without a sigh  
Ye ever can) over this sea of frames ;  
Untarnished yet, and unconsumed by flames !  
Produceth Heaven, exhibiteth, to sight,  
Ought that proceeds from Hand Most Infinite,  
More wonderful ?

“ The tortures we sustain,  
Might well indeed, make ye, their sufferers, vain !

“ Such now my boast !

Of demon’s woe to tell,  
Pleaseth, vast God ! my stubborn spirit well !  
Thy power, indeed, denying lapse or death,  
My Soul doth crush ; my Spirit tortureth !  
And here I stand, a Leader, and a King ;—  
And back to Thee defiance still I fling,  
Most unrepentingly !

“ I now possess  
My former power, my subjects to address !  
My tongue, my limbs, Thou hast from chains released ;  
Such freedom seems such great and glorious feast,  
That I, (despite the terrors of the skies,)  
Here, on my Throne, the both will exercise,

If tongue, and frame, and subtilty avail,  
 God's works to mar, or human minds assail !  
 Many are now the years, Great God !—since first  
 Thy mighty wrath upon mine head, did burst,  
 When Thou on earth did first create mankind,  
 And I therein, cause of complaint did find ;  
 And named ! Whilst Michael's scornful speech,  
 Further inflamed, and widened envy's breach !  
 'Twas then, Vast God !—my tongue denied  
 Thine Only Son ; and did such birth deride !  
 Envy the most intense, made me enjoy  
 The hope most mad, such Sonship to destroy ;  
 And I, as dragon foe, did then presume,  
 I could such Son (weak but in name) consume !  
 Then God !—Omnipotent !—thy fearful might  
 Did hurl me down, from Heaven's invaded height,  
 With overwhelming flames !

“ Such torturing woes,  
 Could not my mind, as resident, suppose,  
 Within an Angel's breast ; or paused had I  
 Thy rage to tempt ; thy vengeance to defy ;  
 Now known !

“ 'Tis now endured !—And bless or curse,  
 Cannot my tongue, my bitter doom reverse !  
 Therefore, full vent I give, to feelings stern ;  
 Seek not Thy love ;—Defiance would return ;  
 But such dare not !

“ O'erawed, subdued, controlled,  
 I, threats alone, trembling with dread, withhold ;  
 Fearful Thy Vast Almightyness, for Satan's sake,  
 Might some new Hell, some further torture make !

“ What hath been Satan's state, since he rebelled,  
 And he, from Heaven with vengeance was expelled ?  
 Enough, Thou Vast, Thou Spirit-torturing God,  
 The terrors are of Thy Soul-scorching-rod !  
 Most merciless the woes to which Thou hast consigned  
 Satan, who did rebellious thought and mind,



In Heaven originate ; and did employ  
His given power, to subvert and destroy  
Its holy quietude !

“ Vast God !—such might  
Almost prevail, on anger infinite  
Its hand to stay ! And mercy might decide  
Our sins expunged ;—Thy vengeance satisfied !

“ Stern God !—Thou knowest well how to define  
Thy judgments deep, and punishment assign !  
Thou gavest me, in Torment’s Realm, vast state !  
I am a Prince,—A King,—A Potentate !  
And why ?—That in proportion thereunto,  
The all I bear, or say, or think, or do,  
The weight of thy displeasure-full, Thy power,  
Might on my head, in seeming justice, shower !

“ Such wrath hath been immense !

“ My splendid throne,  
The favors-fierce, of Thy revenge hath known !  
Still I have been (my rank supported well)  
The Monarch-proud ;—The Reigning-King of Hell !  
I have, unflinchingly, Thy wrath defied !  
No sorrow shown ;—Repentance have denied ;  
Until, habitually, breaks forth my heart,  
In strains wherefrom I never can depart,  
Speaking Rebellion !

“ Vast God ! Each hour  
Thousands shall dare, none deprecate Thy power !  
And now shalt Thou in these fierce realms behold,  
*A Mighty Spectacle* its parts unfold,  
My Will originates !

“ Satan, released,  
His first court holds ;—doth institute a feast !  
And such, in wraths’s sincerity, shall vie,  
With festive court, which hold the powers on high,  
Where Godhead doth preside !

“ My Will now great,  
(In that in Hell it can all things create,

As semblances of Majesty) requires,  
 That now, from out foundation of these fires,  
 As lift I up mine hands, there shall arise  
 The festive board, with all its rich supplies,  
 Of highest feast; the such as kingly-might,  
 Should spread around, when myriads they invite;  
 And all their kingdom call; in robes of state,  
 Their joy to share;—Triumphs to celebrate!  
 “’Tis well!—

“Ariseth, now, at my supreme command,  
 Tables of State;—arranged on either hand,  
 My Throne around!

“My upraised Seat, with Thine,  
 Would now compete; Thou Spirit most Divine!  
 The pattern of my state, I steal from Thee!  
 And, in contempt, Heaven’s high Sublimity,  
 Would imitate!

“Rising, above, again,  
 Let Hell’s High Roof, Ceiling-illum’d sustain;—  
 To these appropriate!

“Most well, My Will,  
 Above, around, doth plan-conceived fulfil!—  
 On kingly Throne (whose seat of liquid fire,  
 Forbids all Hell to hope or to aspire  
 To such pre-eminence) I sit!—Awhile,  
 On courtiers-fond, it pleaseth me to smile!  
 My guests are here!—The Feast, the festive board,  
 With wine most red, and fruits-divine are stored!

“What would ambition more!

Thou mighty King!

I am not now a secondary thing,  
 Serving in Heaven! Thy last Eternal Law  
 Thou canst not, now, capriciously withdraw!  
 Such made me what I am! It gave me Hell!  
 Built up this Throne; and caused me here to dwell!  
 Accustomed, now, to separate realm and state,  
 I cannot be dethroned; nor will I abdicate!

" My subjects—proud, around !

I now arise—

And pledge ye all !—Prepare to sympathize !

The wine-cup-red-of-wrath, my bearers fill ;—

I drink aloud—' *Contempt unto God's will !*

" Thou Mighty God !

The cup I now reverse !—

Behold !—No single dreg, no atom of Thy curse

Behind remains !—

" Satan doth fully drain

His constant cup, and mixture-full sustain

Of wrath !—And see, from festive draught that burned,

Each cup is dry ; each hand hath such upturned !

Whilst loud the shout that from these Halls do rise,

As now with me do fully sympathize,

Ten-thousand-Demon-throats !

" Vast God !—Their word

Of deep contempt, is in defiance heard !

And loud doth wax each Demon's discontent,

With voice commixed with boisterous merriment ;

As they in Halls of Fire recline below,

Drunk with damnation's cup ; inebriate with woe !

Madden'd and stung by cruel flames of Hell ;

With endless agonies, irascible !

The Cup of Wrath goes round ! No soul doth shrink,

But down to dregs doth liquid-torture drink,

Defyingly !

" Thou leavest time for every breast,

Pain to extract ; full torments to digest !

We drink again ! Each burning Demon-hand,

Its cup doth hold ! Such is stern God's command !

The potion-red, of vengeance-meted woes,

Through every vein, through Demon's vitals flows ;

And thus each spirit-fierce, doth feel how HE,

The unappeased, the vengeful Deity,

In darkest Hell, doth Demon-table spread,

With torturing food, there daily varied,

And mixed in quality ;—tempting, to cloy ;—  
 Feeding, to waste ;—sustaining, to destroy !  
 Supplying life, which doth in Tophet dwell,  
 With aliment of fire, combustible !  
 And yet for them, such sure preservative,  
 It tempers fiends, in torment's realm to live,  
 And hardened more become ! As fire would deal,  
 And flames on flames applied, would temper steel !

“ God !—Thou can'st hear in Heaven, the mighty strain  
 Telling aloud, and shouting forth again,  
 How Thou, inexorably stern, yet hath  
 Plied Spirits-doomed, with wine cup deep of wrath ;  
 Whose fumes, phosphorical, do veins ignite,  
 And kindle there, in seeming forms, the light,  
 Which gloom in Hell prevents !

“ Each demon-frame,  
 A molten form ;—a vehicle of flame !  
 Melting eternally, yet never dead !  
 For ever wasting they, yet ever fed  
 With such essential strength as shall sustain  
 Unceasing torture's rack ; eternal pain  
 Freely endure.

“ Thou Mighty Fearful God !  
 Thus falls Thy hand ;—thus bear we Thy stern rod !  
 Vast God !—How fearful, thus, when hourly viewed,  
 Thy torments are ;—how ceaselessly renewed !  
 Hast thou beheld, each fiend's excited glee,  
 As they, the cup have quaffed, rotatively ?  
 And seen each gesture fierce, each dreadless look,  
 As Demon-crowds, their molten fists have shook  
 In Thine Eternal Face ?—Tempting Thy blow !  
 Daring thy wrath—contemning pain and woe !  
 And, with falacious mirth, and deep pretence,  
 Heard them each ask, some suffering-drug-intense !  
 Hopeful that Thou, forgetful grown in ire,  
 Might then o'ercharge the pungency of fire,

And whelm, in wrathful tide of misery,  
That hated boon, their Immortality.

“But false the hope!—Destruction’s heavy blow  
Would be escape from misery and woe,  
Too merciful! Th’ Avenger will not yield!  
Their doom is fixed;—their awful fate is sealed!  
’Tis life prolonged; reserved for endless chains;  
In Heaven’s full wrath;—in everlasting chains!

“Endeth this Feast!—

Relics of useless pride—

Dissolved be ye;—each remnant state subside!

“Now Angels proud, to each rebellious breast,  
The sorest wrong, the most tormenting test,  
Cometh! To our release attached doth stand  
The one same Law; the one distinct command,  
Utter’d in Heaven; by God sustained and held,  
Full and complete, as when thereat, rebelled,  
These millions!

“Will ye, or can ye now,  
*Things under Earth*;—in deepest reverence, bow  
To God’s Eternal Son?

“God’s terms are these;—  
When every head, abased, and bent He sees,  
With one accord, submission to proclaim,  
When uttereth He, His Well-beloved’s name,  
This roof of adamant, above our head,  
For our release, its long sealed dome shall spread!  
Counsels your chief (such freedom to possess),  
Hell doth so bend; each form doth acquiesce;  
And partially appease The God whose Will,  
(Though murmur we), must, every Power, fulfil,—  
Or fall!—

“Hark!—

Now Heaven above makes known  
Sitteth God’s Son, upon God’s Mighty Throne!

Down in humility,—Great God !—we all  
 Thus—thus—abased—‘ Creatures-below,’ do fall !  
 Down—in the base of Hell, there to respire,  
 Each head abased in brimstone, flames, and fire,  
 At Thy command we kneel.

“ Subjects !—behold !—  
 As thus we bend, God hath indeed controlled  
 The fierceness of these flames !

“ This pungent fire  
 Shall, for a time, on our release expire.  
 It lessens now ;—feels now each angel’s sense  
 Burnings subside ; the flames are less intense.  
 Darkness succeeds the light ; and, in this gloom,  
 Our forms can now, other effect assume,  
 And natural appear ; as now, to view,  
 We all at length, in God’s strange mercy, do,  
 Until His Will be wrought.

“ Opens the day above !  
 Can this be true ? Is there, as yet, such love  
 In God’s forgiving breast ?

“ This roof-accurst,  
 For our release, with yawning mouth, doth burst !  
 Hasten ye powers !—Through yonder aperture,  
 Reach ye again, the atmosphere most pure,  
 Of upper Worlds !—There spread ye far and wide,  
 Over Creations-fair, in rapid tide,  
 With energies alert !—Now, from this day,  
 Evil hath birth ; and Sin’s unwholesome sway  
 Contendeth with Heaven’s God !—Satan, the Source !  
 Death marks our path ;—Destruction strews our course !”



## MUSICAL FINALE.

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### FIRST BOOK.—THIRD PART.

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See!—What swells from the Earth?—Lo!—mine eye doth behold  
Mighty forms, from her depths, as vast shadows unfold!  
And they steam up in clouds; and they rise as a wreath,  
From a furnace of fire; burning fiercely beneath!

What portend those vast forms?—Which exude from Earth's shell,  
As they rose full of rage, from the regions of Hell?  
Can they roam—shall they flee,—will they liberty find  
To o'erspread this fair Earth; to assault frail mankind?

See!—They sail as a cloud; and they rush through Heaven's height,  
And the Sun veils its eye, and withdraws its glad light;  
For, the bosom of Earth, hath discharged at one breath,  
The inventors of woe; the producers of death!

Now a thousand of years, the young Earth, she possessed,  
A pure period of Peace; a full sabbath of rest;  
For her God had enclosed, her deep chambers within,  
The disturber of Heav'n; the Creator of Sin!

In Earth's depths, 'midst Hell's flames, chained, as spirits can be,  
In the deep molten bed of the sulphur-filled-sea,  
As the foe of his God, he was made to sustain  
All the weight of God's wrath,—all the features of pain!

And the Heavens kept their faith; and the Earth, free from woes,  
In the absence of sin, did profoundly repose;  
And a sabbath was kept, 'twas 'the Rest' of mankind;  
And the pure Will of God was the law of each mind!



But the sabbath is passed !—For the Earth there is woe !  
 For the seal is removed from the dungeons below !  
 And the source of all Ill is released ; and his path  
 Might be marked o'er the Earth, with the footsteps of wrath !

There is woe for the Earth !—But Ill comes not perforce !  
 For God sits, in His Might, and presides o'er the course,  
 Where the good with its joy ; or the ill with its gloom,  
 Seeks its path to the skies ; treads its way to the tomb !

And the God of the Earth, the strong grasp of His hand,  
 Hath removed for awhile ; fraud obeys his command ;  
 And the Rebel of Heaven springeth free, to convey,  
 The first Sin amongst Men ; the first proof of his sway !

Satan roams not this World all escaped from control,  
 To possess Man at Will ; nor commands he Man's soul !  
 For the Mighty Lord God, doth His Empire reserve ;  
*Can* control sin's approach ; *will* his faithful preserve !

Sin may take the fleet wings of the morning, and flee  
 To the bounds of the Earth, to the skirts of the Sea ;  
 Guilt may mount, in his pride, and ascend the Heaven's height ;  
 And may climb, in despair, to the regions of Light ;

But, My God !—this is truth,—from thy presence, from Thee,  
 Departs not Thy foe ;—Satan never can flee !  
 But thine eye still observes ; and Thy Spirit controls him ;  
 All his fleetness outruns ;—and Thy hand, it yet holds him !

Thus, the faithful are safe !—And the holy and pure,  
 May repose in God's love ; in His keeping are sure !  
 For the God of All Grace, will for ever preserve,  
 . All his people in peace, who His Will do observe !

And the malice of Hell, (which pure souls would assail,)  
 Shall be powerless and prone ; and shall never prevail ;  
 For the arms of their God shall protect from despair,  
 All who seek Him in love ; who approach Him in prayer !

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## BOOK II.

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### PART FIRST.

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PARADISE.—THE CREATION OF ADAM AND EVE.



## BOOK II.—PART I.

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### ARGUMENT.

#### PARADISE.—THE CREATION OF ADAM AND EVE.

The Garden of Eden. The Trees of Life, and Knowledge of Good and Evil. Satan approaches, stealthily, to inspect the Garden, and to attempt to discover the purposes of God, in making such further provision for an advanced state of Mankind. In a cautious and subdued soliloquy he confesses his fear of discovery from the Omniscient Eye of God; and desires to conceal himself in some form, so obscure and mean, it shall evade the notice of The Deity. A serpent steals from the earth. Satan places his foot upon its head, and detains it, for the purpose of infusing its form with his Spirit. Having determined on the nature of his disguise, Satan expresses his constant rebellion against God, in stealthy tones. Remarks on the state of cultivation exhibited in Eden, as compared with the Wilderness around. Attributes such further design of God to some further good to man. Observes a movement in Heaven. Satan assumes the disguise of a serpent, and observes the mysterious Hand of God descending, accompanied by a band of Angels. It approaches the Earth, delineates thereon the Form of Man, which is seen to unfold its members. The form of Adam is thus made; and, receiving the Breath of God, becomes a living Soul.

Adam bursts into consciousness. Addresses the Deity. Praises God for the goodness and sufficiency of his gifts; but laments his loneliness, as making his bliss imperfect. Adam sleeps. A form appears, extracts a rib from his side; and thence produces a female form, which it places by Adam's side. Adam awakes, and rejoices at the presence and beauty of Eve. They go forth at sunrise and offer their orisons to The Deity.



## BOOK II.

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### PART FIRST.

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#### PARADISE.—THE CREATION OF ADAM AND EVE.

Since last on Earth I looked, a parting screen,  
Of centuries long, had passed mine eye between  
And its vast plains ; and now a landscape new,  
A beauteous scene, opened upon my view.

Mine eye, a Garden, fair and wide, surveyed ;  
A beauteous dell, with soft and grassy glade,  
And cooling stream, with beds of fragrant flowers,  
And fruitful trees, and deep and shady bowers,  
In full luxuriance. Rich beds of Earth,  
To flowers profuse, and every plant, gave birth !  
Beauteous their blended tints ; charming the eye  
With all the bright and full variety  
Of purest bloom !

The juicy, purple grape,  
In contrast rich, from foliage did escape ;  
Mixing its clusters full, of blooming dye,  
With lofty screen, and leafy canopy

Of figs and dates, and every fruit and flower,  
Which overhung the mouth of beauteous bower,  
In foreground-rich displayed !

Earth's plants, most rare,  
In beauteous bloom were seen ; as *cultured* there ;  
Whilst, all around, ranging beyond all these,  
Deep, shady groves, long avenues of trees,  
Softened the mid-day sun.

Majestic lines  
Of cedars tall, and huge, gigantic pines,  
And forest trees, stretched far and wide their arms,  
Displaying there, by contrast rich, the charms  
Of sylvan scenery ; and, forming round  
This chosen spot of fairest cultured ground,  
A sheltered belt ; lest rush of rudest wind,  
Too ready entrance there, with storms, should find ;  
And blasts-adverse, with overpowering breath,  
On blossom-frail, should breathe the blight of death,  
And mar its sweets ! Beyond these vales, again,  
Stretched boldly out fair fields of *cultured grain* ;  
Each crop complete, and separate kept each kind,  
With southward slope, to mid-day sun inclined.

In distance vast, as back-ground, bold and high,  
The lofty mountain burst into the sky ;  
Rising step-like in form ; surrounding, there,  
The forest belt, and all these regions fair,  
Until its topmost pinnacle you viewed,  
In grandest form of mountain solitude,  
Enclothed in clouds.

Vistas, and meads immense,  
Of vast extent of Land, gave evidence ;  
With gleams of light, and lines of chequered shade,  
Painting, with fluttering tints, the grassy glade,  
To central point inclined ; where boldly grew,  
Conspicuous seen, in form, and full in view,  
Two rich and noble Trees.

Their constant fruit  
Ever in prime ; their spreading branch and root,

In endless strength, of years long past and days,  
 Telling no tale, describing no decays.  
 Upon their fruits no Insect fed ;—their peaceful forms,  
 No Season touched ; and by them passed the storms !  
 No single leaf the rushing Tempest stirred !  
 Within their boughs, there perched, and lodged, no bird !  
 None dared obtrude ; no vent'rous wing did fly  
 Their tops above ; their laden branches nigh !

#### Two Sacred Trees !

Constant, by day, and night,  
 Around them glowed a strange, mysterious light,  
 Their branches to protect from touch of strife,  
 The One, it was 'The only Tree of Life ;' \*  
 And, by its side, and similar to view,  
 As Eden-twins, 'The Tree of Knowledge' grew ;—  
 And this was—Paradise !

The Garden fair,  
 Which, Hand of God, did there, in time, prepare  
 For other human birth ; which soon, to me,  
 Did God display, in suited majesty !

As forth I looked, and this most beauteous sight  
 Did fill my breast with pleasure and delight ;  
 Methought, within these vales of sunshine and repose,  
 A dense, thick veil, of cloudy film, arose,  
 And Moving-Form concealed !

That *shade* I traced ;—  
 Some Power, methought, throughout the Garden paced ;  
 Thereby disguised !

With motion soft, and slow,  
 Throughout each vale, the passing-mist did go !  
 It seemed, such shade, Intruder, would protect ;  
 Whose envious eye, such Garden, would inspect,  
 Whilst he unseen remained !

\* Gen. ii. 9.



That it was so,  
 Soon had I cause, with deep regret, to know !  
 The Shade advanced ;—and, as approached, The Form,  
 The Heavens grew dense ; and dark and lowering storm,  
 The Sky o'erspread !

Thick clouds in Heaven arose,  
 As vapoury screen, their mass to interpose ;  
 And all the region round, did, thus, assume  
 Deep Shade on Shade ; and Gloom on deep'ning Gloom !

The filmy-mass approached !—On either hand,  
 Bursting, with force, such vapours did expand ;  
 And thence, with step most firm, a figure-bold,  
 In foreground nigh, its outline did unfold,  
 Magnificent and proud !

With instant view,  
 Satan, again, my watchful Spirit knew !  
 And as, from out the mist-obscure, he came,  
 Hand, Eye, and Voice, the mission did proclaim,  
 Of Heaven's Antagonist !

With hand upraised,  
 Around, above, on Earth, on Sky, he gazed,  
 And stealthily declaimed !

“ From Hell's unrest,  
 Satan, Heaven's Foe !—on Earth, is manifest !

“ Aversion, Hate, Indignity, Contempt  
 For all God's works, give birth to this attempt,  
 God's Will to scrutinize.

“ After Hell's Woes,  
 How cool, stern God ! the morn's first breathing blows,  
 Into my lungs ; which, streams of fiercest fire,  
 Through centuries past, inhale, consume, respire !  
 God !—as a liquid cool, in greediness,  
 I swallow down each breeze ; which I could bless—  
 But that it comes from Heaven !

“ Swelleth my breast ?  
 Relief from pain, is, in the draught, possess !

But as I such expel ; flow, forth, to Thee,  
 A volume-full of deep indignity ;  
 As though, the heated mass, expanding came,  
 Poisoned with wrath ; as tinctured, such, with flame !

“ Satan such rage restrains !

Disclosing word,  
 Must not, in Heaven, of my attempt, be heard !  
 Satan, vacating, now, disguise employed,  
 Steals forth in gloom, Heaven's Vision to avoid !  
 Darkness, disguise, the now-assumed defence  
 Against God's wrath ; God's clear Omniscience !  
 God !—here I creep, in gloom and stealthiness,  
 And glance around, Thy Secrets to possess,  
 Clandestinely !

“ Vast God !—The dust that flies  
 From eider-down, doth not escape thine eyes ;  
 If Thou thereon intent ! Though roll, between,  
 Ten-thousand worlds, the flying atoms seen !—  
 Effort, of Thine, needs not !—

“ All things unite,  
 In pictured truth, on Vision Infinite !  
 The *small* doth not escape ! The Mighty Whole  
 Encumbereth not, nor doth perplex Thy Soul !  
 Though one an atom be ; though its reverse  
 Should comprehend a mighty Universe,  
 Thou see'st all !

“ No Creature is exempt !  
 Yet, make I, now, such fraudulent attempt !  
 Disguise I must effect ! Safety, perchance,  
 Might be obtained from *Insignificance* !  
 But, God !—where find the form-minute, shall dwell,  
 From Thee obscured ; and imperceptible ?  
 Lord, God, of Heaven !—Satan doth yet exist ;—  
 Rebellious—Proud—Thy fallen antagonist !  
 Yet, seeketh he, his craft to wield,  
 Some deep disguise, which might *intentions* shield  
 From Thy observant sight !

“ Prolific Earth !

My voice attend !—Unto some form give birth,  
So most obscure, so mean, it shall present,  
A screen appropriate for mine intent !  
And, Satan's pride, God's new designs to trace,  
Shall there obtain its suited hiding place !”

---

Obscured appeared the day !—And as, alone,  
Satan's stern form, against the grey tints, shone ;  
A Serpent-vile, from out the sandy Earth,  
Slowly arose ; as though it just had birth ;—  
And near to Satan coiled !

“ With instant tread,

Satan, his foot, then placed upon its head ;—  
And holding fast the reptile (which he pressed)  
He, him, secured ; and thus, aloud, addressed !

“ Base, Venomous, Obscene, disgusting Thing !  
Thou Serpent prone ! Good Chance, doth thee, thus bring,  
To Satan's aid !—I will not, thee, *destroy* ;—  
Perchance I might, thy form, most base, employ ;  
Therefore, I thee, *detain* !

“ Let not thy length

Its life expend, in such contortion's strength.  
As round, and round, with fierce and vig'rous coil,  
The dust it licks ; and doth, thy bright-skin, soil !  
A FALLEN GOD, necessity might find,  
Into thy Form, to cast His Ruling Mind !  
And, thus, unite His Influence with thee ;  
In deep disguise, and dangerous subtilty !  
Reptile obscure !—Satan doth now refrain  
Thy form, by force, or pressure to detain !  
Thine energies are mine ;—and when, my Will,  
Shall this Form shed, and thy base carcase, fill ;  
Thou, Serpent-prone, the interchange shall know ;  
And, Words of Power, from out thy breast shall flow,  
With deadly eloquence !—

“ Poison, and Death,  
Dwell 'neath thy tongue ; Destruction taints thy breath !  
Therefore, I, thee, select !

“ Now rise, and wait !  
It might me please, thy bosom to inflate,  
Immediately !

“ God's all-perceiving Eyes,  
Might be deceived, by such obscure disguise !  
And I, his purpose here, desire to see,  
And every work observe, attentively !  
Peering, with Demon's intellect, and Satan's guile,  
On works of God, from out thy bosom vile ;  
And making thee, and every reptile sense,  
The means of fraud ; deception's residence !”

To Satan's voice, with fawning motion-tame,  
The serpent-vast, obedient now became ;  
And coiling round, its crested head, and breast,  
A fascinated heart, at once, did manifest ;  
To eye of Reason strange !

Such full control,  
How then assumed, knows not, nor doubts my soul !  
Satan his power perceived. His look, declared,  
He, purpose had, in hiding-place-prepared !  
Resolve thus made, in grand, and mighty state,  
His own stern form, he, now, did elevate ;  
And glances cast around ! His mighty hand  
He slowly moved ; waving, as waved the land.  
His fingers seemed to picture forth, and paint,  
The mountains-high, forests, and vales (grown faint)  
Admiringly !

At length his voice I heard,  
Uttering in cautious tone, and suited word,  
The secrets of his heart !

Subdued, and deep,  
Its stealthy tones upon mine ear did sweep !

As though he thought, expression-loud unwise ;  
And feared to wake the echoes of the Skies !

“ Hills !—Groves !—and Streams !

A Garden-fair I scan !

Eden, it is ;—The Paradise of Man !—  
The Hand of God is here !—All Earth, beside,  
Doth not a spot, like unto this, provide !  
All Earth, without, in rich, and growing state,  
God hath prepared ; and such doth vegetate  
In wild luxuriance ; Earth doth possess  
Most beauteous scenes, but 'tis a Wilderness,  
As unto this compared !

“ Vast tribes abound !

Yet *till* they *not*, nor *cultivate* the Ground !\*  
Earth's fruits spontaneous grow ; and culture's-hand  
Hath never, yet, incision made, in land,  
Its plants to propagate ! God's first decree  
For any such gave no necessity.  
God bless'd the Earth ; commanded He, the field †  
Its fruits, its seeds, its plants, its herbs, to yield,  
Spontaneously !

“ Now, here, a change hath been !

Wisdom, and skill, and labor's-hand, are seen !  
Here, in this vale, and in this spot, alone,  
A “ *Planted Tree*”, and ‘ *Garden*'-rich, are known ! ‡  
Here, in this spot, I, congregated, find,  
Fruits, plants, and herbs, of every sort and kind !||  
Ripe corn doth grow !—Each crop, its field, hath filled ;  
As though the Land, with labor-wise, were tilled !  
Yet *where* the Hand ? and *whose* can be the care ?  
Which did, this spot, with such true skill, prepare !

“ No Mortal *here* exists !—No beasts annoy !

No rambling herds, the separate crops destroy !  
No things obnoxious, yet, mine eye hath found  
Within this vale !—Some Power protects around !

\* Gen. ii. 5.

† Gen. i. 11.

‡ Gen. ii. 8.

|| Gen. ii. 9.

*Chance* it is not, which, to this Garden, brings,  
Selection-good, of all Earth's purest things ;  
To Man appropriate !

“ 'Tis *God's own Care*  
Which doth this Vale, as Garden-rich, prepare ;  
And, every plant and herb, wisely select ;  
And all of Grain, in suited spots, protect !  
Far more is here, than *chance* could e're present !  
Nature makes not such beauteous accident !

“ The Garden 'tis of God !—\*

To some high state  
Its tenancy to give, God's Mind doth meditate !  
Stealth, Watchfulness, deep Fraud, becometh me ;  
Here, all around, dwelleth some Mystery !  
And God in Vast Omnipotence, again  
Moveth in love, some further plan for Men  
To consummate !

“ Upon His Throne on high,  
The Great Lord God, in Heaven's Eternal Sky,  
Sitteth !—

“ Can, Satan, here, in form most mean,  
His Rebel-Head, and Hell's-fierce-burnings, screen ?  
Which now, his brow, and breast, as dreadful Fate,  
With tortures scorch ; with flames illuminate ?  
If such conceal'd can be, this form, most vile,  
This Serpent's length, shall me, from God, awhile,  
Disguise effectually ! And here, Hell's King,  
Wrapp'd up, in this obscure, disgusting Thing,  
Shall watch intent, and seek to understand  
The movement-new of God's Almighty Hand,  
Which here, I know, some purpose doth possess,  
For further Good, or further Happiness,  
Which Satan's hand must mar !

“ God doth unfold  
Conceptions-pure ; mercies most manifold !

\* Gen xiii. 10.

“Not Satan so —His Hope, his pleasure-vast,  
Goodness to quench ; and bring Destruction’s blast  
On every thing would pleasure give, or raise,  
God’s Glory high ; afford Him greater praise !

“Mighty Lord God !—Self-aggrandizing-King !  
Usurping, to Thyself, each good-producing-thing !  
Marvellous, the power, Thy Will doth well exert,  
But *Jealousy* is thine ; in that, revert,  
All things now must, and do, unto Thy Hand !—  
Such Thy decree !—and such Thy firm command !  
Therefore, Lord God !—exorbitant, I name,  
The full return, Thy Jealousy, doth claim  
For gifts bestowed !

“I charge, Vast Power, on Thee,  
Extorted Love ; Excess of Usury !  
In that, all things, created by thy Will,  
Must, shall, and do, Thy smallest bidding fill ;  
And Thee must glorify !

“Satan, beside,  
No other Power, hath, Thy Great Might, denied !  
He still exults, in that He can express,  
His untamed Wrath, his Spirit’s wretchedness,  
And live !—

“To pain, eternally, endure,  
Doth Satan’s life, immortally, secure !  
Such knoweth, now, my mind and heart, full well ;  
And such I feel ; defyingly I tell !

“Satan ; God’s Foe, ascends unto Earth’s plain ;—  
Doth he, thereby, cessation find from pain ?—  
Never !—

“Satan, if now, in serpent-form arrayed ;—  
Would he, thereby, torments-extreme evade,  
Or Hell escape ?

“Never !—He answers—No !—  
Far down, in Realms of fearful flames, below,  
Abides ‘*Sin’s Principle*’ to realise  
The tooth which gnaws ;—the Worm that never dies !

And no diversion, thus, to curse conveyed,  
Is by such lapse, such Earthward visit, made !

" This, Mighty God !—it is, which, Satan's hate,  
Hourly excites; rage doth perpetuate;  
Restless, on bed of flames, seeing around  
Millions of Souls, with him in tortures bound;  
He rises, God !—renewed in dreadful rage,  
In some new work, some Evil, to engage,  
To Thee offensive known !

" Struggles, likes these,  
Can never end; attempts can never cease;  
Till Thou,—Vast Power !—shalt end, in death, my Fate,  
And, with one breath, Satan annihilate !

" *Creative Power still moves* !—Mayhap, some plan,  
Thou further hast, as merciful for man.  
The such to find, doth make me now alert;  
Doth bring me here, my malice to exert,  
And bliss prevent !

" To here unseen abide,  
I must my Form, in this base reptile, hide !  
And soon, I see, disguise must *thus* take place !  
Heaven !—Earth !—and Skies !—see not the deep disgrace  
To which, SATAN, almost a God !—He, who,  
Heaven's Glory was, and all its splendour knew,  
Must condescend—will *patiently* submit,  
When such appears, convenient, and fit,  
His purposes to work !

" Thou Worm !—Most Vile !  
Thy Guest receive !—Harbour Hell's King awhile !  
Thy frame prepare, whilst I enlarge each sense,  
To yield, unto my will, perfect obedience !  
And, God !—herein, my Vengeance shall reside !  
*Here* dwells my craft;—here sneaketh Satan's pride !"

---

As Satan, thus, soliloquy did end,  
Slowly, to Earth, his figure did descend;



And serpent's form, as surely, seemed to be  
 Impressed and filled with his identity,  
 And subtilty obtain.

Its eager eye  
 Seemed to observe, with anxious sight, the sky.  
 Above, around, its eager vision turned!—  
 A change, methought, in Heaven, I then discerned!—  
 A brilliant ray, seeming to fall as screen,  
 From Heaven's vast height, to Garden's-midst was seen!  
 Back, then, the Serpent shrank!—You could believe,  
 The Earth, itself, the reptile did receive!  
 Its piercing eyes, glowing with light, alone,  
 From covert thick, as restless meteor, shone!  
 Their scrutiny-intent, on 'Form of Light',  
 Which now approached—'The Finger Infinite'!

From Highest Heaven, a multitude, immense,  
 Of Angel-forms, with looks of love, intense,  
 Did downward bend!—A vast, bright-hand, appeared;  
 And slow, to Earth, enclosed in clouds, it neared!  
 The form of Man, slowly defined, and true,  
 The Misty Hand, upon the Earth, then drew!  
 And, as it passed along, the eye could trace,  
 Head, breast, and limb, assumed appointed place;  
 And, on the Earth (as one might then suppose,  
 In attitude of rest, and soft repose,)  
 An embryo Man appeared!

The Hand-Divine,\*  
 Did shape each limb; did model every line!—  
 In fair proportion's mould, and manly grace,  
 Each part was cast; God's hand each nerve did trace!  
 Did conformation give, unto the brain,  
 The noblest mind to compass and contain.  
 Did, noble contour, then, to features lend;  
 The lofty brow, which Wisdom doth portend;  
 And, every line, which Man, in every state,  
 Doth kindly love, and deeply venerate;

\* Gen. ii. 7.

Because, it impress wears, wherever viewed,  
 Of God's declared, avowed similitude,  
 In all that noble is ; in all of great,  
 That form can tell, or Man can personate !

The structure, now, of Adam's graceful form,  
 With Breath-Divine, God's Gracious Will did warm ;\*  
 And, spreading Life throughout the perfect whole,  
 The Clay-Clothed-Man became A Living Soul !

From earth he rose, His hands uplifted high,  
 Adoringly, I saw, towards the lofty sky !  
 Whither withdrew, with all the Angel-band,  
 The misty form of God's Creating Hand.  
 And Paradise smiled out, in full array,  
 Of colors-bright, and pure, and perfect day !

Then opened was Adam's new-given-sight,  
 To pleasures-rich, of Garden-fair, and bright,  
 And God beside !

Creative breath did bring  
 Something akin to full awakening,  
 As roused from former sleep !—You could suppose,  
 That then, from dream, that perfect form arose ;  
 Waking, refreshed, with Reason's perfect sway,  
 Its praise to God, in new-born speech, to pay.

A present-Power,—a formless-God, at hand,  
 He seemed, at once, to feel and understand  
 And, no unseemly word ; no action, wild,  
 Did God offend ; nor Ear-Divine defiled,  
 With rash conjecturing.

With sight, subdued,  
 Looking, as one might think, on solitude,  
 His eye beheld The Vast Eternal King !  
 Which ray of Faith, unto his Mind, did bring ;—

And, beaming there, and floating all around,  
 Jehovah's Love, and Joy, and Bliss were found ;  
 As though He did, encircle then, with Grace,  
 His new-born child ; and filled the very place  
 With Holy Peace !

Kindly to Adam's heart,  
 Instruction's streams, Omniscience did impart !  
 God's fullest Law, His Gracious Will, Man's Fate,  
 Adam, to know, submissively, did wait ;  
 His eye, his heart, his every thought, and sense,  
 Beaming with Love, and full obedience !

God's accents pure, His full and solemn word,  
 Language, and speech, on Adam's tongue conferred,  
 As, meekly, he imbibed each syllable,  
 The which, from Lips Divine, distinctly fell ;  
 And Adam's words, when sought he to reply,  
 Were echoed tones of teaching Deity !

---

" Thou Mighty God !—Whom every sense denotes,  
 Around, unseen, throughout Creation floats,  
 All's-Creator ! Thou Pure, Majestic Shade !  
 Whose form is not, unto mine eye, conveyed ;  
 But who, in presence here, as God, I feel ;  
 Omnipotent, and vast ! I humbly kneel ;  
 And Thee revere !

" My mortal, feeble sight  
 Cannot sustain Perfections-Infinite !  
 Mine intellect, I feel, my labouring brain,  
 Cannot, the glorious sight of God sustain ;—  
 And *thus* mine eye I shroud, from evidence  
 Of glory nigh, and splendour, too intense  
 To be by Creature borne !

" Creator, Great !  
 My new-found life, my first existing state,  
 Thy voice unfolds ; and fills my opening mind  
 With pleasures-pure, sensations undefined !

" If human Life, thus rich and happy be,  
 'Tis full of good ; replete with mystery !  
 I judge not yet, what thy Divine Command  
 Shall make me know, or further understand !  
 Thy Voice, explanative, already, hath  
 Opened to view, a bright and brilliant path ;  
 And Hope expands, as life doth promise me  
 A lengthened line of joyous destiny !  
 I look around !—My thankful eye surveys  
 This given frame, which well the mind obeys !  
 The *how* 'tis moved, the guiding impulse, *whence*,  
 Is not disclosed ; appears no evidence !  
 So instantly, and sure, the act is wrought,  
 By full control of inward Will, or Thought,  
 Which *Motion* stirs.

" My thoughts, or hopes intense,  
 Release did find, in vocal utterance !  
 Clothing ideas fresh, my soul hath found,  
 In words most fit, and force of spoken sound,  
 My tongue doth modulate ; its greatest boon,  
 That it hath power, in given words, so soon,  
 To praise, and worship Thee !

" I look around,—  
 New cause for praise, for gratitude, is found !  
 This Light, how beauteous !—The vaulted sky—  
 Oh ! how intense !—Its seeming dome how high !  
 The Glorious Sun, which therein keeps its seat,  
 How warm its beams !—its ray's diffused heat  
 How genial !

" The flitting clouds, which sail  
 That vault along, and with transparent veil,  
 Their shades do interpose ; how soft, the screen,  
 Such cooling robe doth slowly intervene,  
 The temp'ature to change ; and heat-intense,  
 Admonish, thus, of withering violence !

" This Garden fair, this most abundant Earth,  
 Where fruits, and flowers, obtain redundant birth,

How beauteous all are they ! their tints how bright,  
 The Eye to please, to tempt the appetite !  
 How doth Thy Hand, how doth Thy Goodness dress  
 The meanest plant, with painted comeliness !  
 Where'er the eye doth fall, it, pleased, doth see  
 Some beauteous form of sweet variety,  
 Which Thou dost endless make ; then gather these,  
 Majestic rocks, and flowering shrubs, and trees,  
 To Landscape-grand, whose vast, and mighty whole,  
 Bursts on mine eye, and doth enchant my soul,  
 With pure delight !

“ Spirit of Love Divine !—  
 And hast Thou said such riches-vast are mine ?  
 Shall I, indeed, possess this beauteous land ?  
 Shall all these things, to my most wise command,  
 Obedient be, and subject, and subdued ?  
 Scarce comprehends, my mind, the magnitude  
 Of such vast gift !

“ How shall I ever pay  
 Sufficient thanks, for boon, Thou dost convey,  
 My Maker good,—my God !

“ *By simple test,  
 Wherein the proof of gratitude shall rest.\*  
 One short command ; one single fruitful Tree,  
 Which Thou art pleased to clothe with mystery,  
 To touch, I must refrain !*

“ This one command  
 How simple 'tis !—My soul doth understand !—  
 The penalty is DEATH !—Not death of frame,†  
 For, life-eternal, thou did'st never name  
 To be on Earth enjoyed !—But death, more dense,  
 Withdrawal-sure, of Thy good Spirit, hence,  
 From this my heart ; which would indeed expire,  
 Did it not feel Thy Holy Spirit's fire,  
 Kindly its constant life !

\* Gen. ii. 16, 17.

† Gen. ii. 17.

“ Richly deserved

This spiritual death, if law be unobserved !  
 Thy Gracious voice, Thy Guiding hand, now shows  
 The where, in midst, the tree-majestic, grows !  
 Beauteous its fruits !—But sinful eye of mine,  
 With longing look, shall never there incline,  
 If such be now thy law ! Madness, in me,  
 Who here surrounds excess of luxury,  
 To covet aught beside !

“ Great God ! All this,

Doth so provide for happiness, and bliss,  
 That all my hopes, or my desires, most fond,  
 Could not indulge one single wish beyond !  
 The Earth, which Thou hast given, each day supplies  
 Its beauteous fruits, its plenteous luxuries ;  
 And Thou, my God, doth kindly condescend  
 Me to instruct, and graciously defend !  
 What need I, then, to covet or desire,  
 Where, to refrain, thy law doth now require ?  
 Such act, indeed, in scale of reason viewed,  
 Were deep offence ; were base ingratitude !

But, Gracious God !—If I offend, forgive !  
 All meaner things, in tribes, and pairs, do live,  
 Gregarious ! In wild and savage state,  
 Each beast of prey, at least obtains its mate !  
 None live in solitude !—Is it Thy will,  
 That I, alone, this throne of grandeur fill ?  
 Too vast for me !—And more, my God, than this,  
 As speech is given, and such abundant bliss ;  
 It seems to me, more bright would be my fate,  
 Could I, of such, unto my like, communicate !  
 Too great art Thou, Oh God, for my address,  
 Except in prayer, and unfeigned humbleness !  
 Dares not, my tongue, presume familiar phrase,  
 Where scarce mine eye, unto Thy Form, can raise

Its reverential look ; and beauties, here,  
Which, to mine eye, in daily sight, appear,  
Portions would lose of pleasure's vividness,  
Could not my tongue, to equal mind, express,  
The joy it feels ; and know by speech as well,  
That equal peace, in other breast, doth dwell ;  
And bliss impart !

“ Parent of Earth and Heaven !  
For these thy Works, all Praise, and Love, be given !  
Be it, or not, Thy Pleasure-good, Thy Will,  
This seeming gap, in Thy Great Works, to fill !”

---

The day on Eden closed, and, peaceful night,  
Did Adam's form to rest, and sleep invite,  
As needful lapse. Twilight the scene inclosed ;—  
A purple tone upon Earth's face reposed !  
Misty the vales became ; and in Heaven's blue,  
Bright, beauteous stars came peering softly through  
The vast Empyrean ; studding its height  
With gem-like points of pure and sparkling light,  
Which did the mind, as forth they came, impress  
With notion strange, that they, with vividness,  
Darted upon the eye, from some far space ;  
Their distant home, their daily resting place ;  
Where they with light withdrew !

Then o'er the hill,  
The glorions Moon her silvery horns did fill ;  
As up, with perfect disk, sailing into the skies,  
The Orb of Night, with motion slow, did rise ;  
Casting o'er Earth, and midst each peaceful glade,  
Its lengthened lines of light, its deep'ning shade ;  
And shedding, she, o'er Eden's flowing streams,  
Her silvery spot of bright and dancing beams,  
Playful and dazzlingly !

---

The scene then changed ;  
 A bower appeared, with couch of skins arranged ;  
 For such, in Paradise, perceived my mind,  
 God did provide for primitive Mankind ;  
 And there, to silent spot, by God prepared,  
 Adam, at length, with mind composed, repaired,  
 And sleep his senses sealed.

Soft dreams conveyed  
 The many scenes his waking eye surveyed ;  
 From these, in repetition true, his mind  
 Did full instruction gain ; amusement find ;  
 As Nature's scenes, so lovely, rich, and new,  
 Sleep's eye did pass in soft review,  
 Magnificent !

Purely and deep he slept ;  
 And, o'er his dream, a strange sensation crept ;  
 Making such vision real.

A Form appeared,  
 Serenely vast ! His midnight couch it neared ;  
 Moving as it were air ; till such did stand  
 Above his bed, mysterious and grand ;  
 But undefined !

One softly whispered word  
 Did slumber seal, and passive state conferred ;\*  
 But not oblivion ! For yet, it seemed,  
 Of every act the conscious Adam dreamed.

With wondrous skill and kindest judgment-true,  
 From Adam's side, that mystic figure drew,  
 All pain without, *a rib* !—and finger-nice,  
 The gap did close ; and seam, or orifice,  
 Appeared not, to mark his frame, or mar,  
 His manly form, with cicatrice, or scar !  
 The same strange hand, that living rib, conveyed,  
 To Adam's side, on mossy couch 'twas laid !  
 Of mystic Hand, one passage, calm, and slow,  
 Was all of means, that Adam's eye did know !

\* Gen. ii. 21, 22.



And then came forth, beneath such finger true,  
As free on air, its form, and feature drew,  
A female beauteous !

On such God breathed ;—  
Then power to live, that beauteous form received ;  
And, through its veins, meandered the ruddy tide,  
Which health should give, vitality provide.

When grew, with members-pure, that figure fair,  
To life complete,—dissolved The Form in air,  
Mysteriously soft !—And Adam knew,  
Goodness and bliss, in that strange Vision, true !

In new-born-life, but yet, in sleep-profound,  
That lovely form, unto his side, seemed bound,  
Thrilling his Soul with bliss ; as life he felt,  
And vital warmth, in purest members, dwelt ;  
And still, in sleep, unto his blissful breast,  
That beauteous form, his fondness closely pressed ;—  
And pressure it returned ; and rapture deep,  
Did sense, and soul, in full enchantment keep,  
Till broke the Morn !—

Could it indeed be true,  
The great delight the waking Adam knew ?  
Remembered well the dream !

Each line gave scope  
To burning wish, to Soul-consuming Hope !  
Upon his breast, cradled within his arms,  
With placid cheek, and soft, revealed charms ;  
And, slumb'ring yet, too truthful to deceive,  
The form reclined ; the beauteous, new-born Eve,  
Of whom he dreamed !

Bursting from slumber sweet,  
His opening eye, the form of Eve did meet !  
And scarce to move he dared ; nor word he spake ;  
Lest sound, or touch, should bright illusion break,  
And blissful dream dispel ; which, then, feared he,  
Might soon dissolve, and leave but vacancy  
His torment to produce !

The fair form stirred ;—  
 Its bosom heaved ;—one gentle sigh was heard ;—  
 And, all the lovely charms in vision prized,  
 In waking breath were more than realized !  
 The beauteous Eve awoke ; and love, and Grace,  
 Suffused her brow, and beamed upon her face ;  
 Which hid she then, as sought she to conceal  
 Each new-born bliss, her features might reveal,  
 In rapture's first surprise ! The brightest joy,  
 Did Adam's voice in praise, and love employ ;  
 As from their couch of pure and soft repose,  
 The wondering pair, in fullest beauty rose ;—  
 And thus he silence broke ;—

“ Bone of my Bone !  
 Flesh of my Flesh !—The Gift of God I own !\*  
 For which I fondly asked ; and which, in thee,  
 I now obtain, from Gracious Deity.

“ My help-meet-pure ! My new-born dearest Eve,†  
 More fair, art thou, than aught I could conceive !  
 And boon-desired, ne'er reached, in prospect, this  
 Fond link of love, and measure-deep of bliss ;  
 My dream all beautiful appeared ; but thou,  
 In blessed reality, exceedeth now,  
 My Vision's utmost Grace !

“ Nay, dearest Wife,  
 My Joy, my Love, my Soul's most cherished life ;  
 Shrink not from praise so pure ! Older than thee,  
 By one long day, thy place, thy destiny,  
 'Tis mine to know ; and I but now affirm  
 Endearment's phrase, connexion's sacred term,  
 As learned of God.

“ Teaching, in one short day,  
 My Gracious God, did, unto me, convey,  
 Knowledge, that I, possessor was, and King  
 Of all these Realms, and every beauteous thing

\* Gen. ii. 23.

† Gen. ii. 18.

Which therein moves. My God's supreme command,  
 Did make them all submissive to mine hand ;  
 And me made absolute !—But Earthly throne,  
 By love uncheer'd, and sov'reignty alone,  
 Were station incomplete ; which would possess,  
 Devoid of love, the need of happiness !

“ Then, humble hope, and fullest prayer, of mine,  
 With earnest breath, did move The Ear-Divine,  
 And thou, to me, in answer kind, art given ;  
 For which be praise unto The God of Heaven ;  
 And endless gratitude.

“ Dearest, with me  
 Leave this retreat, and go we forth, to see  
 The Earth without ; and as, anon, doth rise,  
 As soon it will, within the Eastern skies,  
 The brilliant Sun—the God of coming day—  
 Our Morning hymn, of deepest praise, we'll pay,  
 To Great Jehovah's Name ; which, every sense,  
 Should move to Love, and Godly reverence !

“ See, beauteous Eve, in deepest rapture see,  
 How burst yon clouds to beauteous brilliancy,  
 Above yon hill-tops-vast ! How, o'er yon height,  
 Grows tint, on tint, and light on growing light !  
 How fades the pearly mist, and melts away  
 The twilight gloom, before reflected ray  
 From Heaven cast down ; where brilliant clouds of gold,  
 Sailing aloft, the coming Sun behold,  
 And signals make, to low and slumbering Earth,  
 That Day is nigh, and Light and Life have birth !

“ One day's full round, with voice explanative,  
 Of that Great God, who taught my Soul to live,  
 Hath me thy Teacher made ; and I, to thee,  
 Most pleased, explain the coming majesty  
 Of that most glorious light, whose ray appears  
 Thine eye to fill with soft and pleasant tears,  
 By bliss suffused !

“ See yonder growing rim  
Of golden light !

“ It is the topmost limb  
Of glorious disk, which riseth now apace,  
And sheds on Earth, before its brilliant face,  
These floods of genial warmth which swell my breast,  
As life they gave, and strength was thence possessed,  
And I the such inhale !

“ How pure, fair Eve,  
The breath of morn our spirits now receive !

“ List, thou, the waking world !—

“ Hark ! how around  
Riseth the chime of many a mingled sound !—  
’Tis Creature Love !—hailing the coming day  
As night and clouds do backward steal away !

“ The sun appears !—

“ Now bend the humble knee,  
My dearest Eve ; and to our God, with me,  
Becoming praise ascribe !”

“ Creator !—Good !—of Earth !—  
Great God of of Heaven !—

“ To Thee, on day of birth,  
And with Thy glorious morn, Thy servants rise,  
To waft Thy praise unto the vaulted skies,  
And Thee adore !

“ Great God !—Unseen !—Man’s sense  
Breaks down beneath the vast magnificence,  
Creation shows !

“ The prayerful, swelling heart,  
Doth look to Thee, expression to impart ;—  
Teach, Thou, the Tongue of Love ! and may the sound  
Of our joint prayer, as incense-pure, be found  
To reach Thy Throne of Heaven !

“Earth’s primal Pair,  
Do unto Thee, the Mighty God, repair!—  
Our feeble speech, to Thee, cannot attain,  
In Heaven of heavens, where Thou dost ever reign!  
But Thou omniscient art!—and whispered word  
Of prayer-sincere, by Thee is surely heard,  
And answer finds!

“Sincere, unfeigned praise,  
To Thee, our God, thy new-born creatures raise!  
Glorious indeed thy gifts, which, new estate,  
Can scarcely grasp; doth fail to estimate!

“Great God!—Thy mercies seem as though they fell,  
Down, from a source, as inexhaustible  
As pure!—Speech fails to find the suited word  
Shall name the bliss, thy bounty hath conferred!

“For Good bestowed; for life, so pure, conveyed;  
Most humble thanks to Thy Great Name be made!  
For daily food, supplied, Great God! by Thee,  
In such profuse and rich redundancy  
As notice we around; in humble mood,  
We bring, to Thee, our heart-felt Gratitude!

“For each congenial link of mind, or frame,  
Which us doth bind, we bless Thy Holy Name,  
The Giver, Thou, of Good!—And pray we, Thee,  
Thy Servants guide, through Life’s great mystery,  
In paths which shall Thee please!

“Thy Gracious Hand  
Each step control, and every thought command!  
Our hearts enlighten Thou!—Our minds instruct,  
This World’s high rule, with prudence, to conduct,  
As Thou hast such assigned!

“Thy righteous sway  
May Creatures here, as Thou hast taught, obey!

May we no power abuse ; but rightly wield  
 Earth's sceptre bright ; which Thou dost kindly yield  
 To will of Reasoning Man !

“ From day to day,  
 Conduct Thou us ; and guide, Great God, our way !  
 Direct our feet aright ; that, safely led,  
 Our steps alone in Wisdom's path should tread ;  
 By Thee approved !

“ Almighty God ! to Thee,  
 Maker of Heaven ! blessing Thy Majesty,  
 We deeply bend ! And would, to Earth, again,  
 Our brows abase ; and stammer forth—Amen ! ”

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## MUSICAL INTERLUDE.

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“ Yes, Amen !—Yes, Amen !—Great Jehovah, such song,  
Thy fond Angels repeat; Angel-voices prolong;  
As we now, on our way to thy Presence, arise,  
And ascend to Thy Throne; now regain the bright skies.

“ And we cry, each, ‘ Amen ; ’ and we echo each word  
Our Great God, in His praise, hath, from mortal lips, heard;  
And glad Angels now find more devotion doth burn,  
As in haste to Thy Heaven, their glad home, they return.

“ And we bless Thee, Great God ! as Thy works we now scan;  
Which Thy Love hath produced, in Thy new Creature—Man!  
Thy new link in the chain, which shall Glory possess,  
Scarce an Angel beneath; scarce than Arch-angel less.

“ We have witness’d Thy Love; we have seen Earth’s blest pair;  
And we echo their praise; we record their first prayer;  
And we shout forth ‘ Amen ; ’ as rejoicing we fly  
To the Presence of God; to our homes in the sky !”

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It was thus, their bright song, these glad Angels convey’d,  
Who in glory were clad, in pure garments arrayed;  
Who had hover’d intent o’er the Garden where Man,  
So produced by God’s Will, his existence began.



To the regions above ; to Heaven's realms, most remote,  
Then began this bright crowd, in pure raptures to float ;  
To bear up to their God, from a scene such as this,  
Adam's preface of praise ; Eve's first lisplings of bliss.

And the foremost of these, to the Heav'n's highest space,  
My fond eye, as they flew, could, in onward path, trace ;  
And a stream, on the wing, followed up in their might,  
Till they dwindled to specks, in Infinitude's height.

And " All Hail ! Hail to God ! " I then heard them all cry ;  
O'er the circuit of Heaven ; as they onward did fly ;  
And the sound swept along, as the tide that doth pour  
The full-flood of its wave ; spreads its surf on the shore.

And the Angels sped on, to far heights ; till I knew  
They embraced the high-Heaven, saw deep-Earth in one view ;  
Then, from altitude-vast, 'twas, my vision discerned,  
That this Angel-group paused ; that they all Earthward turn'd.

And to Eden they looked ; did admiringly stand ;  
Then they folded each wing ; did spread forth each bright hand ;  
And they shed tears of joy, in soft blessings on Men ;  
And they looked down in love ; and they whisper'd " Amen ! "

And they paused for a time ;—then resumed their glad flight ;—  
And were lost in far-space ;—faded fast from my sight ;—  
Flying on, with full speed, soon to reach that blest place,  
The Bright Throne of their God !—the pure Fountain of Grace.

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# BOOK II.

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## PART SECOND.

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ADAM AND EVE IN PARADISE.

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## BOOK II.—PART II.

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### ARGUMENT.

#### ADAM AND EVE IN PARADISE.

Adam and Eve, after their morning devotions, repair to a secluded spot to perform their ablutions. Return to their repast ; and then stroll through the garden to observe, and become acquainted with its various objects. Adam describes their beauty and utility. They draw near the interdicted Trees, such attract the attention of Eve. She remarks their peculiarity, and expresses a desire to taste their fruits. Adam explains to her the command of God relative thereto. God confirms his Word, replying in Thunder. Eve proposes to select this spot, as peculiarly fitted for the daily worship of God. Time passes in Paradise. Adam and Eve wandering in the garden, the animals approach and seek their notice and caressing hand. Eve addresses Adam on the subject ; expresses her confidence in their mute approaches, but excepts the Serpent, which she views with suspicion and dread ; explains the mode in which it approaches her, and seeks to gain her attention in the absence of Adam. Night approaches, Adam and Eve retire to rest ; Satan enters their bower in the form of a Serpent. He emits a phosphorical light from his breast,—discovers the sleeping Pair, and stealthily approaches them. His envy and passion upon contemplating the beauty of sleeping Eve. He draws nigh to Eve, in order to instil evil thoughts. A ray of Lightning pierces the bower, followed by a peal of thunder. Adam and Eve awake, and the Serpent darts from the chamber. Arrived without, he assumes his own gigantic form, and in his rage defies the Deity. God visits him with a blow of more intense agony, and the form of Satan is borne down, writhing in the dust !



## BOOK II.

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### PART SECOND.

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The scene was Eden, still. Adam and Eve had prayed.  
The stream they sought, and first ablutions made.

Near Eden's bower, where Adam peacefully slept,  
From swelling mountain's breast, there gently leapt  
A silvery stream. Its falling spray was caught  
In basin deep, by constant friction wrought,  
In marble rock beneath; then rippled o'er,  
And flowed away; on bright and pebbly floor,  
To meander on, and join the waters-deep,  
The which, through Vale of Paradise, did sweep,  
In stream-circuitous.

It seemed to be  
A spot prepared for softest privacy;  
Enclosed with shrubs, and beauteous perfumed flowers,  
Where streamed the sun, throughout its noon-tide hours,  
In stolen beams; tinting the misty spray  
With every hue of Rainbow's dazzling ray,  
As danced its vapoury motes, which floated there,  
Ere borne away, by buoyant breath of air,  
The cascade flew; and fed, and moistened well,  
Each shrub, and flower, on which it softly fell,  
And constant verdure gave. Bloom's freshest face  
Bestowed on all; brought forth each lively grace.

At early morning's hour, from nuptial bed,  
 The gentle Eve, by Adam gaily led,  
 Thither repaired ; in limpid stream to toy,  
 And, fresh'ning strength, and luxury enjoy  
 Of pure and cooling bath.

Their early life

Was not a state of need's continual strife.  
 Nor was there ought, as now the eye doth see,  
 Of vulgar thought, or squalid poverty !  
 Absence, there was, of meretricious Grace,  
 Or unimportant show ; but, in their place,  
 Was purity of Thought !

The eye could find

Grandeur of Mien, Nobility of Mind,  
 And native dignity. Wants were supplied  
 By beautiful adjuncts, God did provide  
 To this bright Pair ; (whom had His Goodness made,  
 And power, to them, in purity, conveyed,  
 To be as Angels are, who Love engage,  
 Yet are not given, nor found, in marriage !)  
 Immaculate were they ! God, for their use,  
 Each suited thing, each comfort did produce  
 To them essential.

They did possess

Arrangements wise, for personal cleanliness.  
 Unclad were they !\* The clime to them did give  
 Its genial warmth, in such pure state to live  
 As most luxurious ; but nought beside  
 Did seem, to them, in primal state, denied,  
 Which could ennoble man ; or should be seen,  
 As want's depressing need ; or office mean.  
 And, no conclusion true, of pristine strife  
 Derive we, now, from artificial life,  
 Conceive we, thence, Refinement doth possess,  
 The Bliss of Life ;—Nature its nakedness !  
 Such was not *then*, whate'er it *now* may be,  
 Nature's design, nor God's economy.

\* Gen. ii. 25.

The soiling, barren Earth, was not their bed ;—  
 Skins, rich, and soft, God did prepare and spread ;—  
 Nature *the use* explained.

And, now, as they,  
 The pure stream sought, with first returning day,  
 Smaller, and softer still, the fleecy hide,  
 Which did, for them, each luxury provide,  
 The lavement might require.

Mirthful, and gay,  
 Each scene became, as stepped and sported they,  
 Within the cooling stream ; Eve's slender waist  
 By nervous arm of Adam was embraced ;  
 As ventured she, supported thus, to stand,  
 Where fell such showers, on Adam's upraised hand ;  
 Which he, on high, above her gentle head,  
 To break its fall, and such, more softly shed,  
 Did interpose, and gaily hold between,  
 Her form to shield, her beauteous breast to screen,  
 From foaming cascade's spray.

No sculptor's mind  
 A Group more sweet, in marble, hath designed.  
 Nor more of Innocence, most laughingly afraid,  
 Hath ever yet, the painter's tints, pourtrayed !  
 The gentle Eve, with lines, which did possess  
 The rounded forms of shrinking gracefulness,  
 Bending in mirthful glee, beauties renewed,  
 With every change of playful attitude !  
 The swelling curvatures, displayed, oft told,  
 With twining grace, against the lines, more bold,  
 And masculine, and square, as Adam's form,  
 Erect and firm, beneath the falling storm,  
 With playful hand, did, proudly, wave away,  
 The downward force of Sun-illuminated spray,  
 And Eve therefrom protect.

None, now, can see  
 Such perfect forms ; such heavenly purity !  
 None can conceive the state of mind, which *then*,  
 God had designed, *with this new race of Men !*



Mysterious it is!—Knowledge of Good or Ill,\*  
 Did not, their breasts, with Shame nor Passions fill!  
 To what *reserved*; what, their exalted state,  
 If they refrained, nor ‘fruit-forbidden’, ate,  
 Saw not my Soul!—Almighty God, *a veil*,  
 Over such part, and portion of my tale,  
 Was pleased to draw!—He showed but surely *this*—  
 That they were pure;—that they enjoyed full bliss; †  
 The rest mysterious is!—for God’s Great Word,  
 Upon this pair, had not the wish conferred,  
 To learn or know that purely Mortal State,  
 That Men around, all *now*, do propagate!  
 The laugh of merriment (as oft the tide  
 In giddy mirth, Eve’s hand did cast aside)  
 Spake no lasciviousness!—No thought of wrong,  
 Did to such state; nor to such scene belong!  
 From reasons obvious!—Enquire ye, *why*?  
 Angels might tell; a Mortal should not try!—  
 The Innocence of Heaven, it seemed to be,  
 With all Earth’s warmth, and tangibility,  
 Sweetly combined!—Making a blissful state,  
 Man’s to enjoy,—God’s to perpetuate!  
 An Angel’s purity!—The Godhead’s fire;—  
 Without one spark of frailty’s fierce desire,  
 To such contaminate. Conception’s power,  
 Given alone, or told, when Sin made void, ‡  
 Their first Estate, and promised-Life destroyed;  
 To us mysterious!

Eve’s fair cheek burned  
 With rosy tints, as she, to bower returned,  
 Where morning meal was found; and did invite,  
 The grateful thanks, and healthful appetite.  
 The pair with food, of choicest fruits, supplied,  
 And hunger’s wants appeased, and satisfied,  
 Adam did Eve lead forth (her fair form pressed,  
 With gentle care, against his manly breast,)

\* Gen. ii. 17.

† Gen. ii. 25.

‡ Gen. iii. 16.

To wander far, the verdant banks beside,  
Of pleasant stream, and deep and flowing tide,  
And Paradise inspect; the spot-assigned,  
Where they, each joy, each happiness, should find.

Not silent now, nor without theme, were they;  
'Twas Adam's wish, instruction to convey,  
And thus he kindly spake:—

“ Listen, sweet Eve !

I brought thee forth thy lesson to receive,  
As taught to me by God ; who here doth dwell,  
Observing all, Himself—Invisible !  
I would, at once, thy pure and joyful eyes,  
With Nature's truths and scenes familiarize ;  
That thou may'st know, as now I would explain,  
The what to touch, the wherefrom to refrain.  
First look around !—How beautiful these dells,  
Where sun-beams fall, and smiling plenty dwells

“ How rich those hanging groves, where, fruitful tree,  
And clustering grape, doth bend with luxury  
Of purest store ; which hangeth, tempting, there,  
In clusters rich, or balls, both ripe and fair !

“ How grand those mountain tops ;—which lift on high  
Their craggy heads into the azure sky,  
Bounding our horizon !

“ How pure, doth seem,  
The waters deep of flowing limpid stream !

“ How full of joyous life all these appear,  
When viewed afar, or seen, with eye, more near,  
In forms minute !

“ How calmly, Dearest, feed,  
The fleecy flock, in yonder verdant mead !

“ How peace'fully browse, the horned herds, around,  
In lowing groups, where shelter-cool is found  
From Heaven's now glowing Sun !

“ How skips the Goat,  
 From rock to rock, in regions more remote ;  
 Their nimble feet, do seem, the cliff to scale,  
 Where foot of Man, or other beast, would fail  
 E'en standing-space to find !

“ How sail, in air,  
 The busy wings of many a bird, most fair !  
 See how yon King of Birds doth upward rise,  
 Higher, and higher yet, into the skies ;  
 Describing circles, first ; as his vast wing,  
 Over the Earth, doth seem but loitering ;  
 Then, with a rush, matchless in speed and strength,  
 It shoots, aloft, beyond our vision's length,  
 Right up to Heaven ;—leaving the human mind,  
 With full desire, to follow such, inclined ;  
 But most incompetent !

“ In yon vast space,  
 Its form now lost ; no spot we now can trace !—

“ How sings the World !—How swells the grateful note  
 Of songsters sweet, from many a warbling throat  
 Till groves and woods, with glad and mingled sound,  
 Earth's silence breaks, and harmony is found  
 In Life's unceasing song !

“ All these, how grand !  
 How fair to see ; how blest to understand !  
 How useful all. No form we see *in vain*  
 Doth life assume, nor, being, so attain !  
 These beauteous flowers, these blossoms bright,  
 Which sight amuse, and every sense invite,  
 Bloom not, alone, to deck, with colours gay,  
 These verdant slopes ; where pleased our footsteps stray ;  
 From these, thousands of insect-forms we see,  
 Juices extract, of sweetest luxury ;  
 And nothing useless grows ; nor needless lives ;—  
 But each, its part, and suited portion gives  
 To most harmonious whole ! This state how blest !  
 How pure its peace ! Its Good, how manifest !

“ Beyond these Vales, fierce beasts abound, of prey,  
 Who feed on flesh, and weaker creatures slay ;  
 Their life carnivorous ! But this bright place,  
*A garden* is ; and nought, but peaceful race,  
 With us in contact comes, and banished, hence,  
 Are rage, and war, and scenes of violence.

“ Those Hills beyond, these smiling Vales around,  
 Wild tracks of land, in native state, are found,  
 And all spontaneous grows. But here, alone,  
 Wide fields of grain, and pulpy corn, are known ;  
 The which, 'tis *mine*, in now enlightened state,  
 With care *to till* ; with praise *to cultivate* ;\*  
 Thereto instructed well ; though shortest seem  
 The teaching-times, by Voice of God, supreme.

“ Behold these fields of Grain ! See how, the Earth,  
 To give these stalks their full and vig'rous birth,  
 Is neath, from herbage, cleansed. To such produce,  
 Requireth toil ; proceeds from *Culture's use* ;  
 And instruments-diverse, must first be made,  
 The hand of Man, in labor's act, to aid.  
 Herein, most simply seen, doth All-wise-Fate,  
 The Creature-*Man* most fully separate  
 From all that lives !

“ Man's wise, and guiding hand,  
 Doth every beast, each living thing command.  
 Makes them disposed, their greater strength, to yield,  
 Man's weight to bear ; by them to till the field ;  
 Yet not by force controlled !—The powerful brute,  
 More strong than Man, would vain attempt dispute  
 To them coerce !—Man's tender hand and frame  
 Rough beasts would tear, no Creature could he tame.  
 It is by Skill, by Thought, by Weapon, made,  
 The fear of Man, is, unto Beasts, conveyed.  
 Man rendeth not his food ; but doth invent,  
 For every act, some suited instrument.

\* Gen. ii. 16.

And such, already, we from God receive,  
 Who doth our need, in such good Gift, relieve,  
 And *use* explain !

“ The wondrous Gift of Speech,  
 Communion’s-mode, shall further knowledge teach ;  
 And Man, progressively, attain to skill,  
 Whilst brutes remain in stations they did fill,  
 In first Creation’s hour !

“ From this, dear Eve,  
 Great Good results ; great Mercies we receive !  
 And, as we onward pass, from day to day,  
 May we, in truth, unto our God, convey,  
 Our Gratitude-unfeigned ; and each impart,  
 The Praise-sincere, the Incense of the heart ! ”

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Thus walked our Parents first, and conversed, well,  
 As trode their feet, the soft and peaceful dell  
 Of plenteous Paradise. On every hand  
 Beauties arose, pleasures did there expand.  
 Each Good appropriate ; and, as they strayed,  
 The pendant branch, its ripened fruit, conveyed,  
 Which oft they plucked and ate.

Meantime, they drew  
 More nigh to spot, where, full in midst, there grew  
 The interdicted Trees ! Lovely, indeed,  
 Was all that tract, and rich that verdant mead.  
 Earth’s pure varieties, of plant, and fruit,  
 Which climes, less soft, by know by strange repute,  
 Were there indigenous ; and seasons-mild,  
 With constant fruits, and constant blossoms smiled.

The noble Trees, the quick, observant sight  
 Of passing Eve, did instantly invite ;—

“ Adam ” (she said), “ beauteous, and fair, and grand,  
 Are all these groves, those flowers, yon distant land.

And I but oft, from glad surprise refrained,  
As thou, to me, in suited words, explained  
Of each utility.

“Glorious, indeed,  
Must be The Hand whence these did first proceed !  
Ourselves also, and every living thing,  
Which one short day, doth, to my vision bring ;  
And these, no doubt, of Earth’s great store, but few,  
If we, from some great height, could gain the view  
Of land these hills beyond, to that strange state,  
Where all these things abruptly terminate,  
And sight falls down, from plain so fair as this,  
Into a vast and bottomless abyss,  
I can’t conceive !—

(“Adam ;—why smilest thou ?  
Is such erroneous ?—and art thou wiser, now ?)—

“It seems to me, looking on Earth around,  
An end to this vast plain there must be found,  
Somewhere afar !—And what is then the state,  
Where this fair field, this land, doth terminate ?  
Or, thinkest thou, the deep and vaulted sky,  
Which resteth there, as lofty Canopy,  
Doth bend, as wide-arch, down, until it rest,  
Close, firm, and blue, upon Earth’s rim, or breast,  
Ceiling this space, and closing Earth and Man,  
Who dwelleth here, within its Mighty Span ?  
Abode magnificent !—Can’st thou explain,  
The pillars-vast, that do such arch sustain ?  
’Tis all mysterious !—Most Great, Most Wise,  
Must be The Hand which built the vaulted skies !  
Such evidence, indeed, is more than grand !  
I try to grasp,—I try to understand,—  
I try to fix my mind, or brain, within,  
Some little thought, of where do such begin,  
Where such do end !

“Yet nought of truth I gain,  
But, in my brow, a deep and crushing pain,

Of impotence!—of Thought's too feeble sight  
To look, so far, through Wonders-Infinite!

“ I seek ‘FIRST CAUSE!’

“ And then it seems to me,  
Some Great, some Self-created Hand, must be ;  
Others to form !

“ Some Greater, Wiser, Soul,  
Must pre-exist, which doth produce the Whole !  
Create Created-Things !

“ Adam ;—I find  
Such deeper Thoughts, perplex alike thy Mind !  
Mayhap it is not good, or 'tis not wise,  
On state so deep, our Souls to exercise ?

“ Turn we to things more nigh !

“ Dost thou behold,  
These beauteous Trees, covered with ‘ fruit of Gold,’—  
So bright these Apples seem ?—

“ Doth it appear,—  
Beholds thine eye, as came we now more near,—  
Somewhat around them floats ; obscurely seen,  
As vapour 'twere, which, bright, doth intervene,  
And radiates ?—Making, as 'twere, around,  
Demarking space, illumed, enlightened ground !

“ 'Tis strange—that light !—

“ Most curious I feel,  
Within the range of those soft rays to steal,  
And taste those fruits ; which now, as food, to me,  
Are surely held, there hang, most temptingly !”

“ Nay, God forbid !—Oh ! hush thee, dearest wife,  
That act would cost, though strange it seems, thy life !

"Anxious I was, to bring thee, early, here,  
And thee to teach; lest thou should'st draw too near,  
And ignorantly Sin!

"One short command,  
Our Gracious God did bid us understand!  
Our God, to me, His Gracious Will conveyed,  
Ere thou, my Love, wer't first in Mercy made.  
And it respects that strange and awful Tree,  
Around the which there dwells deep mystery,  
I have no wish to solve!

"As here we came,  
Thine eye hath seen far more than I can name  
Of pure, and pleasant things; making each joy  
Complete in birth; showing no false alloy.  
All these pure fruits, each produce we beheld,  
Are freely ours;\* no single good withheld;  
And every fruit, our daily need supplies,  
And, fear of want, or sated taste, denies.  
Yet God, for purpose just, hath planted there,  
Those wondrous Trees, with all their fruits so fair!—  
The 'Tree of Life' is one, glorious as day;—  
The other Tree hath fruits which would convey  
Knowledge of Good and Ill!—

"From fruit of twain  
God bids both, most strictly, to refrain;—  
To eat is Death!†

"Mine Ear, in truth, hath heard  
The Mighty God declare that awful word!  
His Will I question not!—Enough for me,  
'Tis God's Good Word, his own pronounced decree!  
It is a test of abstinence, whereby,  
Though Good to taste, we, God, shall glorify.  
Refrain must we; each tempting sight, withstand,  
Simply because,—*it is our God's command!*—  
And tremble I with awe, as though I felt,  
The presence, here, of God, supremely dwelt,

\* Gen. ii. 16.

† Gen. ii. 17.



Who Omnipresent is ; and here around,  
Is awful sanctity—is Holy Ground !

“ So deep, indeed, that on my thankful soul,  
Doth burst the power of His Supreme Control ;  
And, *thus*, I bend, unto the very Earth,  
Before The God who gave my being birth,  
And Him revere !—as though my Spirit heard,  
His Voice of Power ; His ever-awful Word,  
Still sounding forth—with tones of deepest awe—  
This One Command, this one most simple Law !”

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Thus Adam spake,—and as he humbly bent,  
With grateful heart, and mind obedient,  
A rapid sheet of pure and glorious light  
Illumed the Heavens, and fell upon their sight  
With beauteous radiance.

No vivid blaze,  
As vengeful flash of Lightning's-fire displays  
When rends its power the rocks ;—but softest stream,  
Outspreading Heaven, unto its full extreme,  
With scintillating floods ; which seemed to rise,  
From Earth below, and fill the farthest skies  
With warm and brilliant rays, until they met,  
As Earth's bright Crown ;—Celestial Coronet !

Linger'd in Heaven the Light ! Then followed slow,  
A rolling sound, deep'ning, in thunderings low,  
And softly audible ; spreading, apace,  
As though, around, in all the depths of space,  
Jehovah spake ;—by sound confirmed His Will !—

The Thunder ceased !—and silence seemed more still,  
For such irruptive breach !

The form of Eve,  
The sheltering arms of Adam did receive ;

As she, astonished, crept ; and fear expressed,  
 As close, she clung, unto his powerful breast ;  
 And deep concealment sought, from sight and sound,  
 By kneeling low, and drawing all around,  
 Her soft, luxuriant hair ; which fell, with grace,  
 O'er head, and breast, and form, and fairest face,  
 Protectively !

With peaceful brow, erect,  
 Adam appeared some vision to expect ;—  
 Some glorious form ;—the semblance-bright, *may be*,  
 Of Thundering-God, or Speaking-Deity !

It came not then !—But, as deep pause recurred,  
 From Eve's fair lip, stole forth the trembling Word,—

*“ It is the Voice of God !—*

“ Greatly, I fear,  
 My giddy speech did so offend His Ear,  
 That thundered He reply !—or did attest  
 Your words were wise ; that you had reasoned best !

“ Adam, thy words, judicious were—serene—  
 Whilst, most perverse, my graceless speech hath been ;  
 Mayhap offensive too !—

“ Here let us pray !—  
 Then haste, our feet, from this dread spot away,  
 Which surely sacred is ; and ne'er intrude  
 We here again, except in holy mood,  
 Our God to praise ; whose Spirit doth reside,  
 This spot within ; those sacred Trees beside !

“ Oh ! now, my heart—my chasten'd, prayerful mind,—  
 How doth it, love, to that Great Being find,  
 Who fills Immensity ; and whose control,  
 Doth fill my breast ; sustaineth now, my Soul,  
 And bids me, now, look up, and lift my head,  
 And fear no harm, no coming danger dread,  
 Whilst I His Voice obey !

“ Assured, again,

I now look forth, upon this beauteous plain ;  
Which fills my soul with Peace, as I behold  
The wondrous Trees, of which thy Voice hath told ;  
And now, the Light, and each conspicuous thing,  
Do, thoughts of God, my Gracious Maker, bring ;  
And Him exalt !

“ Henceforth, each day, by day,

Tread we, unto this spot, our thankful way,  
Our thoughts to solemnize, and here repair,  
To meet our God, and Him approach by Prayer !

“ Is it not good, some spot to set apart,  
Whereto, peculiarly, the grateful heart  
Should sanctity assign ?—Such altar, here,  
Our minds erect, and feel Jehovah near !  
It is to me, as though Jehovah willed,  
In Eden’s midst, a Temple-fair to build ;  
His presence here denote, by tablets-true,  
Of Law, and Life, held constantly in view,  
Inseparably nigh !

“ And is this not,

A wondrous scene ;—a pure and holy spot ?  
The such, as mind, in slight advance, might see,  
Is Godhead’s Throne ;—the shrine of Deity !

“ I bless my God, whose voice upon this day,  
Doth holy love, unto my heart convey ;  
And checked my curious mind, which vainly strayed,  
From good around, his mercy hath conveyed,  
’To covet fruit-debarred !

“ Adam, thy bride,

Continue, thou, with counsels good, to guide ;  
And be thou, thus, an oracle to me,  
Of that Great God—that Awful Deity,  
I tremble to behold !

“The Power, whose word,  
My heart would rend; if 'twere in anger heard!  
Whose deeper thunderings—whose fiercer fire,  
Would cause my Soul in terror to expire;  
So great His Might doth seem! So great to me,  
Doth seem His Word!—so vast His Majesty!

“Depart we now!—Now go we, thankfully hence;  
And may my Soul, and every thoughtless sense,  
Impression-deep, of this dread scene retain,  
That I ne'er sin, nor vainly wish again!”

---

Time passed in peace;—and knowledge, pure, and great,  
The Voice of God, did first originate;  
Which Adam's mind imbibed!

The cultured field

Did richest crops, in ripe abundance, yield;  
And Earth, with seasons-due, and ever mild,  
Her fruits brought forth, all pure, and full, and wild!

The blissful, gay, and happy, joyous Eve,  
Did blushing stores, from laden branch, receive;  
And beauteous flowers did cull, and fondly dress  
Each gay parterre to perfect loveliness,  
With tints select!

Thus passed the peaceful time,

Midst labors light, and converse most sublime;  
Which Angels oft enjoyed; leaving Heaven's bliss,  
For such pure scene—Communion-sweet as this.

Into such state, enter'd, alas, a Curse!  
In form of Power-malicious and adverse!

How awful this!—Sublime!—How more than Great  
Is God's Pure Will!—How deep, how strange, is Fate!  
O'er Human Destiny, two Powers, we find,  
Whereby the Heart is swayed, the Soul inclined!

The Power of God, to every Good, doth lead,  
 Gives sanctity of Life, controls just deed,  
 And shows its Source !

The hidden Power of Hell !—

More deep it is, than human mind can tell !  
 Wherefore create, or left so uncontrolled,  
 No mind can grasp—no human thought can hold—  
 No tongue explain !—It doth, to Man, appear,  
 A Power-Adverse is now permitted here ;  
 Which God could well, by His Great Might, control ;  
 But doth permit, to influence Man's Soul,  
 For purposes most vast !—Ill, turning, He,  
 From Death of Sin, to Heavenly Destiny !  
 Making Hell's Wrath, such Mercy to provide,  
 That Man is blest ;—Jehovah glorified !

What time it took, the mind of Eve, to sway,  
 And what, the means, by which were led astray  
 Her first erratic thoughts, I now must tell ;  
 And must define, how Agency of Hell,  
 Her downfall caused !—I would, a truthful veil,  
 Such scene could hide ;—fictitious were the tale !

---

Through regions-bright, and through this Garden-fair,  
 Wander'd, full oft, pure Eden's blissful Pair,  
 In sweet companionship ; willing away,  
 In converse kind, the hours of peaceful day.

Around them played, enticingly, and tame,  
 Glad birds, and beasts, of every form and name,  
 Courting their kind caress. And gambols-light,  
 Did Adam's smile, and Eve's gay laugh, invite,  
 As movements most grotesque, or sportive grace,  
 In playful forms, the eye of each did trace.

“ How innocent !—how gay !—how pure ! ” said Eve,  
 “ These creatures seem !—How glad, may we conceive,

Their lives must be!—

“What peace;—what full repose;  
How free from care,—how absent seem all woes!  
How much of confidence, doth seem to grow,  
Where word of praise, or notice, we bestow;  
Which seek they to return, by winning ways,  
Which must, our love, our admiration raise,  
Though they be mute!

“Speechless, to us, I say,  
Because, it seems, they meaning can convey,  
By simple sound, unto each other's ear,  
The which, to us, all lacking doth appear  
Of word's variety; or power to tell  
The varied wants that in such creatures dwell!

“Adam, my Love, Creatures there are, so bright,  
I seek them oft,—caress them, with delight,  
And fondle, oft, their forms; and day by day,  
These creatures-pure do intercept my way,  
Expressing joy!—Behold, my Love, around,  
In sportive glee, my favorite guests are found,  
Courting my kind salute; and struggle they,  
The first to be, shall snatch fond word away,  
As daily I appear!

“As now we wend,  
See how they crowd, and playfully contend;  
And twist, and twine in sport; and gaily move  
Their speed, or strength, in contest-fair to prove.

“Now sit we here, upon this sunny bank,  
Our courtiers to receive; our subjects thank  
For courtesy sincere; whilst we dispense  
The notice due, whereby doth Creature-sense,  
Man's favor learn; which, granted, doth impress,  
On conscious brute, protection's happiness.

“I can admire the perfect purity,  
Absence of harmful guile, the eye doth see

In creature habitude, when they, mankind,  
Daily approach ; and care appears assigned,  
By mute appeal.

“ No fearful, anxious thought,  
By such approach, unto my mind is brought ;  
But peace doth me surround ; and, in these vales,  
No form of doubt, no breath of ill assails.

“ Freely, I, this, of creatures here, express ;  
Of all this spot, this Garden, doth possess,  
*Save One !*

“ Foolish, mayhap, my Adam dear,  
My dread might be, yet, *one*, I greatly fear !  
The why, I now disclose ; that I might feel,  
Somewhat assured, if I my doubts reveal !

“ Observe yon grove !—

“ In midst, discernest thou,  
Yon Serpent-form, which twines, and coileth, now,  
That pine around ?—

“ When *present*, thou, or nigh,  
Distant it keeps ; and dull its listless eye,  
As careless of intent !

“ With other brute,  
For notice-bland, doth not such form dispute !  
But *absent* thou,—and other forms inclined  
Their daily food, throughout this vale, to find ;  
And I engaged, in decking forth our bower  
For thy delight, or training some sweet flower,  
By Summer's breath disturbed ; such form draws nigh ;  
Attracts, by movements soft, my wondering eye ;—  
Sports playfully around ; and, colors gay,  
And twining grace, its motions-fleet display,  
More elegant, more free, more full of pride,  
Than could'st thou think, did in that form reside,  
When such quiescent is !

“ As I proceed,  
 (Intent, mayhap, on such sweet culture's need  
 I have described,) mine eye, at length, beholds,  
 That Serpent-form, stealing, with beauteous folds,  
 Around some neighbouring stem !—From thence 'twill  
 bend,—

With graceful sweep, its stealthy head extend,  
 And gently touch, with softest tongue, my hand,—  
 And rays of fire, I dare not understand,  
 From 'neath its eye-lids burst !

“ I shrink away !—  
 Confused at thoughts such burning beams convey !  
 O'er-awed ;—trembling, at Power, which seems to draw  
 My Soul away, by fascinating law,  
 And probe my heart, as though it could behold,  
 Unspoken thoughts,—some new desire controlled !

“ Such guile displayed, my tongue with spell is sealed !  
 No power I feel to shun ; but dread to yield  
 To reptile-sway !

“ My trembling Soul doth fear  
 Some word of ill, some speech of sin, to hear !  
 So great, doth seem, its most seductive guile,  
 I fear its tongue ;—I dread some purpose vile !

“ As thus I stand,—breathless, subdued, spell-bound,  
 Trembles my form,—there swells the solemn sound  
 Of Heaven's stern Voice, as first 'twas thundering heard,  
 When thought I sin, or spake I careless word ;—  
 And down the Serpent shrinks, and hides its head,  
 And then the fire of fiercest look is sped ;—  
 As slow it steals, beneath the shade, away ;—  
 And God's deep Voice, my safety doth convey  
 From brute-mysterious !—who filled my mind,  
 With dread extreme,—sensations undefined !

“ Such might *surprise*,—such might alone *amuse*,  
 If so *repulsed* ; but oft, that form, renews



Its persecuting charm !—And dread, most deep,  
 Of that fierce glance, obtrudes upon my sleep ;  
 As though, beneath that form, some mightier Power  
 Would me delude, in unprotected hour,  
 And terrifies my soul !—draws it away,  
 To thoughts more deep, than dare I even say,  
 Or unto thee confide !—e'en *thou*, who art,  
 My second-self,—who knoweth all my heart ;  
 And, from whose breast, no secret word I hide,  
 That here doth rest, or in my soul abide ;  
 Which God beholds !

“ Adam ! E'en now, indeed,  
 I troubled feel, and much thy prayers I need !—  
 Let us away !—Methinks that Serpent now,  
 With eye intent, beneath such treacherous brow,  
 Doth us observe !—See, now, it downward slides,  
 And, far away, its stealthy figure glides !  
 Oh ! God, my Soul, in terrors deep, doth tell,—  
 Its glance is—Death !—its specious tongue were—Hell.”

'Twas Night !—In Eden's bower, which Angels kept,  
 And should have guarded well, our Parents slept,  
 Unconscious they of ill !

Let no vain eye  
 On slumbering forms, of purest beings pry,  
 And bring one thought impure ! The pristine state,  
 Wherein they dwelt, was most immaculate !  
 They knew not sin, nor shame ; and did not feel,  
 Creative Good, aught purposed to conceal,  
 In purest creatures made ; whose hearts were free  
 From taint of sin, from lust's iniquity !  
 Slumbered, in peace, and confidence, the Pair ;  
 The man—how firm !—the female form—how fair !  
 The softest gloom, on all around, did dwell ;  
 And deepest calm, of summer's midnight, fell,

Upon the curtained World !—Fit state for rest !—  
Stillness was there !—Oblivious forms were blest !

Whilst thus the Pair reposed, at this dark hour,  
Mine eye beheld, stealing into that bower,  
With twining, silent pace, and dark intent,  
A serpent-form ; which darkly onward went,  
With motion slow !

Arrived the cave within,  
It raised its form on high, and did begin,  
From its own breast, a beam of light, to shed ;  
Which filled the bower ; and far, on distant bed,  
The sleeping Pair disclosed !

When such he viewed,  
The light-phosphorical his will subdued  
To softest tone ; whereby, his onward way,  
And objects nigh, he could, with ease, survey,  
Himself in gloom obscured. So great his skill  
That light to shed, or dislocate, at will.  
Onward he twined,—approached the peaceful bed ;—  
Upreared his breast, and fuller radiance shed  
On sleeping forms.

He paused—Eve's beauty to admire,—  
And bright, from envious eye, fierce rays of fire  
Did flash, and scintillate ; as then he viewed,  
In sleep's still hour, and slumber's attitude,  
Perfection's Form, with every grace displayed,  
Taintless, and pure—defenceless, unarrayed !

Adam, to death, in rage, he could have stung !  
And so inclined, was his envenomed tongue !  
He would have smote !—And then, slowly began,  
The serpent-coil to change to form of man ;  
As though more fit, and more convenient state,  
For ill, or harm, he now did meditate ;—  
But such forewent !—More deep and deadly blow  
He had conceived ;—more cruel curse ;—more woe !—

Eve's form seemed in his power !—but, 'twas her mind  
To poison which, he seemed, now full inclined !

In serpent-form, and in disguise most deep,  
To sin effect, he stole upon their sleep,  
Eve's dreams to warp, by midnight whisperings,  
In her sad ear, of most seducing things ;  
Leading her mind from God !—Causing her soul  
To burst pure bounds, escape from God's control !

Most steadfast hate, most stern and dreadful rage,  
His God toward, did make him, thus, engage,  
Man's downfall to attempt ; and now the scan  
Of beauteous Eve, and high and noble Man,  
Did, Serpent-soul, with deepest envy, fill,  
And malice urge, and goad to deepest ill !

Reluctant, half, he seemed, to turn his sight  
From face of Eve, or then subdue the light  
Her beauteous form revealed !—Yet knew he well,  
If, on her eye, its vivid brightness fell,  
The purpose were, by careless act, destroyed,  
For which such cloak, such malice, was employed !

The emanating light, was, therefore, made,  
By soft degrees, to lessen down, and fade  
To rays obscure !—

His Mighty Form was wrought  
To magnitude immense, and thus, expressed, his thought :

“Mighty Creating God !—In mightiest hour  
Of Thy-designing-Mind, productive power,  
Thou hast these Creatures made ;—over the whom,  
My Form now stands ; my Spirit would assume  
Its influence !

“Lord !—God !—There, high, above,  
Thou, *called*, or *known*, ‘The Source of Life and Love,’

To be ; dwellest !—From dust, brought forth, Thy Will,  
 This wondrous Pair ; the purpose to fulfil  
 Of Wisdom Infinite !—which, I confess,  
 These works, and deeds of Thine Almightyness,  
 Ever attend !

“ Mighty Lord God !—ALL SIN  
 Encroacheth now, the circle-small within,  
 Safety would circumscribe ; where, purely rest,  
 Creatures, whom fully now Thy good design hath blest ;—  
 Thy Word, of Bliss, assured !—Creepeth now nigh,  
 Satan disguised ; and passeth now his eye,  
 Over these forms in wrath !—Moved thereunto,  
 By all the grace, the beauty which I view,  
 Made me above !—

“ In lineaments of *man*,  
 Forms known in Heaven, *made mortal* here, I scan !  
 In *other sex*, to all alone Divine,—  
 (In that there is, created *feminine*,)  
*Softest variety* ! — And wondrous still,  
 Developed there, the workings of Thy Will,  
 In forms, would I (equall'd my hand, my hate,  
 In active force) at once annihilate !

“ Mighty Lord God !—Stealeth my form around !  
 What is it, now, appeareth to confound  
 Satan's ingeniousness ?—

“ It is the birth  
 Of this one Pair, produced thus late on Earth,  
 Peopled before !—In whom, some other state,  
 Designs, Thy Will, to now originate,  
 Restorative for man ; whose lusts commence  
 The Earth to fill with sin and violence.

“ Long years have passed since I, unbound, attained  
 The Power of Ill !—such liberty obtained  
 As me to active be, as Power-Adverse,  
 Good to destroy, and Goodness to reverse,  
 Enableth here !

“To Earth arose I, then,  
And foreign power, implanted I in men !

“And what, Vast God, throughout that time, hath been,  
The fate of man ?—What changes hath he seen ?—  
On Earth, Thy Hand, its many tribes, then made !\*  
Senses-acute, to them were then conveyed ;  
And, inward Monitor, unto each heart,  
Thou then to them, for guidance, didst impart,  
Of Good and Evil witnessing ; that they  
Ill might avoid, and motives-pure obey !  
Ages have now gone by !—Upon the Earth  
Vast tribes of men have daily, hourly, birth !  
But do they live, as first designed by Thee,  
In perfect peace, and pure simplicity ?

“Upright, Thou madest them !—Thy Name was told !  
But they have wrought ‘Inventions manifold !’†  
Strange, Idol-Gods, these men on high do place ;  
And Thee neglect, and Thy great power disgrace,  
By worshipping base forms !—

“Thou, God, art viewed  
Already here, in base similitude  
Of vile and creeping things !—Conceits most vain,  
Of primal man, Divinity profane !

“The such *my work* hath been !—I led each mind  
Delusions-strange, deceptive-Gods to find !  
That man might so of Satan’s pains partake,  
As suffers *he*, for man’s creation’s sake,  
Eternally !

“Now comes on Earth a change !—  
Thou, Mighty God, Evil would’st disarrange !  
It pains Thy purity !—Yet, Satan’s soul,  
What Thou dost will, or Thy designed control,  
Conceiveth not !—Appeareth now herein,  
Some new-formed plan Thy mercy would begin !

\* Rom. ii. 15 16.

† Eccl. vii. 29.

And here, it seems, to some important state,  
Designest Thou, this race, to elevate !

“ Darkly mankind I trace !—Reviews, my mind,  
The by-gone scenes, Earth’s primal works did find !

“ Long years ago, to man, Thou gavest birth,—  
And did, thereby, this wide and various Earth,  
Begin to populate.

“ These men have died ;—  
Yet, what their fate, cannot my tongue decide !  
They seem, these human souls, to now possess,  
A long, long state of deep unconsciousness !  
I know not, God, as yet, Thy Will Divine !  
I cannot say that all these souls are mine,  
Though many disobey !

“ Almighty Power !—  
Man, I observe, upon his dying hour ;—  
Pictures to me, each Death, doth faintly give,  
Of facts, of Good, or Ill, confirmative !  
Yet still, vast God, in mystery concealed  
There somewhat is !—It is not all revealed !

“ Spirits, or Souls, are from men’s frames expelled !  
Yet seem their Souls in strange abeyance held  
Of deep uncertainty ; and scarce to speculate  
On what might be, or whence shall come, their fate !  
A Vast unfathomed Depth appears to be ;  
Where now their souls, enchained in lethargy,  
Oblivious dwell !

“ Silence and gloom intense,  
Envelope yet, this secret residence ;  
*Hades* now named !\*—A place no period knows ;—  
Where *Silence* rests ; sits *undisturbed repose* !  
And o’er its surface, oft, sweepeth mine eye ;  
Yet doth such state, my touch and sight defy !

\* *Psalms* vi. 5.

Immortal souls there rest ; and Satan's mind,  
 Cannot of such, the sure solution find !  
 God wraps in mystery, the joy or weal,  
 Each separate soul, eternally, might feel !  
 No voice thence comes of holiness to teach !  
 No prayer to mend, doth thence arise or reach !  
 As falls the soul, so, there, it ever lies !—  
 And so, mayhap, it shall again arise,  
 At some strange hour, Satan himself must own,  
 Is yet, to him, though far he seeks, unknown !  
 There fall man's souls, or be they good or bad !  
 Pure, joyous souls, or spirits dark or sad !  
 No passing-time they find !—I seek to know  
 If conscious they of coming weal or woe !  
 Conceiveth now, the soul, on its release,  
 Its state-immediate, a state of peace ;  
 Then would it rush, methinks, and hasten through the sky,  
 To reach God's Throne, and stand beneath His eye,  
 Anxious to gain, *if good*, some precedence,  
 Some choice of spot, some constant residence  
 Before The Throne of God !—Its eager sight  
 Anxious to view God's glories infinite !  
 Such zeal,—such haste,—such swift alacrity,  
 Of blessed souls, to gain Heaven's peaceful sky,  
 Would certainly occur !

“ I fancy, too,

If any soul its condemnation knew !  
 Its halting-pace, its progress, forced and slow,  
 My watchful eye, assuredly would know !  
 In eddies formed, beneath soul's-homeward-tide,  
 Reluctant souls, would linger oft and hide ;  
 Forced to appear ; made murmuring to obey,  
 Rolling to add, to multiply the way !  
 Urged, whilst some haste ; lagging, whilst some would flee ;  
 Anxious to wear into Eternity,  
 And steal one moment, thus, from grief away,  
 By speed-withheld, postponement and delay  
 Most ineffectual !

“ It is not so !—

No soul to me, doth such sure symptoms show !  
Down, down, they sink !—It seems to me, each mind,  
Oblivion-complete, at once doth find,  
Of all is past ; of all is yet to be ;  
Till God is pleased, in His Vast Majesty,  
By telling out each blessing-high, each curse,  
This deep, dense sleep of lethargy reverse !  
And he alone doth know, if such awakening,  
Shall joy and peace, or pain and sorrow bring,\*  
Throughout Eternity !

“ Hades and death,  
Great God of Heaven !—my mind bewildereth !  
There, dormant souls, most unconvinced sit  
If Justice crush, or Mercy's Voice acquit !  
Pendant such souls ; hovering the Heavens betwixt,  
With life unjudged, eternal doom unfixt ;  
There, sentence-waiting souls, safe for a time,  
Delay the doom, 'scape punishment for crime !  
Unblest, uncurst, unheaven'd yet, unhell'd ;  
By saints uncheer'd ; by demon-voice unquell'd ;—  
Of each unconscious !

“ And there are found,  
Within this deep, and intermedial ground,  
Spirits, the which, e'en I am now aware  
Were not entrapped, by fraud's insidious snare ;  
And shall of Good partake !

“ Yet they fulfil  
One general Law, inhabit Hades still !  
Oblivion yet their fate.

“ Yet God in this  
No hardship makes, delays no power of bliss !  
Unconscious they of lapse ! Good men have died ;  
Yet mingle they in this immortal tide !

“ Equal are all God's ways ! Indulgence, 'twere,  
Too great *for guilt*, if conscious, to defer

\* Dan. ii. 2.



Their condemnation's hour ; to place a state,  
 Of conscious peace now intermediate ;  
 And leave such souls, almost Eternity,  
 The which, if found, so fetterless and free,  
 In peace so full, and rest-immediate,  
 Might seem, for Heaven, far off, to compensate ;  
 And God (I say it now, altho' no love  
 I ever bear to laws proclaimed above)  
 Injustice would not do, by long delay,  
 Did such dense state, unto *the Good*, convey  
*Postponement* known of Bliss !

“ Here millions dwell

Buoyant with life, formless, untangible !  
 Oblivious all ! awaiting Judgment-day ;  
 No useless life ; no wasting ; no decay !  
 Herded and huddled here, yet separate still,  
 As liquid water-drops, whose globules fill  
 Earth's seas and oceans deep !

“ In such vast state

No soul improves, and none contaminate !  
 No soul feels joy ; no spirit there is sad !  
 Nought cheers the Good ; nought terrifies the Bad !  
 Essential Life it is ; which doth await  
 The Mighty Hand each soul to separate  
 From such entanglement !

“ All this, to me,

Greedy of souls, is painful mystery !  
 Satan can nought obtain !—Strange God !—my mind  
 Cannot one truth of things-eternal find !  
 When Thou, Vast God, would'st aught in secret keep,  
 Thou makest such unfathomably deep ;—  
 And such *this Hades* proves !

“ The outward eye,

*This* doth observe ; and *such* may we descry ;  
 Deep, plumbless seas ; rolling in restlessness !  
 With essence filled, and mind ; but matterless !  
 Filling each day, increasing hour by hour,  
 In depth augmented by incessant shower  
 Of human souls !

“ Silent, continual,  
 Into the Gulf of Death they daily fall ;  
 As fast, as full, as deep, as frigidly,  
 As plenteous showers, down-pattering on the sea !  
 A mass of souls ! condensed, as down they fall,  
 And yet distinct, and so divisible,  
 That mingled, thus, in Death's immortal sea,  
 Each soul preserves its Individuality,  
 And shall its form regain ! \*

“ Thus, Mighty Power,  
 These all await some great, important hour,†  
 Thou dost predestinate ! and Hell's stern Powers  
 Know not their wealth ; know not what souls are ours !  
 Not knowing they one human being's end ;  
 Where due his soul ; where might God's mercy tend !

“ Now cometh more !

Slumb'ring beneath God's care,  
 Lieth, before me now, a new-born Pair  
 Of Human Souls !

“ Mine eye, with vast delight,  
 Travelleth where now disseminates this light,  
 Over their forms ; which should full pleasure yield,  
 At beauteous lines, unconsciously revealed,  
 Of noblest grace. Each feature and each line  
 Scarce seeming less than Images-Divine  
 Made tangible ; as though Heaven's God did try,  
 His best essential works, to here personify ;  
 And Spirits lodge in such fair form as this,  
 But to secure, make permanent each bliss !  
 But not to these *admire*, now cometh here,  
 A thing of wrath, who would not God revere !  
 Mine errand to despoil !—And waits my mind,  
 Some open'd point, where to assail, to find ;—  
 Discover'd not as yet !

\* Is. xxvi. 19.

† John v. 28, 29.

“ Perplexing-doubt  
Wrappeth this pair, and Thy new plans about !

“ Most mystifying God !—In this high state  
By passion all unmoved,—Immaculate,—  
Even as angels pure,—doing Thy will,—  
To Thy command, ever obedient still,—  
Through seventeen years, since first thou did'st them frame ;  
Locate them here ; and Thine injunction name,  
To taste not certain fruits ; in super-human joy,  
Knowing no ill, and mixing no alloy  
Of evil (doth attend, knowledge shall be  
The sense's-force of full humanity)  
Lie Heaven's probationers !

“ And *there*, Vast Power,  
Groweth that tree, unto this very hour,  
Untouched !—Constraint, mysteriously combined,  
With sin-unknown, and most scraphic mind !

“ For such human variety, God's full intent  
Nothing on Earth to solve, doth yet present,  
Data confirmed ; and *secrecy* is made,  
His Will to clothe, my malice to evade !

“ Patience, of mine, prolonged to fullest verge,  
Doth me, to course of opposition, urge  
Immediately !

“ Now, all ye Powers of Ill,  
Satan, with strength for this deep purpose fill !  
Combined with first and seeming slight command,  
This pair, as yet, in high estate, do stand !  
Which God, by his miraculous Will, on Earth,  
Perpetuate might, in some mysterious birth,  
His Word can naturalize ;—with ease effect ;  
And some new plan, to His renown, erect,  
And man's beatitude !

“ Now Hell's intent,  
In malice deep, and motive fraudulent,

Shall this derange !—Insidious deceit  
 Shall urge Eve's mind, to lust that fruit to eat ;  
 And headlong fall, from altitude, where good,  
 Exists superlative ; but understood  
 By God alone !

“ Come, *gloom*, as deep as death !  
 Fill thou this cave,—whilst entereth, my breath,  
 This creature's soul ! Subdues, my will, this *light* ;  
 Whilst I approach, in all destructive might,  
 In darkness, to effect, in any wise,  
 (Upon the form, which here, unconscious lies)  
 Ruin eternally !

“ Down,—Satan,—creep,—  
 Clinging to Earth ! whilst, sleep thou, Victim, sleep ;  
 And die unconsciously !”

---

’T was then, as drew he near,  
 And, poisonous tongue, applied to dormant ear ;—  
 Pressing against her form, most lust’ly nigh,  
 A lightning flash illumed the midnight sky,  
 And deepest thunder rolled !

The slumb’ring pair  
 Quickly awoke !—breathed forth one humble prayer !  
 Wond’ring at awful sounds ! dreading what meant  
 Commotion-vast of midnight element !

The-Demon King !—the dreadful Serpent-form  
 Slunk quickly back ; and black as midnight storm,  
 Rushed swiftly from the cave ! Its eye of fire,  
 Flashing with rage ; burning, its breast, with ire !

Arrived without ;—beneath the midnight sky,  
 Distended fast, its hissing breast on high,  
 And Angel-form assumed !

Lofty, and grand,  
 With giant-height, did raging-Demon stand !

His figure-bright, emitting burning rays,  
 As though his brain, his very soul did blaze !  
 As though his heart, as though his very skin,  
 Contained but fire, and all was flame within !  
 He God defied !—And threats, and curses, fell,  
 From molten-lips, of Serpent-King of Hell !  
 Who thus exclaimed :—

“ Ah !—threat’nest—thund’rest Thou,  
 Almighty, Thund’ring God ? and hurlest, now,  
 Thy lightning-flames, with all their scorching dread,  
 And flashings-fierce, around my banished head,  
 To Thee obnoxious ?

“ Mine eye I raise !—  
 Undaunted yet, into Thy Heavens I gaze !—  
 And Vengeance-power defy, more pain to bring,  
 To that deep-cursed, that fire-consumed thing,  
 Thy Will immortal made !

“ Vindictive Power !  
 Whither unto doth reach the payment-hour  
 Vengeance assigns ?

“ Whither, in widest space,  
 Shall ‘ Torment ’ find, one dormant hiding-place,  
 Where reacheth not thine hand,—thy foe to smite,  
 With tortures fresh—with anguish-exquisite ?

“ Creator Vast !—For such Thou art !—If wise,  
 We dare not ask ; and must not criticize,  
 For such *rebellion* is !

“ Full long ago,  
 Ere Angels fought, or Thou hadst found a foe,  
 Too great to be forgiven !—

“ When Heaven, unfurled,  
 Did show, to me, this Universe, each World !  
 When thus, I did observe, how far around,  
 Some stars were sown, how distant some were found ;  
 I could conceive, mayhap, in Atom’s-wide,  
 Some spot might be, where fugitive might hide,  
 Or culprit creep !

“ I could, indeed, presume,  
 Did I, some reptile form, afar, assume,  
 Disgustingly obscure ! As creepeth must,  
 Hideth in Earth, and feedeth too in dust,  
 Such might Thine Eye escape ; and freedom find,  
 To loose the chains, which Thou, on all, dost bind,—  
 Tyrannic Lord !

“ Omniscient God !—My pride  
 I have foregone ; and Angel-grandeur hide  
 In creeping Serpent’s length ; supposed so base,  
 Thou wouldst not, there, the Arch-Deceiver trace,  
 Who fought in Heaven !

“ Now find I such disguise,  
 Could not escape Thine All-perceiving Eyes !  
 And Thou, to me, as crept I distant path,  
 Hast flashed Thy Power !—Hast thunder’d forth Thy  
 Wrath !

“ Thunder or not, I shrink not from my fate !  
 Absent I am, beyond Hell’s-boundary-gate,  
 If such offends !

“ I know, full well, for me,  
 Is Hell reserved ; my dwelling-place to be,  
 With Angels who rebelled !

“ I know, its fires  
 This Form, condemned, in custody requires !  
 And I, a fugitive, unpardoned, stand,  
 A runagate from Hell, upon this Land,  
 Called Paradise !

“ And seen, Vast God, have I,  
 Thy Creature-new, and know his destiny !

“ Now hear me, Heaven !

“ As Reptile-small,  
 Cannot, away, from Thy Dread Presence, crawl,  
 Nor stealthy absence gain !

“ As thund’rest Thou,  
 Where’er I lift, ’neath any form, my brow,

Of evil, nigh, to tell thy newly-born,  
And man protect,—his mind of ill forewarn !

“ As Thou, Vast God !—in vengeance, still, on me,  
Art pleased to place such deep indignity,  
For that, I, Eve approached !—Now do I swear,  
No mortal man, shall my deep vengeance spare,  
Whom Thou on Earth shalt frame ! if to his mind,  
I can approach,—my hate can access find !”

“ I know Thy power !—

Immure, imprison me,  
If so Thou wilt, in chains and misery,  
Below Creation's base !

“ My rebel spirit's line,  
I will extend, as far, as vast, as Thine !”

“ Burn, if Thou wilt, in fiercest flames of Hell,  
Whate'er thou find'st that is combustible,  
In fallen-Angel's form !—Still shall my soul,  
O'erstep Hell's bounds, and flee its cursed control !  
Mine eye, Omniscient, I'll freely use !  
Wide as Thine own, I will my power diffuse ;  
And *Evil* work ! Till man, now pure, shall fill  
My kingdom-vast, against his wish or Will !  
Till I will *famish* Heaven ; where Thou dost dwell !  
Till I will *glut*, with human souls, deep-Hell !—  
And will proclaim, that, breath and hand of THINE,  
Their Gracious God !—doth unto woe consign,  
Immortal Souls !

“ High Heaven !—Vast Skies !—Deep Earth !—  
Bright Suns !—Pure Stars !—that shine with nightly birth,  
In yonder space-profound !—which knew I well,  
Ere Godhead smote !—ere Rebel-Angel fell !  
Ye mountains high !—Ye fertile vales !—Ye seas !  
Ye barren rocks !—Ye flowering shrubs !—Ye trees !  
I curse ye all !—I hate ye all !—because,  
Ye God obey ; nor can transgress His Laws !—

And, as ye all, for Him in beauty shine,  
 Ye tempt my hate ; ye urge, this voice of mine,  
 Its rage to vent ; that I henceforth, possess  
 No spot of hope ; no thought of happiness ;  
 Which yet in Globes abound !—but stand amerced ;  
 The Last in Woe !—as I in Sin The First !”

“ Ye human souls !—Ye new-created pair !—  
 Who, bathed in bliss, lie softly slumbering there ;  
 I hate ye, too”

“ Not now do I pretend,  
 That act of yours, doth injure or offend !  
 Enough that ye are pure !

“ Your new-born joy,  
 I would not mar ; nor happiness destroy !  
 ’Tis God I hate !—And in your hearts shall be,  
 The first full blow I aim at Deity !  
 Whose purpose I destroy, when sow I sin,  
 Upon your souls ; plant deadly guilt within !”

“ Now thunder Thou !—Almighty Thunderer !  
 If so to spend Thy breath Thou dost prefer !  
 With lightnings smite ! if such most vain display,  
 The Mighty God must unto Earth convey,  
 When crusheth He a foe, whose heart and hand,  
 Still dares His wrath ; still contravenes command !”

The blow was given !

The Great and Mighty God,  
 Spared not His wrath ; withheld no more His rod !  
 The mighty form, which did His wrath defy,  
 And proudly stood, so toweringly and high,  
 Was crushed ; was beaten down, beneath the stroke,  
 His anger sought, his pride did then provoke !  
 God’s vengeance came !—One loud and awful yell,  
 Upon the lands beyond pure Eden fell ;



As though ten thousand tongues of dying beast,  
In one-deep-burst, their raving-breath released !  
And down the demon-form, in torture coiled,  
Of all its power, of all its grace, despoiled !  
And writhing-deep in dust ; until he cried,  
To stay the fierce, the soul-consuming tide,  
Of super-added wrath ! which Satan felt,  
Altho' in flames eternally he dwelt,  
And such unmoved endured !

No more I tell !—

Heaven's audience feared !—Celestial curtain fell !

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## MUSICAL INTERLUDE.

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### SECOND BOOK.—SECOND PART.

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There was silence in Heaven—E'en cessation from Praise !  
 Not an Angel his Voice, e'en in Worship did raise !  
 Each pure lip was then mute, scarce a breathing was heard,  
 And the Seraphs of Song whisper'd, then, not a word !

There was silence in Bliss !—And around, at God's Throne,  
 A deep tone of suspense, full of interest, was known ;  
 For, the Fate of Mankind,—Adam's life, or his death,  
 Seemed to hang by a thread,—did depend on Fraud's breath !

There was silence, intense, in the Regions of Love,  
 And attention, extreme, clothed the concourse above !  
 For, the Mighty God sate on his Throne, and looked down,  
 And He spake not a word,—but His brow bore a frown !

Such, the Angels beheld !—And, away, from God's seat,  
 Millions, millions of miles—lying far 'neath His feet,—  
 Rolled a star, in its path !—It was Earth !—It was fair !—  
 All its lands God beheld !—Man's pure Eden was there !

It was Night on that spot ;—for its breast turned away,  
 For a period of rest, from the Sun's brilliant ray ;  
 And the soft silent Moon, in her beauty, arose,  
 To look down on Eve's sleep, to induce her repose !

Eden slept 'neath her beams, and soft twilight arrayed  
 That one Garden of Earth, where was Adam first made !  
 And the Angels looked down, on the Pair, whom God blest,  
 And they slept in their bower, and, around them, seemed rest !

The soft breathings of sleep, they were audibly known  
 To the God of their souls, who then sate on His Throne ;  
 And each Angel of Grace, knew a vigil was kept,  
 And ' A Watcher ' was nigh, to the Pair who there slept !

And the Angels looked down, and they followed God's eye,  
 Where directed 'twas seen, and their sight did espy,—  
 Stealing softly and dense,—a dark Being of dread,  
 Through the cave where Eve slept, to the side of her bed !

And the Form, it *stole* on ;—and he *slid*, on his way,  
 Lest the sound of a *step*, should, to Godhead, convey,  
 The intelligence vast—should disarm his vile snare,  
 That God's plans were assailed !—Man's Deceiver was there !

Satan gazed on Eve's face !—Every curve, every line,  
 Was exposed to his eye ; they were sweet—were divine !  
 And a Demon-God's lust, shook his breast, as a storm ;  
 And he burned to enjoy,—durst not touch, that pure form !

And the Serpent-form came, that the Demon concealed,  
 And each Angel's stern brow, righteous anger revealed,  
 As they witnessed the Fiend stealing close by the side,  
 And approaching the form of the sweet slumb'ring bride !

But, a glance of God's eye, and a wave of His hand,  
 Bade the Angels forbear,—made a calm, His command !  
 And each Angel-breast felt, and his mind understood,  
 That Heaven's God was attent,—that His purpose was Good !

And the Serpent was seen, by his God in the sky,  
 His foul breath to begin, to Eve's ear, to apply ;  
 And The Lord moved His Hand, and the Lightning-fire fled,  
 And the Thunders of Heaven rolled their Voice round her bed !

And the Demon-form flew !—And Hell hasted away !—  
But he turned to contend, like a creature at bay !  
And he poured, against God, all the wrath of his breast,  
And he Vengeance declared !—Stern Disdain, he expressed !

And The Mighty Lord God, of His Power to control,  
Gave one proof !—'twas enough !—for it crushed, to the soul,  
The Contemner of Good,—who had cast in God's face,  
All the proofs of His Love, all the Gifts of His Grace !

And the power of God's wrath !—Ah ! you saw it descend ;  
And it bore Satan down, every fibre did rend ;  
Till the breast of The Beast, though his Life was still left,  
Was despoiled of its pride, as a pine, that is cleft !

And the silence of Heaven was disturbed, by the cry,  
Of the Demon's vast shriek, that did mount to the sky,  
As the torture of Heaven, in its mightiness fell,  
With a thunderbolt's speed, on the Sov'reign of Hell !

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BOOK II.

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PART THIRD.

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THE TEMPTATION.—THE FALL.



## BOOK II.—PART III.

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### ARGUMENT.

#### THE TEMPTATION.—THE FALL.

A day occurs upon which Eve wanders, unaccompanied by Adam, to the trees of Life and Knowledge. She questions the justice of the interdiction. The Serpent addresses her from the tree. Tempts her to taste the fruit. Exults for a moment on witnessing the success of his persuasive powers. Adam approaches; exhibits alarm and dread, when he perceives that Eve has transgressed. She entices him with blandishments. He is overcome thereby, and partakes of the fruit. Their eyes are opened. They obtain other desires originated by the fruit of knowledge. Are conscious of shame at being unclothed, and conceal themselves. Are conscious of God's displeasure, and hopeful that the day might pass without His appearing to inflict the threatened punishment. As the day begins to close, the footstep of the Lord God is heard walking in the garden. It approaches their bower. The voice of God commands Adam to appear, declares the impossibility of concealment from His Omniscient eye. Adam and Eve come forth. The Serpent also is summoned, and approaches. They are confronted by the Majesty of God! The Almighty God passes sentence on Adam and Eve, and upon the Serpent. After passing the sentence, The Almighty exhibits to them the process of Man's Redemption, and thereby embodies, for their fuller conception, the promise of the Seed of the Woman bruising the Head of the Serpent, and of the Serpent wounding his heel. Adam and Eve bend down in humble adoration. The form of the Serpent writhes in the agony of parturition. The gigantic frame of Satan expands therefrom, and as the only open foe to Heaven, addresses The Deity. The ground opens its mouth and receives him into the Bottomless Abyss. Adam and Eve are expelled, and Paradise is lost.





## BOOK II.

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### PART THIRD.

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Short interval was dark temptation crushed !  
The Demon's tongue, with venom'd tale, was hushed !  
'Twas but an armistice, which did precede  
More fierce attack, still more seductive deed !

In Earth's first page there fell a woeful day,  
When Eve's fair feet unconsciously did stray,  
Adam without, to spot where well she knew,  
The 'Tree of Life,' and 'Tree of Knowledge' grew.

Deep thought her brow oppressed ! Each form she view'd  
With interest deep, and much solicitude ;  
As though she wished some hidden fact to glean ;  
For somewhat sought ; or somewhat wished to screen !

Her steps did alternate !

Upon the ground  
Sometimes she looked, with thought the most profound ;  
And then she cast her furtive glance on high,  
And sent her sight into the farthest sky,  
As though its depths to pierce, and more behold  
Than Man e'er saw, or Angel-tongue e'er told !  
At sacred spot arrived, she could not pray ;  
Some greedy power her thoughts did snatch away,

If thought she good ; and did to her impart  
Distressing doubt, perplexity of heart.

The sun most brightly shone ! The laden Tree  
Its fruits displayed in richest luxury ;—  
' For food most good, pleasant unto the eyes,\*  
A Tree to be desired to make one wise !'  
Why doth it there, useless in beauty, grow ?  
Whom gave it power, ' evil or good ' to know ?  
And what can ' knowledge ' be, that ' tis denied,  
As dangerous gift, and Death be specified,  
Concomitant ? "

Upon her musing mind,  
These questions passed ;—no answer could she find.  
Nearer she drew—observed the Tree—but such,  
Though wishful grown, she dared not yet to touch !  
There was the full, the simply-told command,  
Such stayed her feet, and did constrain her hand  
Obedience to yield !

Who doubts God's Word,  
(Whether of old, or in his conscience heard),  
Most monstrous sin commits !—Such mind is lost !—  
So Eve then found, such *doubt* Heaven's glory cost !

The Serpent came ! Its wily flashing eyes,  
More softly bright, more beauteous its disguise !—  
Into the Tree it stole !—

Eve spake no word !  
And yet it seemed, as though her *thought* it *heard*,  
And made reply !

So prompt, so soft, then stole  
Its silvery voice upon her doubting soul ;  
She scarcely knew, whither the answer came,  
So sweetly modulate it breathed her name.  
There was about each word, and every tone,  
A stealing melody she ne'er had known

\* Gen. iii. 6.

In utter'd words before. It did present  
 The thrilling sounds of softest instrument,  
 By skilful hand designedly address  
 To catch the ear, and sink within the breast  
 Congenially !

“ Most beauteous Eve !

Fairest

That God hath made, or Heaven or Earth possess !  
 Of this rich Earth, and every beauteous scene,  
 Possessor-pure !—The Mistress made !—The Queen !—  
 Of joy and bliss, dispenser, lovely-found,  
 To all thy subjects here, who thee surround,  
 Adoringly !

“ Being of wondrous Grace !

Permit, I pray, thy creature to abase  
 Its form, admiringly ! As even Angels might  
 Won by the power, enraptured by the sight,  
 Of form, exciteth more than all in Host divine ;  
 Beauteous as they in form, but feminine,  
 Therefore more loveable !

“ God's form in thee,

With lovelier sex, mine eye doth ever see !  
 And thence alone, the overpowering sense  
 Of form, abased to insignificance ;  
 Which bendeth low its head, lest Eve's reproach  
 Censure should cast ; should chide the near approach  
 Of serpent having speech ; waking surprise  
 In Eve's fair breast ; and seeming, to her eyes,  
 Worthy of fear !

“ Ah ! wretched should I be

If Eve should view, with least repugnancy,  
 The only other form, God did create,  
 Could all her worth, her goodness *estimate*,—  
 And such *express* !

“ I should of God beseech,

(Did such occur) withdrawal of this speech,  
 As useless power !

“ God, in His Heaven above, .  
Beholdeth thee worthy of His great Love !  
All Life, beside, would to thy form draw near,  
As oft I have, with reverential fear,  
But that the softest smiles of that sweet grace  
Respectful love inspire ; and do displace  
Else-harboured-awe !

“ Earth’s fair and beauteous Queen !  
Mine head I bow, my raptured sight I screen,  
Whilst mission I relate !

“ My God’s Great Will,  
Doth me, Creature of His, and thine, now fill  
With human speech, that I might Thee address,  
And seek, thy mind humbly to dispossess  
Of thought erroneous !

“ Eve’s mind, with dread,  
Hath been through life, on one great point, misled !  
Such error hath a vast amount displaced  
Of knowledge, and of bliss, Eve’s life had graced,  
But that, her noble mate, hath misapplied  
Some figurative speech ; as though denied,  
Almighty God, that his best works possess  
The unrestricted use, and happiness,  
Of every Good he made.

“ Now, beauteous Eve,  
Cannot my Tongue, in that thou knowest, deceive !  
Thou see’st around, Creatures, in every state  
Do multiply themselves, and propagate  
Races-continuous !

“ Eve’s breast, alone,  
Desire for such, or Adam’s, hath not known !  
No transcript of themselves doth dispossess  
This Garden-fair of human barrenness ;  
Which shall, anon, e’en Eve surprise,  
As more and more, around her, shall arise  
Prolific Animals. Causing her mind  
This question, oft, indignantly, to find—  
Why she unblest remains ?

“ Now know from whence  
 Ariseth this ‘restricted power, and sense’ !  
 Most beauteous Eve !—Thou hast been told  
 Heaven doth from thee, on pain of death, withhold  
 The fruits of these two Trees !—Describing well,  
 That in the one, *knowledge* of all doth dwell  
 That GOOD or EVIL is !—telling beside,  
 That, in the Fruit of other doth reside—  
 THE POWER OF LIFE !—So far indeed ’tis well !  
 Such powers *in truth* within such fruits *do dwell* !  
 Such Trees were *given*, such Fruits but *grow for you* !  
 Rightly defined *the power*—but most untrue,  
*The strange restriction is* !—

“ What loss doth thence  
 Become fair Eve, to thee, the consequence ?—  
 Far more than I can name !

“ Mistaken word,  
 From Eve’s glad heart, hath fullest bliss deferred !  
 There yet are joys intense, life must receive  
 To *perfect* be ; thy soul cannot conceive,  
 Till tasteth thou this fruit !—

“ That Tree, by name,  
*Office*, and *power*, should to thy mind proclaim !  
 ‘ KNOWLEDGE OF GOOD !’—

“ My tongue cannot deceive !  
 Such ‘ GOOD’ art thou reluctant to receive,—  
 Or why abstain !

“ *Knowledge of Evil thing* !—  
 What greater boon can God’s Omniscience bring ?—  
 Causing thy mind to know, to whence *refrain* !  
*Preventative of Ill* !—*Admonisher of Pain* !—  
 Then Eve, behold the fruit of neighbouring Tree—  
 ‘ LIFE’ ! in its full, its rich continuity !—

“ Most beauteous Eve ! My earnest tongue alone,  
 Cannot to thee, the wond’rous change make known,  
 Which, *human knowledge found*, and *further life*,  
 Shall make thee feel and know, as Adam’s Wife,—  
 Which yet thou hast not been !

“ Eve must *descend*

One step in life such joys to comprehend!—  
*The mode* I now do name.

“ This fruit, such state

Will surely show ; can well elucidate !  
 And I, a brute, in urging thee to this,  
 Thy joys complete ; and consummate thy bliss !—

“ Oh ! loss of love !—

“ It is not true, fair Eve,

That voice of God could thee so much deceive ;  
 As to deny unto thy taste or hand,  
 This beauteous fruit !—Such is not God’s command !  
 Nay, beauteous Eve, indeed it is not so,  
 Thy Gracious God, who loveth *good*, doth know,\*  
 That, when ye eat thereof, your eyes shall be  
 Enlarged to view each heavenly mystery,—  
 And ye shall live as Gods ! Your mortal sight,  
 Shall open be as ‘ Vision Infinite !’—  
 And as ye taste this fruit, your minds shall learn,  
 To *good* behold, all *evil* to discern !

“ Doth not such skill-intuitive, as this,  
 Approximate to God, complete thy bliss ?  
 Thy God is good !—Supremely pure and wise !  
 He nought withholds, no pleasure he denies !  
 All beauteous fruits, all Heaven, Earth’s brightest thing,  
 He doth to thee, thou beauteous creature bring,  
 Thy lips to satisfy !—And are not these  
 Earth’s brightest fruits,—its purest, noblest Trees ?

“ Adam, no doubt, God’s word hath misapplied !  
 Thy Gracious God hath not this fruit denied ;  
 And Eve’s pure mind, and Eve’s most beauteous breast,  
 Some erring thoughts of goodness hath possessed,  
 When *so* of God she thinks—so doth explain  
 His wise commands, or from Earth’s fruits refrain !

\* Gen. iii. 5.

“ Measure God’s laws, and God’s most perfect will  
By thoughts of love which do thy bosom fill.  
Could fairest Eve, from him she loves, withhold  
The dearest thing he asks, and conduct cold  
To supplicant return ?

“ Eve’s gentle mind  
Could not such words, such painful answer find ;  
Nor could such terms one temperate wish deny—  
*Touch*—and ye sin,—and *eat*—and ye shall die !

“ Just taste, fair Eve !—and you shall surely know  
Within your mind the brightest knowledge grow !  
And thou !—who beauteous art,—shalt then possess  
Such added stores of charms and loveliness !  
Angels shall thee, who marvellous wert before,  
With new-born grace, more fervently adore.”

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The flattery told ;—with wondrous creature-grace,  
Each branch, and leaf, did serpent-form displace,  
Rolling its tortuous length, with sliding ease,  
Throughout the branches-wide of sacred trees,  
And choosing well an apple fair and bright,—  
The very one did seem Eve’s fancy to invite—  
It plucked the stem !

No angry-thundering word  
Of deep offence was then from Godhead heard,  
And Eve was re-assured !

With eye intent  
Upon Eve’s face the serpent downward bent ;—  
Casting into its looks expression-bland,—  
The fruit it held toward her wishful hand,  
And humbly paused ;—careful, lest haste should seem  
To break fraud’s spell,—disturb delusion’s dream !

As passed the serpent-form Eve’s person nigh,  
Expression-fond shot raylike from its eye ;  
Its breath of fire upon her cheek did rest,—  
Its fawning head just swept her swelling breast—



As 'twere by accident—as back it drew,  
 And warm desire in that soft transit threw,  
 Till, pulse of life, unto the action fond,  
 Did seem to leap,—with passion to respond ;  
 And blushes-deep her damask cheek suffused  
 At feeling's warmth, whereto she was unused,—  
 Had ne'er before indulged !

She felt a thrill

Her heart, her soul, and all her members fill ;—  
 Her eyes she downward cast, would turn away—  
 But as her form the serpent did survey  
 With lust inoculate, bearing the seed  
 Which should spring up in many a sinful deed ;—  
 He swelled into the sky—with giant height,  
 And form-immense, clad gloriously with light,—  
 Surveyed her form with eye wherein the fire  
 Blaz'd forth of lust and most intense desire ;  
 Whereat was Eve amaz'd, as swelled and beamed  
 A figure-rich, which proud Archangel seemed  
 Unto her sight !

Confused was now her mind !—

To worship him she almost felt inclined !—  
 She spake the name of GOD !

The Being-stern

One moment blazed—then did to earth return  
 And serpent-form resume ; with posture prone  
 And meekest look, as though it ne'er had known  
 Features more bright or high ; and, for fraud's sake,  
 It was again a mean and grovelling snake.

Trembled the breast of Eve !—but soon sin's-might  
 Assuming other form, induced delight  
 Where fear before prevailed ; and, changes new,  
 To other powers again her fancy drew,  
 Till she was made most freely to confess  
 The Being nigh who did such grace possess—  
 A god must be !

Having instilled such thought,

Satan's full means upon Eve's senses wrought ; —

The space around, by semblances, did seem  
 To wake in Eve some most surprising dream  
 Of unknown happiness, and then his tongue  
 Still greater force of venom'd poison flung  
 Into his speech.

“ Woman!—of earth!—God, thee  
 Hath clothed in grace! and angels, anxiously,  
 Gaze on thy form, and earnestly inquire—  
 If mortal such?—and whether can expire  
 Such loveliness?

“ Woman!—content to be  
 Enclosed in shrine of innate modesty!  
 Yet looketh not thy virgin heart beyond  
 To know one thought, one feeling find more fond!  
 See what I am!—a god, from heaven above  
 Drawn down to earth, constrained by fervent love  
 To thee approach!—therefore, as serpent-mean,  
 Creeping thy form around, oft-times unseen,  
 I, thee, admire!

“ Thus I my form present,  
 When so I will,—when found convenient!  
 Woman!—behold me now!—scarce Heaven's Great King  
 Could, unto thee, more graceful brightness bring;—  
 And come I from my seat beside God's throne  
 To thee induce, by farther knowledge known,  
 To grasp at greater joys!

“ Taste but this fruit?—  
 To proffer which I seem again a brute;  
 And feelings-new, (I see within thee rise,)  
 Thy mind shall learn, thy being exercise,  
 Complete in happiness!

“ Ah!—shrink not so,—  
 Nor blanch—nor fear—nor whisper—‘ hush!’—and ‘ no!’  
 God, now, in mighty wrath, doth not behold!—  
 God hath not thee, and that thou knowest, told  
 This fruit forego!

“ God, on his throne, supreme,  
 Smiles through yon sky;—with love his eye doth beam—

As now—his angel comes, to thee induce,  
 By every power can skill or love produce,  
 Thee, to persuade—thy every sense excite—  
 And thus, with fruit most pure, to thee invite  
 To taste and ever live !

“ *Thou dost not dare !—  
 Fearest God's word !—and tremblest, lest some snare  
 Therein be hidden !—*

“ If wrong to thee I tell,  
 Where thinkest thou Almighty thunders dwell,  
 Wherewith would me—the wrathful Infinite !—  
 If fraud were seen—soon into atoms smite !—  
 And justly so !

“ *Therefore doth God consent  
 I thee approach, and thus this fruit present.  
 If God would such unto thy taste deny,—  
 Flash would heaven's fires,—burst forth would yonder sky  
 With tumult of God's wrath,—till all this land  
 Tremblings would feel beneath His mighty hand ;  
 And I, indeed, would be to atoms rent  
 Beneath the voice and blow, omnipotent,  
 My fraud induced !*

“ Woman !—the truth perceive !—  
 Exist I yet ?—can such appeal deceive ?”

---

He paused—Eve looked around,—then to the sky,  
 Her glances stole—doubtful and tremblingly !—  
 At length she spake !—

“ 'Tis wonderful !—yet true—  
 The all I hear—the everything I view,—  
 And dangerous to my soul !—for seems that fruit—  
 That creature's voice—God's justice to dispute—  
 If I be made, by any threats of woe  
 Such to avoid, and taste thereof forego  
 Continually !

“ Tis true—indeed—God dwells—  
 As serpent-tongue, in glowing language tells,

In Heaven above, and that He can, by sign,  
 Make manifest to me His Will Divine,  
 If seek I to transgress!—

“ No sight—no sound  
 Doth me forwarn!—still is that serpent found,  
 Breathing strange scenes of bliss,—changeeful, until  
 Seemeth his speech my spirit to instil  
 With doubts of God!—

“ No blow of vengeful might—  
 As he declares—doth him now scourge nor smite  
 If he deceives!—

“ Such now prolonged neglect  
 Cannot intend this strange-fruit to protect  
 Whereon my life depends!—

“ Mysterious brute!—  
 Thou seest now my mind irresolute!—  
 Thy subtilty appears to me so great  
 I almost *yearn*—I *burn* to tempt my fate!—  
 So strong is my desire—were Heaven concealed—  
 I almost think my stubbornness might yield  
 To thy persuasiveness!—

“ Waits—fears—my hand—  
 To be *coerced* to break my God’s command!”

Persuasion’s-means ensued!—

Darkness befel!—  
 Over that scene did instant gloom now dwell!—  
 Concealed became the Heavens!—a murky cloud  
 Did that dread scene and Eve’s fair form enshroud—  
 Putting aside her God!—and then you heard  
 The deep-full tones of tempting-serpent’s word,  
 His fraud consummating!—

“ Then *eat*—and find—  
 The mystery dispelled, which God’s Almighty mind,  
 Wrappeth this fruit around!—

“ Freely consume—  
 Nor dread detection’s eye—nor deathful doom !  
 God—in the Heavens above—The Infinite—  
 Thy Source of Truth—thy Arbiter of Right—  
 Silence maintains !—

“ Take—Eve—the fruit I give ;—  
 The such now eat ;—and thou in bliss shall live !—  
*And—be my curse !—(thus uttered he aside)—*  
*Born in that sin !—established now in pride !”*—

---

Succeeded well the false and tempting bait !—  
 Eve was deceived ;—she took the fruit and ate !—

Then cleared the cloud away ;—the bright sun shone,  
 The spot around,—and she was there alone ;—  
 And many a ray of fresh and full surprise  
 Beamed on her face, and shot from out her eyes ;—  
 And seemed it then, each moment some new sense,  
 Beamed quickly forth, with full intelligence,  
 Before unknown !

Yet saw she not Earth’s womb,  
 Its pains, its woes, its sorrows, and its tomb,  
 Themselves disclose !—

Scarce were these acts complete  
 Ere thither strayed the faithful Adam’s feet,  
 Seeking the absent Eve.

Surprise did light  
 His anxious eye, at most unwelcome sight !  
 For Eve an apple held, which he could see,  
 Was lately plucked from interdicted tree,  
 And half consumed.

With gayest, fondest smile,  
 She instantly essayed her husband to beguile.  
 Into each word such rapturous-feeling-new,  
 With most exciting look, she warmly threw,  
 Adam was influenced soon, the fruit to try,  
 Which lustre-bright did lend unto her eye,

And all her form infused ; as though each vein  
Did warmer life,—more amorous strength obtain !

He ate ! \*

And then it was, they both did find,  
Feelings-impure, and lust within the mind  
Swiftly infused ! †

The EVIL KNOWLEDGE came !  
Feelings intense of new and startling shame,  
That they should naked be !

In bower full nigh,  
They crept to shun each other's opened eye ‡  
Ashamed, that innocence should sight present,  
On forms alive to new-born-blandishment !  
Which burst upon Eve's mind, with painful might,  
As rushed she, then, to seek in shades as night,  
Congenial privacy !—And Adam's breast,  
The same course sought ; bespoke a mind oppress !

Then did they first, as sin-instructed, feel,||  
Inducement strong, their persons to conceal !  
And hasty garments made, of simplest thing,  
That plant around, or shady bower could bring,  
And their slight skill adapt !

A change they knew,  
In every thing which met their eager view !  
In every thing which did the mind present,  
There seemed some new, some strange ingredient,  
Whether or not, 'twas *good*, they could not see !  
But all was stealth, and all was privacy,  
Where candour dwelt ; where foretime nought could rise,  
They would conceal ; or sought they to disguise !

In deep and shady cave, closely concealed,  
In twilight gloom, which no stray blush revealed ;—  
In anxious hope, that as they lived, as yet,  
Their God might spare, or great command forget ;

\* Gen. iii. 6.

† Gen. iii. 7.

‡ Gen. iii. 8.

|| Gen. iii. 7.

Chiding the time, as tarried so, the day ;  
The self-convicted souls, in anguish lay !  
And constant fear and dread, most exquisite,  
O'erbalanced far, each new and sweet delight  
*Extended Knowledge* gave ; and they could see,  
*Expanded sense* brought poignant misery.

As day drew on, toward the cooling eve,\*  
A shock of Earth, their senses did perceive,  
As though an Earthquake jarred!

With measure-slow,

Earth did again successive tremors know ;—  
At intervals !—as though 'twere solemn tread  
Of Being-vast ; (which filled their minds with dread,  
As knew they, then, THE GREAT LORD GOD, whose word,  
As thunders-deep, their guilty conscience heard)  
Seeking the trembling pair !

"Adam!"—he cried;—†  
 The High-Heaven shook!—  
 And then another stride!—  
 And foot more near of awful Being came—  
 And louder swelled the solemn sound of name—  
 "Adam!—Come forth!"—

And Eden's fruitful plain,  
From terrors strong, could not its breast restrain—  
So dread those tones!

“*Adam!*—dost thou suppose,  
If thou in Earth’s deep womb, could’st now repose ;—  
Or cover’d thou in darkness (where do dwell  
The Demons fierce, beneath the ribs of Hell ;)  
E’en thought of thine could be from God concealed,  
Much less thy frame ?

“ Come forth !—  
Thou art revealed !  
Discovered here, now stand !—Now answer me !—  
Why didst thou eat of that forbidden Tree ?—

\* Gen. iii. 8.

† Gen. iii. 9.

And why disguised?— Why shrinking, thee beside,  
Now trembling stands, thy young and bashful bride,  
Disfigured thus with leaves?—

“ Draw nigh, all ye,  
Who are concerned in this iniquity!  
And answer give; for, by My Holiness,  
I visit will all those my Laws transgress!”

---

With slowest pace, abashed, from hiding-place,  
With guilty eye, and downcast pallid face,  
Adam and Eve appeared!

From neighbouring brake,  
Came twining slow, the false, the venom'd Snake!  
Not now with head erect, or coiling high  
Its ringlike folds, with bright and piercing eye;  
But cleaving fast to Earth, as though 'twere bound,  
With writhing length, unto the very ground!  
Most abject reptile form, that God had made,  
Or whereto life His Goodness had conveyed!

To these confront—“ The Presence Infinite.”—  
The Majesty of God—stood opposite,—  
Viewing their shrinking forms; and side by side,  
Their guilty brows, *Iniquity* did hide!  
Each tongue was false! The awful Presence glowed  
With light intense, as sentence it bestowed  
Against evasive guilt!

“ I know your sin;—  
The Lord, your God, needs no confession win  
For proof of guilt.

“ Thou, trembling, sinful Eve,  
Didst first the Fruit, from subtle snake, receive!  
And having eaten such, with treacherous smile,  
To sin alike, thou, Adam didst beguile;  
And he, for lust, and fond enticements' sake,  
His God forgat, and My commandment brake!



Then first it was, your tainted souls within,  
 Ye conscious were of lust ; and, knowing sin,  
 Your forms ye hid !

“ That conscious act alone  
 Proclaims your crime ; tells me ye lust have known !  
 This day hath guilt its birth !

“ Now hear your doom !  
 Thou, Serpent-vile ! because thou didst presume \*  
 This Woman fair to tempt, and didst employ  
 The tongue of Hell, her virtue to destroy ;  
 Cursed art thou, below the lowest beast !  
 On dust of Earth, thou shalt for ever feast ;  
 And crawl upon the ground !

“ Between thy race,  
 And all mankind, deep enmity I place !  
 And man, shall thee, in deep abhorrence hold !  
 And crush thy head ; when thou, with stealthy fold,  
 Creepest from Earth, which shall the shelter find,  
 To all thy race, fleeing from human-kind !

“ Deeply accursed art thou ! The envious Power,  
 That in thee dwelt, for this most dreadful hour,  
 And did, thy form, for Eve’s undoing use ;  
 That Woman’s seed, his head-accursed shall bruise !  
 And him shall lead, into captivity ;  
 And shall enchain, beneath that baseless sea,  
 Hell’s Bottomless Abyss !—Whilst such shall steal,  
 A poisoning wound, into his crushing heel !

“ Woman !—Thou knowest not, from height, how grand,  
 Thou down hast fallen, in breaking my command !  
 A lofty state, for thee, was mine intent ;  
 In first estate of its development  
 Probationary made ! That I might see,  
 Whether sufficient was, God’s known decree,  
 To bind the soul, to full-obedience bring,  
 Against all wiles, or fleshly reasoning !

\* Gen. ii. 14.

The state which thou hast lost, I now refrain,  
 Unto thy mind, to mention, or explain ;  
 So fallen, thou could'st not comprehend !

“ The Tree,

Which thou hast plucked, now needful is to thee.  
 And, good, the argument, I heard of late  
 From Satan's tongue, unto thy present state !  
 But thou, before, a station-high did'st fill,  
*Having ALL GOOD, beyond the power of ILL,*  
 Being obedient ! The *mingled fruit*,  
 Now in thy heart, as soil-prepared, its root,  
 Taketh !

“ Thy fate shall be, henceforth, adverse !\*  
 Knowledge increased, sorrows shall seal, as curse !  
 Fleshly desire, thou did'st originate,  
 Shall be the curse that shall, thy constant fate  
 Unto thy Husband bind.

“ Sorrow and pain,  
 In thy conception's times, shalt thou sustain !  
 And such, in travail's hour, I here decide  
 Shall be enhanced, and greatly multiplied !  
 Whilst all around, thou shalt each creature see,  
 From woes like thine—from pains and sorrows free !

“ Adam ! because thou unto Eve gav'st heed, †  
 And hast transgressed my Law, by guilty deed,—  
 Eating of yonder Tree ! Thou art consigned,  
 With constant toil, thy daily food to find !—  
 I curse the Earth !—The smitten face of field  
 Shall not, to thee, spontaneous offerings yield ;  
 But thorns, and weeds, and choking thistles-high,  
 Shall labour's hand and constant toil defy ;  
 Until, with sweat of brow, in cold and heat,  
 Thy daily bread, thou ever hence shall eat ;  
 Until thou dost return unto the Earth,  
 Whence thou receiv'dst, in this pure spot, thy birth !—  
 For dust thou art, and thou shalt surely be  
 To dust returned, for thine iniquity !—

\* Gen. III. 16.

† Gen. III. 17.

" All this, I tell, shall unto thee present  
 The measure-due, of *outward punishment*,  
 Thy sin entails. The DEATH that comes this day,  
 Shall rob thy soul of *spiritual life* and sway,—  
 Of which unworthy thou!—From thy sad fall,  
 Thou'rt dead in sin!—My Spirit I recall!  
 Wouldst thou, such Life, by penitence regain,  
 Such Heaven might give; *Thou shalt be born again!*

" *Behold, and understand!*

" The lines of Fate,  
 Upon Heaven's dome, I will illuminate!

" *See down the Vale of Time!*

" *The mode* behold,  
 Whereby I now, have Man's redemption told,  
 From power of sin; the which this day hath birth,  
 From your transgressive deed, upon the Earth,  
 And Satan shall extend!

" But which MY LOVE  
 Shall thence reclaim, as tell the Heavens above!"

The sky around, the vault of Heaven's wide space,  
 Did then become an exhibition-place  
 Of scenes-pictorial. It showed the plan,  
 The Mighty God had laid for guilty Man,  
 Founded before the World; foreknown, and thence  
 Predestined long, in God's eternal Providence,  
 Surely to come!

Slowly, in Heaven's vast height,  
 Swelled forth a scene with most translucid light!  
 Adam, with eye, and mind, and thought intent,  
 Gazed far above, anxious to grasp what meant  
 The growing truthfulness of tint and line,  
 Which did, in Space, and all above, define  
 A wondrous spectacle.

" Great God!—Thy Word,"  
 At length he said, "my inmost soul hath heard;

And sorrow bends, as bruised reed, me down,  
Beneath Thy brow, which now, its first deep frown  
On me bestows !

“ Sad Adam doth confess  
His life is lost,—forfeit by sinfulness !

“ Oh ! I have lived, Thou Most Almighty King,  
In Eden’s vales, a pure and holy thing !  
And felt that Thy good Will, Thy kind control,  
Hath filled my heart, and sanctified my soul  
To constant purity !

“ Too sweet to last !—  
That state is gone ; my *first-felt-life* is past,  
And *Death* my soul o’ertakes !

“ Great God !—I feel  
Thy *threat* fulfilled,—my life’s withdrawal real !  
Almighty God !—What can my soul prevent  
From deeper woe,—from weightier punishment,  
Throughout Eternity ?—that awful word,  
Which hath mine ear, in often discourse heard  
From Angels’ trembling lips, when they would fain  
The deep vast things, exhibit or explain,  
The which to Thee belong !

“ Darkness and woe,  
Seem but my soul, in prospect now to know  
Through all futurity !—Seemeth no hope  
Within to rise ;—Destruction’s widest scope  
Gapeth my course around !—

“ I tread its brink !  
Back, from such gap, my startled soul doth shrink,  
In horror’s agony, and dread ; and thy reproach—  
Spare me Great God !—doth seem to me approach,  
In such tremendous and appalling sense,  
It *drives* me out,—it casts me ever hence,  
To degradation’s depths !

“ Great God !—my frame,  
My heart, my mind, are now no more the same

They foretime were !—Glorious I might have been !  
 What am I now ?—A thing abased, unclean,  
 And filled with sinfulness !

“ But stay !—

“ Vast King !—

What wondrous sight doth now thy Vision bring  
 Mine eye before ?—

“ By slow degrees that light  
 Hath now defined, and brought before my sight—  
 A form !—

“ What is it Lord ?—

“ What can it be ?—

What hangeth there, as nailed upon a Tree,—  
 And pierced to death ?—

“ Ah !—

“ Doth my Faith begin

Thy words to grasp,—and shall there be, for sin,  
 ‘ *A way of cleansing* ’ found ?—

“ Vast God,—I see,—

Now beameth bright that Heavenly Mystery !  
 It is no human form, no Angel fair,  
 That pierced, and crucified, appeareth there !  
 Down, on my soul, over each sin, I trace  
 A stream doth flow, each mark to thence efface,  
 And I, instructed by my God, confess,  
 There finds my Soul ‘ *Imputed Righteousness*, ’  
 To wash away its guilt !

“ Now can I go !

‘ *Driven away*, ’ but not o’erwhelmed with woe ;  
 I can now bid, to every scene and view  
 In Eden loved, a long and last ‘ *Adieu*, ’  
 And not expire !

“ Thou favoured spot of Earth !

Thou ‘ Garden of The Lord ! ’ wherein my birth,  
 In Mercy’s great and everlasting plan,  
 Was given at first, there to prepare, for Man,  
 Some renovating scheme. My sin hath changed  
 The great design, God’s Goodness had arranged,

And in my Spiritual Death, Mankind now die,—  
 For fallen I am, and henceforth cannot I  
 Propitiate my God !—

“ For me, and mine,  
 (If seed I bear,) must now some plan-divine  
 This loss restore !—

“ And God hath there declared,  
 His Will complete ; A Sacrifice prepared !

“ Sad Angel !—now, who doth behind me stand,  
 With sorrowing heart, to do the stern command  
 Of Heaven’s Great King, and drive me hence,—I ask  
 Thy pity now, no more to stay thy task,  
 For which, I see, thou dost indeed possess,  
 The flaming sword of God’s Almightiness,  
 None dare approach !

“ But which as yet thy breast,  
 With deep compassion moved, causeth to rest,  
 Whilst summon I, unto my stricken heart,  
 Strength to survive, and courage to depart !—

“ Such now performed must be !

“ Angel of God ! I feel  
 The Vision changed ; ere forth I go, I kneel  
 Repentingly !

“ And screen mine eyes, as hence,  
 Thou *drivest* me, for disobedience,  
 Into the world around ; where, know I well,  
 That I must live, and henceforth ever dwell  
 As others of mankind !

“ My soul is dead !—  
*There beams The Power* shall bruise the Serpent’s head ;  
 Which I behold in faith ; and I, and men,  
 Shall *thereby* live,—shall *thus* be born again !  
 Now sees, my Faith, ‘The CH<sup>R</sup>IST once slain,’ from thence  
 Ascend on high, to Heaven’s bright eminence ;  
 Surrounded, there, by souls-redeemed of human race,  
 Who worship Him, in that most glorious place,

A 'SPOTLESS LAMB,' once slain, worthy to be  
Saviour of Men—The Son of Deity."

---

Down, prone, to Earth, repentant and sincere,  
In fullest faith, Adam and Eve appear.

The Power-Satanical, in Serpent's form,  
Writhed to and fro, as rocks, in wildest storm,  
The bruised and broken reed!

Its breast did heave,

As though, *internal-Power* would form relieve  
From long imprisonment; and *foreign life*  
Did rack its sides with parturition's strife!

At length, in travail's agony, around,  
Burst forth a deep, a strange, an awful sound!  
And Demon-fierce did filmy form expand,  
And, once again, in face of Heaven did stand,  
Its only open Foe!—Defiance, still, each word  
Satan proclaimed! by God, his Maker, heard!  
Revengeful, Mighty God!—Vast Power!—Supreme!  
Wrathful! or great! or good!—in all extreme!  
Jehovah!—God!—Let vengeance be content!  
The Great 'I AM,' must be Omnipotent!  
God!—Thou, alone, doth still, as fate, dispose  
Heaven's highest bliss;—enforce Hell's deepest Woes!  
The what *I am*, Thy Will permitted me  
In Heaven *attempt*, on Earth *succeed* to be—  
The Principle of Ill!—The Origin  
Of poignant Woe!—The Fount of deadly Sin!

"Accept, I do, the work Thou dost assign;  
To be wrought out by Agency of Mine,  
And *slackness* will not show!—My zeal shall be  
Chaunted in Hell;—my skill approved by Thee!

“Twixt me (as Thou hast said) and woman’s seed,  
 Let there, henceforth, be ‘*ENMITY*’ indeed!  
*Bruise, Thou, mine head!*—*The woman’s seed* shall feel,  
 That I will *wound*, with poisoned tongue, *its heel!*

“Showest Thou, Most Mighty God, in scenes above,  
 The wondrous Scheme of Thy Redeeming Love?  
 Satan’s proud breast rejoiceth in *the price*  
 Of that must be the *monstrous sacrifice*,  
 Man’s penalty to pay!

“Thou Mighty King!  
 The readiest wrath unto the work I bring!  
 Where’er fallen Man shall God approach in prayer!  
 Where’er on Earth shall live one Virtue-fair!  
 Where’er shall Goodness dwell, or brightest Fame,  
 Attempt to build, on ‘Works of Grace’ its name!  
 Where’er shall love, in purest state, be found!  
 Where’er shall peace and unity abound!  
 Where’er shall joy or righteous feeling blend!  
 Where’er shall faith or Charity extend!  
 Where’er shall hold the anchor of Man’s hope;—  
 In all these—if find I, atom’s scope,  
 There shall my Spirit be, with its alloy,  
 All good to blast; to happiness destroy!  
 And, brightest thoughts of every human Soul,  
 I will to Ill and Sinfulness control,  
 As all to God opposed!

“It is my boast,  
 I drew away one-third of Heaven’s high Host!  
 And fallen-Gods or outcast-Angels now,  
 To me, their Lord, in full submission bow!

“If Man resist, in good more stubborn he,  
 Contend we thence for spiritual mastery!  
 Until the Earth shall ring, with loud acclaim,  
 Of Leader’s Will, and Ruling-Champion’s name!  
 As roll the waves of fight, and Thine, or mine,  
 The victory is,—the conquest doth incline!



"I am content Thy Vengeance to abide !  
 For centuries of years my form to hide,  
 In darkness, chains, and gloom ; so that my hate,  
 The kingdom here, with God, participate !

"My form I shed !

"Thou vile !—thou crested Snake !—  
 Abhorred by Man, be thou ; and, for my sake  
 Despised and feared !

"I would this frame should die,  
 My former power, on Earth, did occupy !  
 No love I bear for form of Serpent-vile,  
 Which I did fill, for purpose-vast, awhile ;  
 But pass I now, 'neath God's Supreme Control,  
 To habitation find for many a soul,  
 Of new-born human race !

"Great God ! Thy sway  
 I must observe !—Thy Law I must obey !  
 And Satan sinks, Vast Power !—to depths below !  
 Thy tortured Slave ! Thine unforgiven Foe !"

---

One ray of Wrath, by Hand of Vengeance shed,  
 Was swiftly cast upon the Rebel's head ;—  
 For Arch-Deceiver's breast the yawning ground  
 Opened its mouth (as with a vault-profound),  
 And down, below, into that deepest rent,  
 With lightning-speed, the towering form was sent,  
 Which God defied !

---

Then soon the scene 'gan change ;—  
 The Vale of Paradise assumed a range,  
 Distant, and less defined.

On Eastern side  
 Flowed all around a bright and limpid tide ;  
 And high, before its *pass*, at God's command,

A Being Vast, with flaming sword, did stand ;  
Which turned around, and round, and every way,  
Sending across the stream each dancing ray  
Reflected on its breast ; a volume-bright,  
Of most intense, revolving beams of light,  
To keep The Way of Life !

In foreground-fair,  
Knelt, side by side, the sorrow-stricken Pair,  
Screening their tearful eyes ; and thus was Woe,  
And Guilt, and Grief, entailed on all below !  
Adam's first sin had paid its bitter cost,—  
And Death then was,—and Paradise was lost !

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## MUSICAL FINALE.

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### SECOND BOOK.—THIRD PART.

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Oh ! ye Spirits of Grace !—Oh ! ye Angels most fair !  
 Who assemble in Heaven,—to God's regions repair !  
 I observe the bright tear, which bedews each pure eye,  
 And I know all your grief, and I hear each sad sigh !

Oh ! this wreck !—it is sad !—Oh ! this '*Death*' !—now I know  
 What good '*Life*' Man hath lost !—what this World !—whence  
     its woe !  
 For alas ! o'er the Earth, a dark cloud is now spread,—  
 Adam's sin is now formed,—his first innocence fled !

Oh ! ye Angels of Bliss !—Oh ! ye Creatures of Joy !  
 Ye have wept !—ye now sigh ! come, your prayers now employ ;  
 And your *influence* urge (to save Man, and his race,  
 From the fruits of the Fall), at the Throne of God's Grace !

Then, ye Spirits most pure,—from the Earth there shall rise,  
 Shouts of praise, that shall shake the vast dome of the skies ;  
 And the pardon of God, and its terms, shall be named,—  
 And '*Redemption by Christ*,' to God's Glory, proclaimed !

There was mirth, down in Hell !—there were shoutings, when Sin  
 Its sad course o'er the Earth, did, in Adam, begin !  
 There was laughter, most loud, when the Demon of Woe,  
 In his triumph, returned, to the regions below.

For he stood, King of Hell ! and he told, there, aloud,  
In the ears of his fiends,—in the face of that crowd,—  
That Mankind were all lost, and that God, by His Word,  
Had their souls, in one doom, to *his* regions transferred.

But his tongue, it was false !—His vast boasting was vain !—  
For ye know, Angels all, who Man's sin shall sustain ;  
And ye know, that your God, hath in goodness decreed,  
A pure Victim shall die—His own Son—He shall bleed !

Oh ! ye Angels of Bliss !—Oh ! ye Angels of Grace !—  
In this spot, beauteous Heaven,—in this most blessed place,  
A vast change shall succeed ; for your God hath declared,  
'Tis the home of Mankind !—for Man's Spirit prepared !

Now look down, through all Time, to Earth's scenes, formed below,  
What behold ye there writ ?—*This* your spirits do know ;  
There are thousands, there seen ; there are dark human souls,  
Whom deep sin doth now sway—whom gross guilt now controls !

There are thousands and millions of Adam's fall'n race,  
Whom fierce-lust now defiles, whom deep-guilt doth disgrace ;  
There are thousands of souls, whose sad tongues but now tell,  
Of the sins of the World, and whose speech sounds of Hell !

There are millions of souls, who their speech now employ  
At fair Virtue to scoff,—all God's Good to destroy !  
There are millions of souls, seeming dead now in sin,  
Who these realms shall enjoy—these blest regions shall win !

There are thousands of souls,—aye, as guilty as mine,—  
Which when cleansed by Christ's blood, by Faith's washings divine,  
Shall rush up, all redeemed, in one ne'er-ending throng,  
To mix shout upon shout—send forth song upon song !

Till the rivalry-pure, of Man's voice and Man's love,  
It shall ring through Heaven's courts,—shake the ceilings above,—  
Till each Angel's glad heart, in excitement, shall feel,  
A new spur to its love,—a fresh zest to its zeal !

And each Angel's pure praise, shall haste on, in the press  
Of the millions of souls, whose glad tongues shall express,  
A new love,—more sincere, than can Angel-tongue tell,  
Whose pure hearts never sinned,—whose fond spirits ne'er fell !

Oh ! ye Angels of Bliss !—Pause ye all !—Wait awhile !  
And your sighs they shall cease,—your glad features shall smile,—  
As ye find all this Heaven,—as ye see all this space,—  
Swarming then, with glad Souls ;—with this fall'n Human Race !

They shall come to the Kingdom of God, in due time,  
In their numbers untold,—in their ranks most sublime !  
And their God, Unconceived, shall disclose Himself then,—  
Shall be known (as He knows) by the Spirits of Men !

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BOOK III.

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PART THE FIRST.

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ADAM AND EVE IN THE PRECINCTS OF PARADISE,

AND

THE DEATH OF ABEL.





### BOOK III.—PART I.

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#### THE ARGUMENT.

The Precincts of Paradise. Satan observed pacing a dell. His Address to the Deity. Cain approaches. Satan addresses Cain in an ambiguous manner, warping his mind from God, and exciting him to discontent. His success. He casts Cain into a deep sleep, and influences his mind by dreams. The scene changes. Adam and Eve, sitting without the Gates of Paradise, speak of its beauties, and revert to the circumstances of the Fall. They perform their evening sacrifice. Cain manifests a spirit of discontent and rebellion. Declares his disinclination to worship God. Confesses to Adam that he has discoursed with strange and rebellious Spirits. Scoffs at his Parents, for not embracing the opportunity of plucking and of eating of the fruit of the Tree of Life. Expresses anger against Abel, for offering prayers for him to Almighty God. Explains to Adam that he has conversed with Spirits who have led him to doubt the faith taught by his Parents, and the veracity of God, relative to the fruit of the Tree of Life. Consents to sacrifice with Abel. They prepare to sacrifice. Abel brings of the firstlings of his flock, and points to the necessity of such sacrifice, as a type of Christ. Cain offers an indignant and graceless prayer; brings of the fruits of the Earth, and proposes to test the merits of his sacrifice by its acceptance by God. The fire of Heaven descends upon Abel's altar,—whilst Cain's is thrown down, and destroyed, by a whirlwind. Cain, in a paroxysm of rage, plucks a brand from the blazing altar of Abel, and smites him therewith. The death of Abel; the horror and regret of Cain!

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## BOOK III.

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### PART FIRST.

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#### THE DEATH OF ABEL.

In Heaven's vast dome, the scene again displayed,  
Was deep and rich ; a sheltered moon-lit glade,  
On verge of Paradise.

The Heavens were bright  
With thousand worlds, of pure and glittering light,  
Its vast profound displays ; and sailing slow,  
The silvery moon did shed, on all below,  
Its soft and pensive rays !—The hour, the time,  
Peaceful and calm, celestial and sublime !

No midnight breath, the clouds of Heaven, then stirred ;  
No whispered sound, midst forest leaves, was heard ;  
But all reposed ; and Eden's Angels felt  
(Who Gate secured, and therein ever dwelt)  
That Earth did rest ; and Heavenly Watcher's eye  
Observed no foe,—supposed no danger nigh.

Where changed the dell, and sylvan-features grand,  
With towering rocks, and hanging woods, did stand,

And denser shadows fell ; mine eye could trace,  
A Being-vast, treading, with measured pace,  
The solitude !

His'lofty form convey'd  
A soft, reflected beam within that shade ;  
Making his figure-stern, the nucleus-bright,  
Whence did proceed a supernatural light ;  
Tinting each form ; and showing, full and well,  
No human foot it was that paced that dell,  
But Power-Angelical ; who Earth then strode ;  
Mayhap of Heaven ;—the skies his blest abode.

Some stirring theme, some lofty wish or thought,  
It seemed, to speech, that Mighty Being wrought !  
As onward, now, with proudest tread, he came ;  
Emotion's power conveyed unto his frame,  
Gestures significant !

No thought of love  
Did seem displayed to Heaven, or things above ;  
But hand and eye, and stern uplifted brow,  
Did rage convey ; and seemed to vengeance vow !  
And, as his arm in threatening act he raised,  
His figure brighter grew, until it almost blazed !  
So full, with light, did that strange figure rise,  
It dell illumed,—it almost lit the skies !

Forward he strode ; and then, at length, his speech,  
As on he came, unto mine ear did reach,  
Of thoughts confirmative, which he to vision told,  
By actions fierce ; by menacings most bold.

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“ Again, Great God !—Again, ye midnight skies,  
Behold, from Hell, the Arch-Deceiver rise,  
And Paradise approach !

“ Again, Earth, know,  
Satan unchained ! and walketh, here, the foe,

Who wars with God ! and doth, as mask, assume  
 (To crush mankind, and to prepare his doom)  
 No reptile's form ; but by-gone given grace,  
 Of mould-angelical ; and brow and face  
 Almost divine !

“ To tempt to guilty deed,  
 Shall not again ‘ *The subtle Snake* ’ succeed.  
 Coiling its twining form, before Eve’s sight,  
 Such to attract, her notice to invite !  
 Adam is wiser grown ; and, here, I bring  
 A form to meet man’s high imagining,  
 Which shall contempt produce, against God’s laws ;  
 Or I am not—SATAN—The Fount—The Cause—  
 The Source—The Mover-prime—of every Sin,  
 That stirs man’s heart ;—is bred deep Hell within !

“ Full fraud,—the deepest hate,—rebellion, still,  
 My business here ; and not alone ; my will !  
 For Thou, vast God ! betwixt man’s race and me,  
 Hast fixed, on Earth, Eternal Enmity ;

“ Here stand I now, upon thy globe again ;—  
 Escaped, awhile, from regions-deep of pain !  
 Assuming mine own form, until I find,  
 In race-new-made, some most congenial mind,  
 Whereto my hate, I can in full impart,  
 And lodgment make, within one human heart,  
 Of Satan’s discontent ;—sow Satan’s pride ;—  
 Who Heaven refused ;—its Majesty defied ;  
 Because, to God, inferior ever made,  
 And thrust aside, whilst homage must be paid  
 To His Vast Majesty !

“ Success complete,—  
 In that, I, here, one kindred Spirit meet,  
 And him inoculate, with thoughts of sin,  
 Engraft my hate,—plant deadly pride within ;  
 Then here, on Earth, no more there shall be need  
 In form I come, to sow, of sin, the seed !

“ It soon, in heart of Man, shall fructify,—  
 Its branches spread,—its roots shall never die !  
 And draw will I, mankind, from God’s allegiance,  
 By his own heart,—by own indwelling sense !

“ If this be incomplete to warp Man’s will,  
 Some chosen form more fully shall I fill ;  
 And such shall be the mode,—the instrument,—  
 Shall all my fraud, in fullest power, present ;  
 And Man, shall Man, by tempting word and deed,  
 To acts of sin, and deadly ruin, lead !

“ Thus Satan is revenged !—Thus shall I say,  
*Vengeance is mine !* and I will thus repay,  
 As boasts THE GREAT LORD GOD !

“ Thus shall my sting  
 Back in Thy face, Almighty Conqueror, fling  
 The death denounced ! And Man—destroyed shall be  
 Repayment-coin for Satan’s misery !

“ Now comes my task !—Adam, and fairest Eve,  
 It were not best, I sought, to now deceive !  
 Abel, their younger son, forewarned appears,  
 Sedate, and pure,—pious, above his years.  
 The elder, Cain, doth, to my mind, present,  
 The lines of pride,—the seed of discontent,—  
 And *he* my victim is ! For *such*, the mind,  
 To sin soon brought,—to sorrow pre-inclined !

“ A chance doth opportunity convey !  
 The youth doth come, in gloomy mood, this way,  
 And I will him accost ; and language-apt,  
 I will, to speech, as Angel-pure, adapt,  
 Deceptively !

“ My tongue, with words most fair,  
 Shall probe his mind, and lay the treacherous snare ;  
 And deep within his breast shall sink the bait,  
 Shall catch his soul, and shall decide his fate !”

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Here met the twain,—and thus, to Cain's sad breast  
Deceitful words, Satan, in fraud, addressed.

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“ All hail to Cain !—

“ God's pure and glorious night,  
The steps of Cain, to ramble, doth invite,  
Beneath the skies,—the dome of Heavenly King,  
Where joyous stars, within their courses, sing,  
Harmoniously !

“ 'Tis good, refreshing, wise,—  
To trace thy God, who dwells within the skies ;  
And know, and feel, that 'tis His Mighty Hand,  
That made such Worlds,—their motion did command,  
And see them such obey !

“ Equal in worth,  
It is to pace, with thoughtful mind, the Earth,  
And see, the thousand forms, therein possess ;—  
But such to view, gay sun-light were the best,  
As full, and fair, and most exhibitivè,  
Of wondrous things, that here do move and live !  
Such suits the cheerful heart !—But yet, the mind,  
To mournful thoughts, feelings sedate, inclined,  
Might well select *this time*, to wander near  
Some sacred spot, where dwells some relic dear,  
Whose charm, full-day, with all its features-fair,  
And God's bright Sun, with all its richest glare,  
Sweetly disturbs !

“ Mayhap, from sleepless bed,  
This peaceful night, are Cain's soft footsteps led,  
To see the moonbeam's play, the planets shine,  
On guarded Paradise ; the home-divine,  
His parents lost !—

“ If Cain be wandering so,—  
Shine soft ye stars,—and sacred be such woe !—  
Angels above, with softest sighs observe,  
The tearful sympathy such griefs deserve !—



And God!—Almighty God!—Observe not Thou,  
Mutter'd complaint,—or lips compressed,—or brow  
Of struggling discontent!—

“ All such might be,  
Thou knowest, God!—yet no contempt to Thee  
Thereby expressed!—Cain!—Name I now aright,  
*That* in thine heart, beholds the Infinite?—

“ Thou strugglest, mighty man, to quench thy grief!—  
Heaven *sees* thy *tears* ; *mayhap* will send *relief* !  
I would with thee commiserate ;—but vain  
Are all regrets!—Thou canst not loss regain!  
And I from Heaven would visit thee, and stray  
In converse pure, to pass the time away,  
Devoted unto God ; and joyous praise,  
Angel and Man, shall, to Jehovah raise,  
For mercies numerous ; which Cain doth know,  
From God's good gifts, doth in his bosom grow.  
Though here, at times, my spirit hath discerned,  
The mighty Cain hath in dejection turned,  
As though he would (and such doth love deserve)  
Those bounds o'erlook, and Paradise observe !

“ Thy thoughts restrain!—The pure and grateful mind  
Deep thanks to God, for punishment can find!  
And Cain no doubt, as dutiful and wise,  
Can see from such, how blessings may arise,  
Though grief be prominent ; and though awhile,  
Subdued be mirth ; and checked the joyous smile.

“ Dost Eden mourn?—

Unfeigned, and soft regret,  
No doubt, such loss should in thy mind beget!  
But thou hast such subdued!

“ Thy silence tells,  
The holy love, which in thy bosom dwells,  
Ever unspeakable ;

“ Too pure, too deep  
 For utter'd word !—Such love doth only weep !  
 And beautiful indeed it is to me,  
 Thy *love to know* ; thy full *content* to see ;  
 The theme so oft of Heaven ; which voices-sweet,  
 Unto their God, at each return, repeat ;  
 As learned on Earth *from thee* ; and told with grace,  
 Before God's Throne ; before Jehovah's face !  
 Where oft I hear, utter'd with praise, thy name ;  
 Extolled thy faith ; and sounded forth thy fame !”

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“ Thou Being Vast ;—

Angel !— or Power most high !”

(At length, did Cain unto this speech reply,)

“ I cannot understand, nor answer thee ;

Thy speech so strange, so full of mystery !

“ Thou readest not my silent thoughts aright !

The moon-beam's glare must dazzle much thy sight,

If blest I seem !

“ If I be silent still,

It is because my tongue belied my will,

Did such *content* express !

“ Ah !—no ;—I feel,

More bitter woe than man must dare reveal !

“ Most true it is, the pure and beauteous night,

To ramble here, my footsteps did invite ;

Hopeful, that I, of Paradise, perchance,

Might steal one glimpse, might catch one hasty glance !

But not with such sweet peace as you explain !

From deep regret cannot my soul refrain ;

Which to deny were fraud !

“ My God doth know

I have not peace ;—but ever feel deep woe !

“ Against despair I strive !—My grief lament !  
 But woe's obtrusive thoughts, cannot prevent !  
 They will break through the strongest shield I raise,  
 And quench all hope ; subdue each word of praise !

“ Angel !—Art thou alarmed ?.

“ I surely know  
 The wish might bring, upon my soul, deep woe !  
 And hide, would I, from God, the envious thought,  
 Which oft my feet, to Eden's bounds, have brought ;  
 But much I wish, if but for once, to see  
 All Eden's vales ; especially *that Tree*  
 Of which my Parents tell !

“ Angel—have you  
 Beheld its fruits, e'er walked that garden through ?”

“ Undoubtedly I have”—Satan replied—  
 “ And grieve I much, those vales to thee denied,  
 So beautiful !

“ Full many a former day  
 It hath been mine, therein, to pass away,  
 With other Angels there ; thinking this Earth,  
 In such pure spot, and in thy Parent's birth,  
 Were but, from Heaven, and Courts of Deity,  
 Such short remove, such blest variety,  
 As gayest parterres are, where Angels sport,  
 To royal halls, and chambers-thronged of Court,  
 Where royal audience shines !

“ Eden was known,  
 Inferior scarce to Heaven ; as bright as is God's throne !  
 The holy scenes, the joyous converse, too,  
 Which there we held, was all so blithe and new,  
 They came, upon the discourse-grave, above,  
 As playful incidents of sport and love ;  
 A beautiful relief from toil-sedate,  
 Of pages-vast, of wond'rous Book of Fate,

Angels in bliss peruse !—And studies-vast,  
Gave place to mirth, in peaceful Eden past.

“ Oh ! Sad the change !—

“ I do almost believe  
That *I* shall mourn ; that *I* shall also grieve ;  
If I such thoughts indulge ; such scenes review,  
Painting such bliss, descriptively to you !

“ But comfort take, sad Cain !—Such bliss is past !  
Thy humbler lot, in lands around, is cast !  
Such must suffice ; and God’s declared decree,  
Gives also Death—destruction’s misery !

“ All this, no doubt, is wise !

“ Yet, *sometimes*, thought,  
Will *almost* ask ;—why was such ruin wrought ?—

“ Evade such theme !—For, God’s most pure command,  
E’en I confess ’tis hard to understand ;  
Grievous *no doubt* to feel !

“ ’Tis hard to curb !—  
But let it not thy faith, nor love disturb !  
One sin brought Death !—

“ ’Tis strange !—

“ I cannot tell ;  
If life, indeed, did in those fruits then dwell  
Why God should drive Man forth, lest he partake  
Of fruits, which them should all immortal make,  
As Angels are !

“ Can’st thou say why, dear Cain,  
From such pure fruits, thy parents should refrain ?  
Perhaps I should not ask, lest such present  
Some rankling wish, and urge to discontent !  
But ’twas a gift would cost Jehovah nought !  
And such restraint, is far too dearly bought  
If intercept, it doth, thy love,—which I discern  
Now swells thy breast,—doth now, in bright-eye, burn—

Which flashes more and more—until I feel,  
 If I proceed, its rays will love reveal,  
 O'erwhelmingly intense!—Repaid should be  
 With deathless bliss,—with Immortality!"

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"Cease, Angel, cease!—Thy speech, as thou dost say,  
 Is with intent repinings to allay!—"

*His Victim cried.*—"Yet tends to full reverse,—  
 And almost drives my frantic mind to curse  
 My destiny debased!"

"I almost fly  
 In face of God!—and *Justice* here deny!  
 Stirred, as I am, by thy uncertain breath,  
 Which sometimes *warms*, and sometimes *withereth*  
 With dreadful doubts;—whose stirrings, by degrees,  
 Burn up my soul, or all my feelings freeze,  
 With alternating force!"

"Thy tale's strange scope  
 Raiseth my love,—then dasheth down my hope!"

"Who art thou?—Mighty One!—that can'st control  
 My rising thoughts, and lift my wrathful soul  
 To rebel heights,—that I, unawed, express,  
 Before thy face, with fearless readiness,  
 Dark words, which—named an hour ago—my heart  
 Had deemed irreverent, but which I now impart  
 As theme-congenial!—Is it thy fire  
 Doth now, my thoughts, with vigour-new inspire,—  
 My tongue unloose,—and lead my heart to swell  
 With feelings new,—thoughts indescribable?"

"Being Most Vast!—In mercy freely speak!—  
 Dost thou my Good, or dost thou Evil seek?—  
 Complete the tale, thou most mysterious One,  
 Thy looks portend,—thy words have but begun!"

For *Cain* a spirit hath, can brave, or bear,  
 All God can do !—the all thou canst declare !  
 Thy presence thought instils, —and doth impart  
 As 'twere a beam, which bursts upon my heart,  
 Infectiously !

“ Thy very nearness, seems,  
 To fill my mind,—as though imparted dreams  
 From thee to me did pass ; and I imbibe  
 Thoughts that astound ; knowledge I can describe !—  
 So deep it seems to run, and urge each sense,  
 God to despise,—condemn Omnipotence !

“ Tell me, thou great, thou most exciting Power,  
 Have I thy friendship gained ?—Shall we, this hour,  
 Bind firm our hearts ?—And wilt thou, Angel, teach  
 My weaker soul, to all those heights, to reach,  
 From which thy love descends ; when thou, to me,  
 Talkest of Heaven, describ'st Life's mystery !—  
 But which, my soul, I feel, doth elevate,  
 As though it, heights of bliss, did contemplate,  
 Rising sublimely up ; thought to possess,  
 Where all was mean—a world of barrenness !”

---

High, then, the Demon rose !—His radiant brow  
 Blazed forth with joy, as he, to Cain, did vow,  
 Friendship-eterne !

He scarce in pride refrained  
 From taunting Heaven, as he, his object gained !  
 But yet he paused ; fearful, such action, might  
 Too much disclose ; and Cain, with deep affright,  
 Should then, from foe to God, aback recoil,  
 And thus forewarned, should deepest vengeance foil,—  
 Mar plans almost mature !

He, joy suppressed,  
 And thus, sad Cain, in quick reply, addressed :—

“ Ah ! Soul-congenial !—have I, on Earth, then found,  
 A kindred breast, to which mine own is bound ?—  
 Thy love I meet. For friendship, so sincere,  
 My throne I left, and come I, mortal, here,  
 To thee console.

“ Henceforth, great Cain, are we  
 Brothers in Love, soul-linked in destiny.  
 Henceforth, as mine, thy known and honored name,  
 No single soul, on all the Earth, shall claim !  
 But linked, as now thou art—Mortal—with me,  
 In well-known fame, and proud affinity ;  
 My name and thine shall hence, in concert, blend,  
 Till Time is past, and this new World shall end !  
 On Earth notorious ! A pinnacle of fame  
 In Time receive ;—in Heaven prepare to claim !

“ Witness all Earth ! Witness ye Heavenly Powers !—  
 Friendship is formed !—Full-Brotherhood is ours !  
 As pledge of my great truth, and love, this night,  
 I will convey unto thy soul, a sight  
 Of wondrous facts, shall stir thy fruitful mind  
 To things more vast than can all fancy find  
 Allotted here to Man !

“ These sights shall be,  
 If so thou wilt, made firm reality !  
 They're mine to give !—Such wonders to possess  
 Thou shalt esteem as height of blessedness !  
 And if I thanks from thy glad lips obtain,  
 Wise shalt thou be, much greatness shalt thou gain ;  
 Of which, as yet, thy thoughts or spirits bold,  
 Hath never dreamed, thy God hath never told !  
 Mayhap also, never intended he,  
 Who holds Heaven's rule ;—who made Immensity !”

---

The Demon touched Cain's brow ! A dormant spell,  
 Upon each sense, with speedy langour, fell ;  
 And deep his victim slept.

Above his head,  
 Satan, awhile, his waving hands then spread !  
 Filling his mind with dreams ; till thought appears,  
 As on he passed, through centuries of years,  
 With scenes replete.

Cain's ontstretched, moving hand,  
 Gave you to see his mind did understand ;  
 His soul was captive led—and would possess  
 The things he saw, in this strange dreaminess ;  
 For oft, at vapoury things, in sleep, he grasped ;  
 And to his breast some seeming object clasped ;  
 And smile would he, as though his heart obtained  
 Its dearest wish ; vast pleasure he sustained.

Satan, his arms, then ceased to wave around  
 Cain's sleeping head ; who lay upon the ground,  
 All motionless as Death !—Then Demon-King,  
 His firm-clenched hand, against High Heaven did fling,  
 Exultingly !—For then he knew, the sleep,  
 Of victim prone, so dense became, and deep,  
 That not one sense could be, by act, or word,  
 Startled to Life ; from soundest slumber stirred !

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“ *Now is Cain mine !* ”—The exulting Demon cried ;—  
 “ I am revenged ! and God !—Thou art defied !—  
 Sleep ! Visions !—Dreams ! ye have that Soul possess !  
 Pictures of Air do now pervade that breast !—  
 Thou Mighty God !—Now strews, Satanic wrath,  
 With pictures strange, imagination's-path ;  
 Making *fictitious-brilliancy* to rise,  
 Beyond what Thou, for Man, wilt realize !  
 Behold that Sleeping Thing !—See my control !—  
 A dream hath bought the birth-right of its soul !  
 Build Thou, Great God ! Creative Might employ !  
 Thus will I mar ; thus will I, good, destroy !  
 By counter-craft, all beauteous things I find  
 Shall be to ill, to evil deeds, inclined !



From good seduced ;—from truth be made to stray ;  
And led from bliss, by my deep guile away !

“ Vast God ! Thou hast, in evil hour, me made !  
And torture’s-curse, unto my soul, conveyed,  
Immortally !

“ Thou hast in Hell, my fate,  
Undying made !—Undying, thence, my hate !  
Worse, cannot rage provoke !—Thou hast assigned  
My path !—Thou hast with pride, and hate, my mind,  
Eternally embued !—And now, I vent,  
The bitter wrath Thy Godhead did invent !  
God !—in the Majesty of all Thy Might,  
I, Thee abhor !—For Thou art Infinite !—  
And that, alone, from Satan shall conceal,  
Mercy or love ; if Thou dost such reveal !  
In other things, and forms, Goodness, I know,  
Thou hast produced !—I own it even so !  
Goodness was given to that weak thing, that lies  
There crushed on Earth, my Victim, now, my prize !  
I grant Thee, God, credit of Thy pure plan,  
Which ‘ Upright’ made, and beauteous too, frail man !  
Be mine the boast, each bright joy to reverse ;  
To mar all bliss ; prepare each poignant curse !

“ What power of Ill is mine ?—To Hell redress,  
This swear I now !—This power do I possess.  
Where’er Thy Hand doth frame a mind most bright ;  
There will I cast, for downfal’s blow, my might !  
Weak things, may seem, to pass unheeded by ;  
But build Thou, God !—a mind more good or high ;  
There shall my strength, with greater force, assail ;  
Till man, most pure, shall far more deeply fail ;  
And shall present incongruous-marks, to tell  
The loftiest pile of God, most prostrate fell,  
By Satan’s hand cast down !

“ The Ruin-*mine* !  
The Structure-frail, the riven-Temple, *Thine* !

Who, then, shall be, in Mortals' times, confest,  
 Mover of Men ?—Whose Might be Mightiest ?  
 Redeeming Hand—Thy Grace—Thy Will—Kind Fate—  
 Might such restore ;—Thy Love such reinstate ;—  
 Rebuild such more secure !

“ Still stands *my scar* !

Still doth *my wound*, the stricken-goodness mar !  
 Perfection stands defaced !—My arm triumphant still,  
 Is thus announced ; thus shown is Satan's skill !  
 For God but patcheth up, and doth amend,  
 That I have riven ;—that I, again, will rend !

Now wake thee up, from thy deep sleep, frail Cain !  
 But that strange dream, thy senses shall retain,  
 Through scenes of lengthened life !

“ Ah ! little, now,

Dost thou conceive ; Ah ! little thinkest thou,  
 Whereto thou'rt led ! Could'st thou be fully told,  
 The awful crime, few days shall now unfold,  
 Thou would'st demand—if now thy heart and breast,  
 The Spirit-fierce, of savage beast, possessest ?  
 Repugnancy so great !

“ Now farewell, Cain !

May God, Allwise, His Creature-frail, sustain !  
 Enough for me, that *thus*, unto thy heart,  
 My Taint !—my Curse !—my Spirit, I impart !

---

The scene was changed.

At Eden's garden gate,  
 Adam, now long expelled, reclining sate ;  
 Resting from toil, or daily duties-light,  
 Midst scenes most sweet, and Evening-beams most bright.

It was a landscape, pure. Nigh thereunto,  
 And stretching far away, you *Paradise* could view.  
 Its circling hills, on further side, most vast,  
 Into the distance far, with grey tints, cast,  
 And forms-diverse, and bold. The nearer side,  
 (Protected well, by deep and flowing tide)

Admitted oft the eye to wander through  
 Its beauteous glades—each peaceful avenue—  
 Of this, its *eastern* side ; where, ever nigh,  
 The flaming sword of Cherubim did fly !—  
 To keep the way (since day with sorrow rife)  
 To awful spot, where stood “ The Tree of Life ” !

Sitting, in circle nigh, and peace around,  
 With ear attent, his family were found,  
 As then their wont, beneath the evening's sun,  
 When duty's work, with labour's day, was done.  
 Adam then spake. Sublime and calm, did seem,  
 His earnest speech—and Paradise the theme.  
 List'ning in groups of radiance around,  
 Angels from Heaven, in those first days, were found ;  
 In aspect known ; their features unconcealed ;  
 Who God made known ; and knowledge-high revealed  
 In discourse pure.

These, at this time, I viewed  
 Around disposed in list'ning attitude.  
 And other groups, faintly, but well defined,  
 Sailing above in clouds, mine eye could find,  
 And all in love approached. And all appeared,  
 (As to such spot, in shining robes they neared)  
 With Adam's speech well-pleased !

The chastened man —  
 Who sinned and fell, ere scarce his life began —  
 Had *grace* and *favor* sought ; and he had gained  
 The promise-true, Redemption's-fruit sustained,  
 In fallen woman's seed !

His thoughtful eye  
 Looked down the course of Time, to mystery  
 Ages should yet unfold ; Man's first estate,  
 Did Christ's Atoning Blood *anticipate*,  
 As we rejoice, who have, by mercy shown,  
 In after-times, its full completion known,  
 On Calvary's Cross !—A pure and thankful mind,  
 His heart to words of gratitude inclined ;—  
 And thus he spake ;—

“ How beautiful, how bright  
The Sun yet shines upon that noble height,  
Fair Paradise surrounds !

“ How doth my mind,  
Comfort at length, in full remembrance find,  
Of all its beauteous scenes ; through which I know,  
This very stream, in meandering rills doth flow,  
Cooling its dells ; and rippling softly through  
Its vales of bliss ; which I, when sinless, knew !

“ Of such pure stream, without, I daily drink ;  
And then, of fountain-pure, I stop to think,  
In Paradise well known !—Sorrow at first,  
And bitter tears, would, from mine eye-lids, burst,  
As I its distant groves, and closed gate,  
Would, with regret and sighs, oft contemplate,  
Mourning my loss !

“ Mourning, in truth, as well,  
The mighty loss, which, by my folly, fell  
On my posterity !

“ On this same hill,  
Which distant view commands, I linger still,  
Oh ! many an hour in sad regret, away,  
As I its beauteous scenes, in miniature survey,  
And know such joys (which now I duly prize,  
As fancy's power, the past doth realize ;)  
Were fully mine !

“ Faithful remembrance brings  
Back to one's heart, the value-true of things,  
By indiscretion lost ;—I feel as yet,  
And daily too, each deep and fond regret !  
But no complaint, with hardened heart I bring,—  
No rebel thought,—no thankless murmuring,—  
For God was just !—And bless him now I do,  
That he hath opened up to me a view  
Of regions yet more pure ; and sight of state,  
Which I in faith, afar, can contemplate,

If I obedient be ; and if I still  
Follow His laws, and His commands fulfil ;  
More rich in joy than Paradise could be,—  
All Heaven such prize,—with life immortally !

“ Nay, dearest Eve, hang not thy mournful head,  
At brightest scenes of life thus withered,  
For time so short enjoyed. Think not on thee  
I would reflect ; such sin was born by me ;  
And surely, so, for such transgression's sake,  
We now alike in punishment partake ;  
The which had greater been, hadst thou alone  
Its anguish felt, its early sorrows known ;  
And I, bereft, in Paradise had been  
A solitary Man ; unloved ! a being all unseen !—  
No dread of Ill to sharpen sinking hope !—  
No fear of pause, in life's too lengthened scope !  
Without the sound of Sorrow's friendly sigh !  
Without the pledge of Pity's tearful eye !  
And (God but knows) without those dearest ties,  
Which, one grade lost, these frames could realize,  
And now I love !

“ All these, Man's wants, shall make  
This life esteemed ; e'en loved for Sorrow's sake.  
And health's decline, and need of tender care,  
Shall softer hopes, sweet sympathies prepare ;  
The which, in gentle intercourse, we feel,  
Gives comfort-word in grief, and joy, and weal,  
Their brightest blessings lend !

“ Thus *good* doth grow,  
If wisely felt, from scenes of deepest woe !  
And thus, to Eden's loss, my chastened mind  
Is now, in faith and perfect love, resigned !  
Looking to good, which hath its origin—  
How Great is God !—within the very sin,  
Which gave to guilt its birth ;—to woe its rise ;—  
And closed, on us, The Gate of Paradise ! ”

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Deep, precious tears, e'en such as contrite know,  
 From Adam's lids, in gratitude did flow !  
 And thus, in pious and repentant state,  
 The meeker Eve did then participate ;  
 And so, their younger Son ;—and their delight  
 Was thus to *know*, and *bless*—THE INFINITE !

“ Husband,” the gentle Eve then tearfully said,  
 “ For all such good, unto ourselves conveyed,  
 My God I bless !

“ For thousand mercies past,  
 Before his Throne my prostrate form I cast !  
 For daily good—for numerous blessings shown  
 To children dear, to lusty manhood grown,  
 His Mighty Name I praise !—From coming ill,  
 I pray, His power, be pleased defend us still !

“ From every lust of flesh, from every thought of sin,  
 I pray the power of dwelling Grace, within,  
 To strengthen and protect !—Through every day,  
 May God bestow, and I obtain its sway ;  
 My wavering thoughts, with His pure love, to lead  
 To virtuous act, and good and holy deed !

“ Through darkest hours of unprotected night,  
 Upon us rest His all-observing sight !  
 Our bodies-frail, our slumbering souls, to screen  
 From powers-adverse ; from every ill-unseen !

“ From every sin of thought, or word, or deed,  
 Pardon I pray ; and look in Faith, indeed,  
 To sacrifice-divine, which yet, doth He,  
 In shadows clothe ; enfold in mystery !

“ Children—behold !—Before my God I stand ;—  
 Confessing, here, His good and gracious hand,  
 All just in punishment ! As now, this frame,  
 His Eye beholds ; into my heart, the same,  
 He penetrates !

“ If taint of former sin,  
 Dwelleth, from Satan's tongue, my soul within !  
 If thought-profane,—if budding-wish there dwell,  
 I would conceal, but dare not even tell ;—  
 May His Almighty Power—controlling-Grace—  
 The seed of sin, the germ of guilt, displace,  
 Ere yet it taketh root !

“ Husband !—to thee,  
 As head of this, our given family,  
 I now approach !—My weaker mind gave way  
 To Tempter's tongue, Satan's insidious sway !—  
 His eloquence prevailed ! and I, to thee,  
 The tempting fruit of that forbidden Tree  
 Did bring !

“ Affection-true, devotion-pure,  
 All acts can soothe, all patience can endure,  
 Be mine, to thee, to promise and provide,  
 For blessings, now, to thee—alas !—denied ;  
 In that to us no more, as peaceful home,  
 The Vales of Paradise our feet shall roam,  
 As heretofore we loved ; when pride within,  
 Had bred no lust, and we conceived no sin !

“ How much of peace,—how much of great and good,  
 We therein lost, is feebly understood,  
 In bliss which yet we find !—How rich, this Life,  
 Where sin ne'er sows, upon the spirit, strife !  
 What heavenly rest, upon the conscience dwells,  
 When inward voice of truth, and virtue, tells,  
 A God revered !

“ Husband,—now come with me,  
 And hand in hand, the fond and grateful knee,  
 In Evening sacrifice, approach, and bend  
 Before our being's Source,—our being's end,—  
 The Great and Mighty God !—The Gracious King !—  
 Whose ear attends,—whose eye is witnessing !”

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“Dearest !” the noble Adam cried, “with thee,  
 I will approach, and praise The Deity !  
 And *thus*, 'neath setting sun, obedient now,  
 Before the God of Heaven, we humbly bow ;  
 And prostrate here, in most obedient state,  
 Pardon implore, and God's good blessing wait,  
 In suited attitude, of Faith's control ;  
 Which humbleth *thus* the frame, as it, the soul,  
 Sincerely now subdues !

“Jehovah !—King !—  
 Their daily sacrifice, Thy servants bring !  
 The Heaven of Heavens—the spreading, vaulted sky—  
 Of Thy great Thrones, the distant canopy !  
 The boundless space Thy home !—where Thou dost dwell ;  
 Thy Presence here—Thy form invisible !

“Great God, all hail !—To Thee we do confess  
 Knowledge of Thy Creative Mightiness !  
 From Thy Creative Hand, all things had birth ;  
 Whether in Heaven they be, or tread this Earth,  
 Or deep in seas they dwell !

“As from Thy Will  
 They were create, so Thou sustaineth still,  
 By constant Providence, throughout all time,  
 Worlds most immense, and planets most sublime !

“In Thee sustained, Thy joyful creatures live !  
 'Twas Thou, alone, immortal souls, didst give  
 To all the human race ; who now, from Thee,  
 Rejoice in good,—and bless their destiny !

“By Thee controlled, Thine active agents move !  
 By Thy great Power, these frames, obedient prove !  
 Existence here, and being-pure, we find ;  
 And Life sustain, but as Thou art inclined  
 To such prolong !

“With every power, and sense,  
 We homage pay,—and Thee we reverence !



“ By Thy good Grace, may every thought be won,  
To full, and to complete subjection,  
To Thine Almighty Will !

“ For Good enjoyed,—  
For Ill escaped,—Oh ! be our souls employed  
In praising Thee !

“ For full and rich supply  
Of daily grace, that we may guide, thereby,  
The movements of our souls,—we humbly pray !  
And be it Thine, Heaven’s-unction to convey,  
And wisdom teach,—thy righteous laws to learn,  
The Good to choose,—the Evil to discern,—  
The latter to avoid. For this, our need,  
And Thy supply, no merit-act we plead !  
But seek such aid, and waft our prayers above,  
Depending, thus, upon the constant Love,  
And goodness-great of God !

“ For food, each day,  
We humbly, now, unto Thy bounty pray !  
That Thou wilt bless, with produce due, our toil,  
And increase give ; that we, from Earth’s deep soil,  
May sustenance obtain ; and that, for use,  
Each season-due, its fruits may still produce,  
Wisely ordained and kept, Great God, by Thee,  
As seen around, in rich abundancy.

“ Our wants, thus named ; our cares, thus feebly shown,  
To Thee are manifest, our need is known ;  
And it requireth not we name to Thee,  
For guidance thine, each day’s necessity !  
But good it is ; that thus, by word, we show,  
Ourselves declare, and make our children know,  
That so, for blessings here, the great, the small,  
We must alike, upon thy bounty fall,  
And do indeed depend !

“ Our bodies keep ;—  
Their powers restore, with sound refreshing sleep !

That they may strength regain, and thus procure  
The loss sustained by toil's expenditure !

“ Accept, Oh ! Lord, from each, as thus we bring,  
From separate minds, our fervent offering !  
And grant to each, if so Thy will it be,  
That each enjoys the fullest destiny  
They seek in prayer !

“ Again, Great God, we raise,  
Our breath, ascriptively, of boundless praise ! ”

---

Thus Adam ceased ; and, for a little space,  
A pause ensued ; as though, as next in place,  
Waited they all, hopeful that Cain's address,  
Should equal love, the same full faith express.

Throughout this prayer, slightly apart stood he,  
With aspect stern, nowise beseechingly,  
Nor reverential. But gloom was seen,—  
And scornful look, and discontented mien !  
A contrast-strange, to other forms, who pled,  
With acts devotional, and humbled head ;  
And did, for Cain, in such most suited state,  
Of peace attend, with prayerful patience wait !  
Finding Cain yet was mute, Abel, with love,  
His prayer addressed unto his God, above !—

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“ Thou Great, Omniscient God !—Most Awful Power !  
Let Grace descend ! Bless, Thou, devotion's hour !  
Great God of Heaven ! My silent lip and heart,  
In Parent's prayer, already spake its part ;  
Though utter'd not, the full responding word  
My spirit spake Omniscient Ear hath heard ;  
And now, thereto, I do respond agen,  
With solemn soul, and with the deep ‘ Amen ’  
Of fervent faith !

“ Oh ! God, most Infinite !

From Thy vast mind, instruction I invite !  
 My soul illumine !—My Parents often tell,  
 How first, from bliss, by tempter’s art they fell !  
 Angels both good and great, who, day by day,  
 In converse free, instruction do convey  
 Unto my soul, the awful power assert,  
 Of watchful foe, attentive, and alert,  
 If gap there be, where entrance he can find,  
 Lodgment to gain, within the careless mind,  
 For but one seed of sin !

“ The warning Tree,

Which I, at distance vast, must only see !  
 The closed gate, which ingress doth deny,  
 To peaceful vales, for which my parents sigh,  
 With recollections-vain ! All these declare  
 The danger hid, the ever-ready snare  
 Thy servant fears ; knowing if frauds assail,  
 His mind how weak—his best resolve how frail !  
 From such instructive scenes, Great God ! impart  
 Strength to my soul ; pure lessons to my heart !

“ Great God of Heaven ! In humble prayer to Thee,  
 I also come, upon my bended knee !  
 Life—I enjoy !—Existence—I possess !  
 For this, with reasoning soul, Thy name I bless ;  
 And boon so great, yet seek I to enjoy,  
 That praise, and faith, I further might employ,  
 Throughout such lengthened life, as yet, Thy Will,  
 Might destine me, thy servant poor, to fill !

“ But if, Oh God !—Thy preperceiving Eye,  
 In path of mine, danger should now descry ;  
 Leading my foot, from righteous path, to stray ;  
 Then Gracious God, take me in youth away ;  
 Rather, than thus, by lengthened life, my soul  
 Should fall from Grace, and turn from blest control  
 Of thee, The Living God !—

“ This life’s fair boon,  
 Study I would to hold ; nor seek I soon,  
 Its pleasures to resign ! But here to dwell,  
 By Satan swayed—the advocate of Hell,—  
 Oh God forbid !

“ My honored Parents bless ;—  
 And them increase, in love and righteousness !

“ With daily grace, supply my Brother, too,  
 And him, with love, and power-divine renew !  
 And, of Thy goodness great, unto his heart,  
 The power of faith, and holiness impart !  
 That we approach, in deepest love, to thee,  
 With heartfelt praise, one prayerful family,  
 And Thy Great Love obtain !

“ Great God we bow !  
 Thy pardon grant, and bless us even now !”

---

Erect, and stern, the lowering Cain, then stood !  
 Into his heart, a spirit, far from good,  
 Had access found !

Envy, at earnest prayer  
 Of Abel’s faith, had given entrance, there,  
 To passion most perverse ; and Satan’s tongue,  
 Into his soul, a suited poison flung !  
 His jealous mind, his stern and stubborn heart,  
 No prayer preferred, and would not bear its part  
 In any deep response !

At length he spoke ;—  
 And thus, with bitter words, the silence broke.  
 Causing the group (though still on bended knee)  
 Their heads to raise, with sad perplexity ;  
 As Cain, in attitude of stern command,  
 O’er Abel’s head, did raise his threatening hand ;  
 And him, with words, which deeper thoughts suppressed,  
 In harsh, full tones, his Brother-meek, addressed !

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"Pray for thyself, Vain Youth, for me no need,  
 Thy sapient tongue so freely intercede ;  
 For thee 'tis time to undertake the task,  
 When I instruction seek, assistance ask,  
 Of thy officiousness !—

" I ask not thee,  
 How to approach, or when, The Deity !

" It suits me not, I do not now require  
 Such early rest ; I seek not to retire,  
 With early night for sleep !

" If I prefer,  
 'Neath eye of night, with Angels to confer,  
 Who do instruction bring, which suits my mind,  
 To higher things than thy soft soul, inclined ;  
 What matters it, to thee, that 'gainst their sway,  
 Caution thou should'st, officiously, convey,  
 And school thy elder-born ; who now by thee,  
 Is treated, oft, with much indignity !

"Thy mind is vain !—Thou knowest surely well,  
 That as one star doth other stars excel,  
 As forth it beaming steps, in vault of night,  
 With flood, more glorious seen, of all surrounding light ;  
 So depths there are of knowledge more profound,  
 In Angels' minds, and Angels' discourse found ;  
 And such address themselves, where they do see,  
 In listening mind, the full capacity,  
 Its substance to embrace.

" What, if I say,  
 Knowledge, to thee, 'twere useless to convey,  
 Thy faculties ne'er reach ; and if I go  
 From power so great, each mystery to know,  
 Would thee confound ! My Spirit, proud and bold,  
 To lofty range, its pinion may unfold,  
 Which thou may'st never reach ; and Angels' choice,  
 In such companionship, may sure rejoice ;  
 And I, instruction too, from them might gain,  
 Where God all silent is, without the charge, insane,

Of seeking to be wise, beyond our state ;  
 And tempting, thus, recurrence-sad of fate  
*Called SIN !*"

" Enough ;—I go !—This very night  
 A Spirit-Vast, attention doth invite,  
 And I the hour await.

" Seek ye soft rest !  
 Ye have the Deity in prayer, addressed !  
 Doth it offend, if I defer to bring,  
 Until deep night such full-mouthed offering,  
 As ye now teach ?—Mayhap, my shorter prayer,  
 May please as well, though words may seem less fair !"

---

Surprise and grief, and sad astonishment,  
 The primal pair, did at this speech present,  
 As they from earth arose ; they stood at first,  
 As at their feet a thunderbolt had burst ;  
 And knew they not, until they motion tried,  
 Whether they lived, or stood they petrified,  
 So strange those words !

Each looked on Cain aghast,—  
 Counting their pulse-throbs fall, as moments passed,—  
 Fearful, lest thunder's voice from out the sky,  
 Should send in vengeance deep, its swift reply,  
 And crush them down to Earth !

Scarce drew they breath !  
 Such words were blasphemy,—deserving Death !

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" Merciful God of Heaven !—Hear I aright ?"  
 The Father cried,—“ and doth indeed my sight  
 My son behold ?

" Could I e'en now presume  
 Some demon-soul did then his voice assume,  
 'T would not surprise me more !

“ What doth it mean ?

Whom hath he heard ?—What Angel hath he seen ?—  
An Angel seen,—and such make light of prayer ?—  
It cannot be ! that word doth fact declare,—  
’Twas Satan in disguise !

“ Oh ! fatal day !  
Hath then another soul confessed His sway ?

“ Alas !—Great God,—what weight of coming woe,  
For sin so great, shall yet my bosom know ?—  
Oh ! speak my son, for grief and sorrow now,  
Than anger more, do press upon my brow !  
The meaning give, the import tell,  
Of awful words, which late in anger fell,  
At thy meek brother’s prayer ; which filled my mind,  
With coming awe, sensations undefined ;  
As though his eye, forewarned, could evil see,  
To us as yet enshrined in mystery !  
But which the great Lord God, as coming thing,  
Unto his soul was surely whispering,  
And he, for strength, unto such source appealed,  
To meet events, the Word of Truth revealed !”

---

The Satan-stirred, the rash, indignant Cain,  
Could scarce his rage, his growing wrath restrain !  
And thus, with voice of most indignant speech,—  
The which to Heaven, in bitter tones did reach,—  
He made reply !

As he did such commence,  
Volumes, as clouds, appeared, with shadows dense  
The landscape to infold !—Looking intent,  
Such frowning clouds, Angels did represent ;  
Who, in amazement all, and earnest dread,  
With darkened forms, around the scene now fled,  
Of interrupted prayer !

Some drew round Cain,  
 As though they would his sinful speech restrain,  
 By influence, such powers exert full well,  
 Though they remain all imperceptible !  
 Others flew up to Heaven, spreading on high  
 Their filmy wings, across the farthest sky,  
 As though they would, as vast veil, intervene,  
 Between their God, and that most awful scene,  
 They knew must Him offend !

Such did possess,  
 To natural eye, nothing but cloudiness,  
 Which swept the landscape o'er ! But, to my mind,  
 The 'Angels-ministrant' were there defined,  
 Who look on frail mankind, and joyous know,  
 Their coming bliss,—would deprecate their woe !

Who was it, now, the spirit moved, of Cain ?  
 Who here, on Earth, such warfare could sustain  
 In human mind—and war against the right,  
 The justice of his God—The Infinite ?

Looking intent, again, at Cain's right hand,  
 I saw a vast, a shadowy figure stand,  
 Prompting his angry speech ! Angels did fly  
 The sky around,—but stood he there—more nigh !  
 He clave unto Cain's form, by light pourtrayed,—  
 As though, of such, he had become the shade  
 Prodigious !

More large, more monstrous shown,—  
 As shadow 'twere from some small taper thrown,  
 The object to increase.

Wavered Cain's mind !—  
 The Demon-form, support for him did find !  
 And there he stood, and did Cain's soul possess,  
 Defined to me in Evil's mightiness ;  
 Whom Cain led on, as we shall shortly see,  
 Step after step, degree beyond degree,  
 Until Earth's first-born Son, could well demand,  
 On pinnacle of crime, enshrined, to stand,



Fiercest amongst the fierce :—on Earth below.  
Pattern to lend, to every murderous blow :

“ Father !” *at length said Cain*, “ Father ! I wish  
To Thee explain, if patient Thou, and still.  
For anger’s burst, I grieve ; to Abel, mild,  
In love approach, and would be reconciled.  
Would now, from utmost depth of my rash soul,  
My fiery speech, my passion’s-burst, control !  
Which rise, I know not how, with powerful sway,  
And rock calm reason’s base, as though, their way  
They’d burst through bars of brass !

“ Of late, I know,  
A feeling new ;—it was not ever so !  
How such doth rise, my fierce excitement whence,  
I cannot tell ;—I have no evidence.—  
As strange to me as you !

“ But, still more strange,  
To me, of late, becomes my vision’s range !  
Scarce sleep I, now, but that it instant seems,  
Some new-found power, possession keeps of dreams !  
And by them leads my scarce-awakening mind,  
Throughout the day, to meditation find !  
And, Mighty God !—figures, those dreams present,  
Produce not love !—encourage discontent !

“ I think !—

“ I dream !—

“ Father !—that fatal Tree,—  
I name it not,—which brought such loss to Thee,  
Doth foremost stand ;—I grasp and taste its fruit ;  
No longer, then, one step above the brute,  
But just removed, I stand !—It is not so !—  
I am a God !—and *everything* I know !  
The words of God—“ *If of that Tree they eat  
They like to us become,*”—do seem complete ;  
And Cain’s proud mind, swelling in every sense,  
Doth seem to claim—to grasp Omniscience !

“ Father !—It is the longing love for this,  
 Robs me of peace,—destroys all hope of bliss !  
 For such wide joy,—for such strange vision’s sake,—  
 Unto this world, reluctant, I awake !  
 And can I then, whilst so abased, declare,  
 I comfort find, or God approach by prayer,  
 As once my wont ?

“ But there is even more !—  
 Father !—I show but as it were a door,—  
 Which stands as yet ajar !—Or stands, as gate,  
 Which Eden closes there, with envious fate,  
 Through which I dare not pass : but where mine eye  
 To look into the secrets-closed doth try ;  
 And where my foot would tread !—

“ Father, beware,  
 My speech might lead unto some second snare !  
 For willingly would I, tempt, or provoke  
 The guarding-Angel’s sword, aye, God’s own stroke,  
 If I that Tree could reach, God’s envious Will  
 Exclusive made ; from Man retaineth still !

“ Look on me now !—Tell me !—Dost thou behold  
 Some other form,—some more exalted mould ?—  
 So changed I seem !—Methinks, a brilliant fate  
 Thou would’st not snatch, doth my bold hand await ;  
 And changed, aye, risen above an Angel’s birth,  
 Shall be our destiny, for such had life been worth,  
 Had’st thou been prompt !

“ Dost thou further inquire  
 Wherefore at Abel’s prayer my soul took fire ?—  
 Then learn !—Abel hath stood within my way !  
 Abel, with prayer, my purpose oft doth stay !

“ Communion long, and converse deep, of late,  
 We both have held with Angels high and great,  
 On things mysterious !—My soul of fire  
 Hath beings seen and heard, who do aspire  
 To mighty be, as God ; and they invite  
 My mind to grasp at knowledge-infinite !

“ Their speech most wonderful, their eloquence  
 Hath bound my soul, and charmed my every sense  
 In bonds of brotherhood, so pure,  
 That absent they, my soul cannot endure  
 The solitude it feels !

“ The spell so deep,  
 It haunts my mind ; repeats its tale in sleep !  
 Arch-Angels pure ! Heaven’s Ministers most bright,  
 More beauteous cannot be unto the sight !  
 Arch-Angel’s eloquence upon the ear,  
 Could not define more vividly nor clear,  
 The truths proposed !

“ Yet Abel’s colder heart,  
 In fellowship like this, to bear its part,  
 Perversely doth refuse !—and Abel’s word,  
 Such glowing truths, hath questioned and referred  
 To rule of faith, so groveling, base, and low,  
 That I have tempted been, with heavy blow,  
 Silence to seal ; rather than I offend  
 The Being Vast, who doth such truths extend !

“ The theme-sublime I praise !

Then, Abel-mild,  
 Answers, with meekest faith, as duteous child,  
 With fond appeal to God !—And doth declare,  
 All safety found, and but bestowed on prayer !

“ My Angel frowns ! The name of ‘ Prayer ’ is death !—  
 God never speaks !—God never answereth !—  
 But gloom and silence then, on tongue is cast,  
 And high-imagination’s-flight is past,  
 My soul enjoyed !

“ Thus shortly marreth he,  
 The boldest burst of his sublimity,  
 Who seems my soul to lead ! And from my heart,  
 Rather would I from natural brother part,  
 Than rich enjoyment lose, my soul doth stir  
 With deep emotions burst, as though it were  
 Jehovah’s deepest tones !

“ Father !—’tis this,  
 My soul robs of, and yet affords, its bliss !  
 This very night, depths, more profound,  
 Should Angels’ voice unto my soul propound !  
 But Abel’s tongue did me again entice,  
 With morning’s dawn, to God to sacrifice ;  
 And I have promise made, which chafeth now,  
 And doth mine anger urge, and cause my vow  
 My soul to grieve !

“ Abel, perverse, again,  
 Talketh of Faith, pretendeth to explain  
 That God requires, when Him we would approach,  
 That then, as mark of Sin’s and Guilt’s reproach,  
 And as acknowledgment, that, on our head,  
 Iniquity doth rest, blood shall be shed !  
 A firstling lamb of flock !—Pointing, he saith,  
 As far-off-type, to some vicarious death !  
 The lamb so slain, the purest blood, so shed,  
 Is Woman’s seed, bruising the Serpent’s head !  
 Therein, Abel adores, on bended knee,  
 Some glorious act of high divinity,  
 Which seemeth me absurd ; and is denied  
 By Angel-vast, who doth such tale deride !

“ Then comes my rage !—Thus, Father, may’st thou see,  
 My soul’s deep doubts, my mind’s perplexity !—  
 And tell me now, beneath such sway-adverse,  
 Could prayer give peace ?— could Fate find deeper curse ? ”

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Most sad, and sorrowful, did Adam sigh !  
 Deep tears of grief suffused his anxious eye !—  
 And thus he spake :—

“ Blessed indeed, my son,  
 Had Abel been, if he, thy heart had won  
 From Sin’s pernicious ways ! Awful the fate,  
 If you persist in guilt you contemplate !

The woe how great, which I now daily find,  
 Altho' to loss, by custom, now resigned,  
 For breaking one command!

“ Would'st thou invite,  
 By greater sin, the Anger Infinite?  
 Would'st more offend thy God?

“ My brain doth reel,  
 With all the horrid dread my soul doth feel,  
 Beneath disclosure-sad, of inroad made  
 Upon thy mind, by artifice conveyed  
 In Satan's wiles, who doth in truth impart  
 Such false conceits, such doubts, unto thy heart!

“ Oh! Cain, beloved; to me 'twere blest belief,  
 If daily knowledge found of Parent's grief;  
 The sight at hand of Eden's vales, now closed;  
 The flaming swords to entrance-foot opposed;  
 All these, memorials-sad of Parents' sin,  
 Would keep thy thoughts some safer bounds within;  
 And thou wouldst fear to stray, where we have found,  
 Unto our cost, it is forbidden ground,  
 By God prescribed! Making the question crime—  
 His Love denies, or doubts His Word sublime.  
 Enough for Man—God speaks!—Can He deceive?  
 Man hath one course—to bless Him, and believe!”

With loudest voice of wrath, forth burst again,  
 In warmest argument, intemperate Cain!

“ Ah! there it is;” he cried, “ aye, there you tell  
 The only plea, the only obstacle  
 To this forbidden Good!—The envied snare  
 Thy tongue now tells, freely thy lips declare!  
 Can'st thou the Good define? Can'st thou pretend  
 Justice to show, God's mercy to defend

In that condition-strange, God did impose  
On Eden's-tenure-frail, against Man's woes ?

" Hast thou one strong desire ?—hath Man a mind,  
Ever to reach to neighbouring Good inclined ;  
And can there justice be, or love, in this,  
That God shall hold, before Man's eye, full bliss,  
And bid him not desire ?

" Wherefore, I ask,  
Impose perpetually, on Man, the task,  
To bridle thus (if God doth tempt the sight)  
His natural wants, his eager appetite  
For that were really good ; aye, that were best,  
Did not, against its use, commandment rest,  
' *Touch not or you shall die !* '

" Listen, I pray ;—  
Have I not often known thee *this* to say—  
That, in yon Garden stood, yet groweth there,  
A wondrous tree, with fruits both ripe and fair ?  
That, but to eat this fruit, a power shall give,  
Against all death, and Man shall ever live,  
As doth The Lord his God ?

" Is it not true,  
As ' Tree of Life,' that such was named to you ?  
And yet, from such, doth not thy voice explain,  
God did command His Creature to refrain ?  
Hast thou not said, that, with small space between,  
Another Tree, with fruits as fair, was seen ?  
A Tree, most pleasant found, to tempt the eyes,  
A Tree to be desired, to make one wise  
Beyond belief ?—Do I not also know,  
' Twas thine to pluck that Tree—and thence thy woe ?  
What ailed thee, then, when thou so nigh did'st stand,  
That forth thou reachedst not thine other hand,  
And ' Fruit of Life ' did grasp ?—

" To me, 'twould seem  
*That ' KNOWLEDGE-FRUIT ' did cause thee but to dream ;*

And thou but wakedst up 'Evil' to know,  
 Whilst all the Good, as yet, doth yonder grow,  
 Upon that Tree untouched !

“ And, furthermore,  
 If there be '*Life*,' if there be *vital store*,  
 See, there it grows, in all its useless waste,  
 No soul shall touch, no human tongue shall taste !

“ Oh ! I have paced all Eden's margin round !  
 Have sought, if any gap might there be found,  
 Or any aperture ; for I believe,  
 Some most malicious Voice did thee deceive,  
 And spake denial's law !

“ I fain would see  
 That guarded Fruit, that all-forbidden Tree !  
 And fain would I, by more than gazing, know,  
 What vital power doth still in juices grow,—  
 That thus 'tis prized !

“ 'Twas ne'er, by Goodness, meant,  
 Knowledge and Life should lead to banishment !  
 Oh ! how my mind and anxious thought do dwell,  
 Upon the wondrous tales great Angels tell,  
 In nightly conference !

“ How then, my breath,  
 For taste of that same Tree, then languisheth ;  
 That I, apace with them might keep, and see,  
 Where dwell such Gods!—how lives the Deity !”

“ Brother !” sad Abel cried, “ to me, it seems,  
 That *Satan's power* doth picture forth thy dreams,  
 And that *his Voice* doth thus excite thy sense,  
 To tempt thy soul from full allegiance,  
 Due unto God !

“ Ah ! Cain, I can but think,  
 Thou standest, now, upon the awful brink  
 Of some vast precipice, wherein thy mind,

Destruction's depth, and deepest woe shall find ;  
 In that thou givest scope to vain desire,  
 To pry with pride, and so, with guilt, inquire  
 Into forbidden things ; which God withholds,—  
 Or but in faith, to servants-pure, unfolds,  
 When sought by prayer !

“ No mortal mind shall tell,  
 (God's word without) if in such fruits did dwell,  
 Knowledge or Life, essentially ! God's plan,—  
 As such appears to be defined to Man,—  
 Was to create A LAW !—To make bliss, thence,  
 With Man's pure love and full obedience,  
 Ever conditional !

“ That God's good Will  
 Did make that Law so easy to fulfil,  
 His Love proclaims !—Had God, His Law unto  
 Some mighty work attached, painful to do,  
 Or difficult !—Had His Almighty Mind,  
 Something most grand,—some wondrous scheme defined,  
 Beyond Man's intellect ; foreign to be,  
 To Man's first means, this Life's simplicity ;  
 And had God then, by His unchanging Word,  
 As failure's-pains, Man's woe, or Death, conferred ;  
 Man might (though such were sin) dare criticise,  
 If such were just,—God's great Commandment wise !  
 Or if, to all, God did indeed convey  
 Full power to do ; full knowledge to obey !

“ Now what is thy complaint? Thou canst not understand,  
 Whether, or not, that (which of God's command  
 Was visible) really, for man, contained  
 The promised life, obedience had obtained !

“ It matters not, presumptuous Cain, to thee,  
 Whether, indeed, existeth in such tree,  
 Knowledge or life !—Surely thy ready sense,  
 Can well conceive, in man's obedience,  
 Such boon did rest ! Life could not be,  
 As arguest thou, therein, materially ;



To be borne off,—eaten,—possessed,—or claimed,—  
Against God's will!—against His law, once named!

“Thou, Cain, by prayer, art not disposed to find,  
The lessons-pure of God's Almighty Mind!  
Thou would'st, in thy presumptuous pride, prefer,  
God's Heaven to scale! than sit a listener,  
In meek humility!—And such might be,  
Satan's deep scheme;—destruction's bait to thee!

“Knowledge supreme, and wisdom most profound,  
In one Omniscient mind, alone is found;  
All else gradations have; and, Man's estate,  
Is wisely fixed, by good and gracious fate,  
Unalterably!

“Angels, though wise and bright,  
Are not possessed of knowledge Infinite!  
God's wondrous works, present to them a book,  
Wherein they yet desire, all constantly to look,  
With ever-learning love! And so they tell,  
If Angels good they be, and wish thee well!  
Most weak, the intellect, most poor the mind,  
That goodness here, in such decree to find,  
Full proof avoids!

“Oh! Cain, of pride beware!  
If Angel-voice would lead thee in such snare,  
His good is but assumed; and time might show,  
He comes to thee a messenger of woe!

“Be this of his sincerity the test.  
If bringeth he, unto thy opened breast,  
The calm of peace; then, may'st thou Cain, be sure,  
His mission holy is, his doctrine pure!  
If, to thy mind, and to thy yearning heart,  
Ungracious thoughts, repinings they impart,  
Causing thy mind to doubt, the goodness, love,  
Of that Great God, who reigns in Heaven above;  
Then have a care, lest sad experience tell,  
Those '*lofty thoughts*' may lead thee down to Hell!

"Come brother Cain, go not, I pray, this night,  
To him thou say'st attention did invite.  
If Angel-good he be, at evening's hour,  
He will approach, and bless this humble bower,  
With discourse pure !

"Of good and great intent,  
It is the first, the sure ingredient,  
It open is as day ; and spreadeth wide  
Instruction's word, as moveth on the tide,  
For universal good.

"*Evil* delights  
In whispered tales, in secrecy of nights ;  
And councils-close, where other ears, or eyes,  
Strip not, nor penetrate, its deep disguise !

"I do, in truth, and much concern confess,  
I jealous am of him, who doth profess  
To counsel give. Whate'er his converse be,  
It lacketh love, it wanteth charity,  
And such is not of God !

"What serveth all  
Those high conceits, which thou would'st idly call  
*Vivid-conjecturings*, if they, no calm control,  
Nor grateful peace, produce upon the soul !  
Come, brother Cain, this evening with us spend,  
And with us yet, in social converse, blend  
Thy once-enlivening voice !—We love thee well,  
And would that peace did in thy bosom dwell !  
Thy mind compose !—Our needful toils are past,  
And so be cares unto oblivion cast !  
Sufficient toil, each day, the light doth bring ;  
Its close be given to joyful worshipping !"

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'Twas Night !

Cain went not forth, from Parents' bower,  
To meet, as he proposed, at midnight-hour,

Celestial-Informant !—The Power, whose word,  
His inmost soul, to Good or Evil stirred !  
The which it was, full soon, we now shall see,  
And learn Cain's fate—behold his destiny !

Meek Abel's prayer, his Father's wish conveyed,  
Had, for a while, Cain's former purpose stayed.  
To rest they all retired ; and softest bed  
Of downy skins, in bower-capacious spread,  
Their slumbering forms received !

Each breast reposed !  
And softest gloom, scarcely the lines disclosed,  
Of beings various, who there, in privacy,  
And needful sleep, and joint security,  
Calmly reclined. Silence was all around !  
'Twas Nature's pause !—The stillness was profound !  
Peace, undisturbed, did seem awhile to rest  
Within that bower, around each inmate's breast !

'Twas then, breaking this beauteous calm, methought,  
Some slightest stir, mine ear-attent, then caught ;  
It seemed but air, or moved as vapours-light,  
Which somewhat pressed, and thus, the voiceless night  
Vibratively disturbed !

It seemed to be  
Scarce heard, or seen, but *felt* instinctively !  
As spirit's cognizance of somewhat nigh,  
To ear or hand unknown, and, to acutest eye,  
Most imperceptible !—Some evidence,  
Too slight for thought—impalpable to sense !

My soul was not deceived !

Approached, at last,  
A Being dense,—a Spirit-dark, and vast !  
No light that form did usher in,—no ray  
Did presence tell, nor personage convey,—  
But all was gloom !

A deeper, darker shade,  
 With form-obscure, was, by mine eye, surveyed !  
 And full, on night, as spot more dense, it told,  
 The nucleus of gloom, deep'ning tenfold !  
 The very focus-point, the eye could see,  
 Of darkness, death, or mundane density !

That Form advanced ;—his step was proud,—but fell  
 All echoless on Earth—in audible !  
 Calmly he then approached, as though he knew  
 No human eye could such vast shadow view,  
 Nor him detect !—Or, that his tread should raise  
 Sleeper's attentive ear, — wake Slumberer's gaze !

To central spot, the dingy figure strode,  
 Of that soft bower, that beautiful abode,  
 And there it paused !—Then, quietly, surveyed  
 The peaceful groups, in silent slumber laid ;  
 Turning to each around ; whilst outstretched hand,  
 Still deeper rest, did seem, to them command.  
 He, Adam's couch approached ; where Eve's fair breast  
 On bed of skins, reposed in peaceful rest.

At length that Being spake ! His voice-profound,  
 Reduced, unto the volume-due, of sound,  
 Softly-harmonious, which, deep and clear,  
 The soul doth penetrate, as it, the ear,  
 Doth fill and satisfy !—Stealing its way,  
 Where sound, more harsh, could not its force convey !

“ Sleep—Adam,—Sleep !—

Sleep on fair Eve !

No power assaults,—no fraud can ye deceive !  
 Ye have yourselves consigned to God's good care !  
 And ill, or harm, or injury, or snare  
 Affects ye not !—Oh ! God, that I could rest  
 Or sleep like ye, in deep-oblivion blest !  
 But such calm peace, such soft repose, in Hell  
 Is yet unknown,—must be impossible !

And come I here, a restless, sleepless thing,  
 Lamenting bliss, your comfort envying !  
 A Being-vast whom God's dread Will prolongs ;  
 But unto whom, henceforth one power belongs,  
 Or one capacity.—*The aptitude for Ill*,  
 Which shall all Earth, and every bosom fill,  
 Your sleep observes ! God unto him denies,  
 This night on ye ought more to exercise,  
 Than hope-malicious, that deeds-impure,  
 Might bring God's wrath ; involve Heaven's forfeiture !”

Paused for awhile the shade !—Then turned away,—  
 And Abel's couch did steadily survey.

“ Sleep—Abel—Sleep !—Thy prayer round thee,  
 Hath drawn the arms, the shield of Deity !  
 And o'er thy couch, and round about thy head,  
 A circle-pure of holy peace is spread !  
 And evil thought, or touch-adverse of mine,  
 Dares not invade the atmosphere-divine,  
 Protection's-hand extends !

“ Ye powers of bliss !  
 How good,—how pure,—how beautiful is this !  
 And Satan's tongue, which could all Heaven relate,  
 Can truth declare, God's praise enunciate,  
 When so it suiteth him ; and none are nigh  
 His words might teach ; his speech might edify !  
 The sleep of innocence, with its pure dreams,  
 More beauteous is, and far more heaven-like seems,  
 Than man imagineth !—Angels, awake,  
 That form surround ; and never such forsake !  
 Abel—sleep on !—Nor dream that soon may be,  
 Thy soul shall sleep, deeper, eternally !

“ So young,—so pure !—

Cruel indeed, the fate  
 Thy heart shall crush ! thy life shall terminate !

" Whence comes the blow ?

Let not pure mercy ask !—

Vengeance assigns, places on me the task  
To ill originate !—Yet, hand of Hell  
Hath not the power to make destructible  
The life God gives !

" Unnatural more shall be  
The hand that smites with blow destructively !  
And demons-fierce, in costly weapons choice,  
Shall shout in Hell, and mid'st its flames rejoice !  
As they observe, the now-depending blow,  
Shall deal thy death ; on Smiter seal deep woe ! "

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Again the figure moved. With hands-upraised,  
And blazing eye, on Cain it sternly gazed !  
And as it paused above the first-born's bed,  
Its dingy form, a tone of deepest red,  
Slowly assumed ; making the cave to blaze  
With flame-like tints of Hell's reflected-rays !

" Thou sleepest-Cain !—And busy thought with thee,  
Is bringing on the awful destiny  
Thy soul awaits.

" Abel did thee dissuade  
From discourse sought, lest ill should be conveyed !  
With angry soul, and rage, and discontent,  
Thou such design, such interview forewent,  
And prayer declined !

" Without thy God's reproach,  
I now have power thy pillow to approach !  
And here I come ; and *thus* with breath of ill,  
Thy heart, thy soul, thy very essence fill !  
Which, may thy mind, with greedy strength, inhale,  
'Till Good evaporates, and feelings fail,  
One single ray of holiness to find,  
Borne in thy breast,—residing in thy mind !

"Neglected Prayer doth Satan victims make ;  
And he, in sleep, can, captive, spirits take,  
And sway destructively !

"Now, through thy soul,  
Feel thou, proud Cain, rebellion's fierce control  
Running its deadly course ; and be thou, hence,  
My spirit's home, my hatred's residence,—  
To change man's destiny !—For my intent,  
Be thou *the means*,—be thou *the instrument* !

"Fasten, upon thy mind, beneath my breath,  
Hard thoughts of God, breeding the love of death !  
Making familiar, sin !—Till thou shalt rise,  
Evil to love —God's goodness to despise ;—  
And in that, thou, God's laws repudiate,  
Evil shall come, and guilt originate,  
Conducively to wrath !

"Dreamer ! receive  
All Hell's deep breath, to torture and deceive !  
And may that God, who promise ne'er foregoes,  
Steep thee in crime, and bury thee in woes !"

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My Vision changed ! 'Twas early hour of Morn ;  
The rising Sun did Eastern sky adorn  
With all its tones, and colors pure and bright,  
By which the ruddy god, the shades of Night,  
With golden hues did chase ; shedding afar,  
As full he rose, in his triumphant car,  
His cheering beams. Kissing, with sloping ray,  
The tears of Night, with glad embrace, away,  
And giving joy, and life, and ecstasy,  
With all its thousand hopes (though false they be),  
To every living thing !

Abel and Cain  
Early arose, and sought the neighbouring plain.

By mutual consent, it was the day,\*  
 Set long apart, a sacrifice to pay,  
 With humble hope and heartfelt love,  
 Unto their God, who, high in realms above,  
 Should prayer attend !

With parent's constant zeal,  
 Adam 'The Law' had taught ; and did appeal,  
 As motive-just, for daily gratitude,  
 To stores of good, around so amply strewed !

He spake to them, of sense-enticing sin ;  
 Of guilt's desire, which dwells the heart within,  
 Unless on God 'tis stayed ! and pointed he,  
 Towards that great, then-promised mystery,  
 Which should mankind redeem,—'the Blood-Divine,'  
 Then shed, in faith, upon the Heavenly shrine,  
 For Parents' first-born sin !—to be, in time,  
 First pointed at, by many a type sublime,  
 Through ages long and dark ; until, indeed,  
 On Calvary's Cross, the Sacrifice should bleed,  
 In God's Eternal Son !

To sacred rite,  
 Professing this, Adam did oft invite ;  
 Marking, in prayer, its hidden sense,  
 In holy faith, and earnest eloquence !

In Abel's heart, and in his thoughtful mind,  
 Faith, so sublime, did ready entrance find,  
 And goodly fruit produced ! To Cain's proud ear,  
 Foolish it seemed,—mysterious did appear,  
 And inappropriate ; and his dark soul  
 Had felt, and listened to, adverse control  
 Of Evil Spirit nigh ; the self-same power  
 Who Eve seduced, in dark and treacherous hour,  
 God's first command to break !

Of Adam's curse,  
 The Brothers reasoned now, and did converse.†

\* Gen. iv. 8.

† Gen. iii. 8.



Whilst fresh upreared, and close, and fair at hand,  
 Two altars-high, with sacrifice, did stand.  
 On Abel's altar-stone and faithful shrine,  
 Was seen the type of sacrifice-divine.  
 ' *A Lamb without a Spot,*' which offered he,  
 In fullest faith unto the Deity!  
 With love sincere, and earnest pious prayer,  
 The victim slain was placed as offering there.\*

He did his sins with humble lip confess,  
 And waited there in patient readiness,  
 His rite to solemnize!

The altars occupied

Of foreground rich, the each its chosen side,  
 As Abel's altar-stone the Lamb disc'osed  
 Vast groups of Angels-bright, around disposed,  
 Mine eye beheld; and bended they,  
 In Heaven above his worship to survey,  
 And streams of purest forms with garments light,  
 Did seem to reach to Heaven's Eternal height;  
 And Angel-wings did there above extend,  
 As though, on ladder-vast, you could ascend  
 To God's dominions!

The elder-born

Treated his faith, his sacrifice with scorn!  
 With careless hand upon his pile you viewed,†  
 The fruits of earth, and sheaves of corn were strewed;  
 And as approach thereto, with pride, he made,  
 Mine eye uprising then, a cloud surveyed,  
 Of dark and dingy forms, who, *from below*,  
 Sweeping aloft, as segment-vast of bow,  
 Cain's altar did surround! whilst shadows-dense  
 Of *EVIL* there bestowed the evidence,  
 Which did itself in words soon manifest,  
 Betraying thoughts which rankled *thus* his breast.

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\* Gen. iv. 4.

† Gen. iv. 3.

“ Mine altar is complete !—The great Lord God must tell,  
 If of its form, His mind approveth well ;  
 Or if His Will, (which He did condescend,  
 Abel to teach) my mind to comprehend,  
 Fully achieves !—To me, it doth premise  
 God's chosen form, which He doth authorize !  
 If sacrifice I must, surely content  
 Thy Deity must be, if I present  
 The fruits my labors yield !

“ The cursed soil  
 Gives back its grains, its fruits produce by toil ;  
 Therefore have I, of such, mine offering brought,  
 As I instructed was, and early taught  
 My first-fruits to bestow !—

“ Vast heavenly King !—  
 I am forewarned upon this day to bring,  
 More costly sacrifice ! No flock have I  
 With firstling lamb mine altar to supply ;  
 And that I have not gained, must Godhead know,  
 If faith I had, could not my wealth bestow.

“ Abel—stand back—nor such to give pretend ;—  
 Officiousness of thine, might me offend !  
 No borrower I come to thee ! Beside,  
 Upon thy faith I am not satisfied.  
 I have not learned to give my confidence  
 To ‘ threat of Death’,—I call it but pretence !  
 Perhaps, as thou so vastly sapient art,  
 Thy ready mind to dullness will impart,  
 Something akin to sense !

“ Hast thou not heard,  
 That God himself declared by spoken word,  
 If of forbidden tree our parents ate,  
*That very day* should seal their earthly fate ;—  
 For they should die !—

“ *Upon that day*  
 When they did eat, what turned that threat away ?—  
 By Heaven above I fully do believe,  
 The voice which spake did nothing but deceive !

“ You say—God spake !—Believe, I surely do,  
 The serpent’s-tongue declared a tale more true !  
 And better had it been, had Eve’s good will  
 Of both these trees, eaten, that day her fill,  
 And life more full enjoyed !—Aye, plucked from Tree,  
 Whose fruits then bore *Man’s Immortality* ;  
 Unless thou art prepared *the whole* to treat  
 As one great fraud, one mixture of deceit ! ”

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As Cain, in most rebellious wrath, and pride,  
 God’s Holy Will disputed and denied,  
 Abel, his speech, endeavoured to restrain ;—  
 “ Oh ! pray forbear !—I pray thee do refrain ! ”  
 (He cried)—“ Such blasphemy avoid !—Oh ! pause,  
 And may the Mighty God, to thee, His Laws  
 Make manifest ! Oh ! Cain ;—where doth thy mind  
 Such thoughts-perverse, such dembn-language find ?  
 Brother, beware !—God speaks no useless word ;—  
 But all God’s threats and promises are heard  
 By Hierarchies of Heaven ! And, brother, who  
 Shall dare to say - Jehovah is untrue !

“ Such hast thou done !—Oh ! brother, deeply pray  
 That God might wipe such foul offence away !  
 Or if, in ignorance, thou didst profess  
 Such awful thoughts of God’s great Truthfulness,  
 Pray earnestly, that thou mayst shortly find  
 His Holy Truth impressed upon thy mind  
 Convincingly !—Oh ! Cain,—Beloved !—most dear !  
 My humble voice, do thou, in patience, hear !  
 Thou knowest well ;—for thou hast often heard  
 Our Father-kind, with true but mournful word  
 Our history relate ;—how oft his tongue,  
 With accents deep of awe, and love, hath hung  
 Upon the period sweet, but brief indeed,  
 In Paradise enjoyed, which did precede

Thy birth or mine !—Now Cain, remember well,  
 Full seventeen years, did our dear Parents dwell,  
 Spotless and pure, in Eden's vales ! Such time  
 A period was, important and sublime,  
 In human destiny. From realms above  
 Descended oft, on messages of love,  
 The purest angel-forms ; and God's Own Word,  
 Adam received, and Adam truly heard !  
 The God of Heaven, oft condescending, then,  
 To tabernacle with, and talk to Men,  
 Instructively ! In this, their first estate,  
 (Faintly conceived when termed immaculate,)  
 The incense of the heart was—' Constant Praise '—  
 And such did they, in grateful worship raise !  
 Adam was then, (it is no frivolous boast,)  
 A temple-fair, where dwelt the Holy Ghost !  
 The Spirit of his God, his breast enshrined !  
 Such lead his soul, and influenced his mind ;  
 And as no sin had been, in thought or deed,  
 So was there, then, full absence, and no need  
 Of sacrificial forms.

“ Then, thou hast heard  
 Our Parents fell ! Disgrace thereon occurred !  
 God's Spirit was withdrawn !—And nothing less  
 Can, that deep loss, that life-withheld, express  
 Than—' DEATH ! ' ”

“ Adam then fell a grave within !  
 Adam was dead in trespasses and sin !  
 And God's decree fulfilled !

“ Of natural death—  
 Cessation then of life, suspense of breath,  
 God spake not then ! It was no mortal strife,  
 But power recalled, of former spiritual life,  
 Which God denounced !

“ And such occurred, indeed,  
 To Adam, then,—and fell upon his seed  
 So certainly, that well might it be said,  
 In Adam's sin, Mankind are truly dead,—

And from such sin, must after-born of Men,  
 Await the power of being born agen,  
 By process-spiritual !—Death to displace,  
 Awaits each soul the breathings of God's Grace,—  
 Miraculous and free !—A Life, we find,  
 Filling our hearts, but coming, as the wind,—  
 Which from God's Heaven, at His disposal, blows,—  
 Comes as He Wills, and at His bidding goes,—  
 To souls-regenerate !—When first came Guilt,—  
 Followed the Sacrifice,—and then was built  
 An Altar to our God !—And well, oh ! Cain,  
 Doth Adam's voice, with many tears, explain  
 The solemn form of that imposing sight,  
 When God was pleased to institute a rite,  
 Confessional of guilt ; and, in such view,  
 Lead Adam's faith, some mighty scene unto,  
 But dimly shadowed forth !—Seen, as it were,  
 As some event yet destined to occur,  
 When ripeneth the time which shall unfold  
 God's purpose-vast, His mercies, manifold ;  
 In causing some pure form of innocence,—  
 Of which this lamb, unto the eye of sense,  
 A type exhibiteth,—by faith, to be,  
 Atonement-full, declared sufficiency  
 For sin !

“ Oh, Cain !—That we do sin, indeed,  
 In thought, and word, and act, remains no need,  
 That I should thee remind !

“ No formal word,—  
 Naming past guilt, over this lamb, is heard !  
 The heart, in all the solemn awe of love,  
 Bleedeth herewith !—and, to the God above,  
 A forfeiture of life, in every sin,  
 Begun, conceived, harboured, the heart within,  
 Humbly acknowledgeth !—and, in its stead,  
 This victim bleeds !—this substitute is dead !  
 And God, alone, destruction to prevent,  
 This wondrous mode, in mercy, doth invent,

Justice to reconcile, and man receive,  
 Cleansed by such blood, who on His Word believe,  
 And penitence confess !

“ Now may the Lord,  
 Jehovah !—King !— behold all sin abhorred !  
 Our death in sin, our lifeless, dismal fate,  
 We now, by sacrifice, commemorate !  
 And, by such type, do shadow forth the way  
 God hath ordained, the penalty to pay,  
 And be from sin absolved !

“ Brother, thy state,  
 As first-born, here, this rite to lead I wait.  
 Postpone not thou the time !

“ By fervent prayer,  
 Lifted to Heaven, thy heart and soul prepare ;  
 And cease, Oh, Cain !—in madness to present  
 Rebellious thoughts, detaining argument,  
 Which casts on God contempt !

“ Flings in God's face,  
 Disdainful doubt !—Imputeth the disgrace  
 Of insincerity !—Presumes, vain Man,  
 A judge might be, whose intellect might scan  
 Godhead's veracity !

“ Oh ! dearest Cain ;—  
 I scarce from tears of agony refrain,  
 As fancy I, upon His Throne above,  
 Looks forth in wrath, the Mighty God of Love,  
 With whom thou dost contend !

“ Let not thy pride,  
 Presumptuous cast God's means of peace aside !  
 Set not thy heart, in stubbornness, to find,  
 A mode of prayer unsuited to God's mind !

“ My soul is now dismayed !—Oh ! Cain, I fear,  
 Some awful storm of God's displeasure near !  
 And cannot I resolve, rites to commence,  
 Ere thou conform to spiritual evidence  
 Of that thy God requires !”

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Or be it good or bad!—And thus to Thee,  
Almighty God!—I leave my destiny!

“God!—Of Thy Form’s perceptibility,—  
My soul—my mind—lacketh ability  
To comprehend!—That Thou to all art nigh,  
Whether they pray, or Thee, as God, deny,  
My soul conceives!—Therefore, my lips’ address  
Is found within Thy Comprehensiveness!—  
Vouchsafe, Great God! reply, that shall declare,  
If Thou accept, and dost approve our Prayer!

“See where our offerings stand!—The Flame-Divine,  
To kindle such, from Will and Hand of Thine  
Alone descends!

“The pure and kindling ray  
Shall thy respect unto such rite convey;—  
Its absence shall condemn! And thus we tell,  
Who offereth wisely now,—who prayeth well.”

Answered was that appeal!\*

A ray of light  
Burst from the sky upon his stricken sight;  
And Abel’s altar glowed, and instantly became  
One steady blaze of sacrificial flame,  
Which holy rite consumed!

Bent down to ground  
Abel, in humble attitude, was found!  
His soul absorbed in prayer!—His shrouded eye  
Telling the depth of his humility!  
His silent prayer, unto his God above,  
Beaming with bliss, and eloquent with love!

On other side, darkly stood Cain awhile,  
Watching, intent, his unilluminated pile!

\* Gen. iv. 4.

“ If so, VAST GOD !—as I believe, it be,—  
 I *Good* receive, each day and hour, from Thee,  
 In daily sustenance ; the fruitful field,  
 Made, unto me, its stores of grain to yield,  
 Here give I back to Thee, if Good Thou bring,  
 Of that same fruit, a suited offering !

“ If other Sacrifice Thou dost command,  
 Than my dark mind can fully understand,  
 Much blamed, at least, I cannot surely be,  
 For Thine it is, the mind's capacity  
 To all Mankind to give ;—and I repay,  
 To Thee, again, the boon Thou dost convey !  
 Beyond, I cannot give !

“ If now in me,  
 There dwelleth guilt,—Thou find'st iniquity,  
 As Thou Omniscient art,—to Thee, alone,  
 Its rise is manifest, its source is known,  
 And Thou canst such, if so Thou wilt, control,—  
 Ere that it access find within the soul,  
 And such enslaves !

“ If sin doth therein rest,  
 And rankle here, within my heart and breast,—  
 The *will*, methinks—the mind's *control*—is *Thine* !  
 It no submission yields to power of mine,  
 And I but then *submit* !

“ *Obedient*, still,  
 I thus do recognize *Thy powerful Will* !  
 And know not I, if, for submission, thence,  
 I *merit* claim,—declare *obedience* !

“ That Thou art God, I know ! That Thou art Great,  
 I surely feel, and find Thy Will is Fate !  
 That Will, if unto me by sight made clear,  
 I would obey, and, with my strength, revere !  
 And Thou canst all withhold, or all impart,  
 As pleaseth Thee, and canst control my heart !  
 Therefore be Thine the deed !—And so, my sense,  
 Shall surely yield unto Thine influence,



To consolation find, where Peace must dwell,  
And at God's Throne, this tale of woe to tell,  
To them most marvellous !

On other hand,  
Satan, unmoved, in stern repose, did stand,  
Resting upon a spear, (his hand assumed,  
As though he war, or violence, presumed,  
As possible result) ;—shady and dim,  
Upon his back appeared a shield's broad rim ;  
And helmet high, his frowning brow bedecked,  
Such to adorn, or such from blow protect !  
His Followers alike, as clouds of night,  
Ready appeared, in all their warlike might,  
Gathered in Satan's rear !

To them oppose,  
An Angel-Host, in marshalled ranks, arose ;  
And all appeared, in sternness, to await  
The Will of God !—The full design of Fate !

Dispelled was now Cain's wrath ! Gone now his rage !  
The rushing tide now sought he to assuage,  
Which welled from out the wound !

To shreds he tore  
The well-dressed skins, which he as garments wore !  
And Abel's brow with hasty care he bound,  
Whilst to his cry, the hills they did resound ;  
So great his grief !

His angry, stubborn soul,  
Which yielded not to any self-control,  
His younger brother loved !—and now his breast  
Was crushed with grief ; his soul with fear oppressed !  
Broken his spirit now !—Frantic his mind !  
Within his arms the stricken form reclined,  
Ebbing its life away !

It did possess  
Some struggling gleams, some rays of consciousness !  
And then, wild hope, for shortest space returned,  
And wretched grief, within his bosom burned,

By madning words expressed ; and, earnest hope,  
 Then gave his tongue, his wretched mind, full scope !  
 “ Wake—Abel—wake !—To life return again !  
 That cursed blow !

“ Ah ! writhest thou in pain ?  
 Oh ! God, that I had died, e’er grasped my hand  
 In angry mood, that red and fatal brand,  
 To smite and crush thee so !

“ Oh ! Powers of Hell !  
 How soon I smote !—How crushed the brittle shell,  
 Beneath my blow !

“ Abel !—Awake !—Awake !—  
 And bless me once ! for Heaven’s, for mercy’s sake !

“ Thou livest yet !—

Wake up !—By Heaven most high,  
 Thou wilt revive !—Thou must not !—shalt not die !  
 Is life so frail, that, but one single blow,  
 Cannot be healed ?—Can I no aid bestow ?—  
 Is there no remedy ?—Thou dost revive !  
 Oh ! thou shalt live ! Thou shalt indeed survive,  
 And love me once again !

“ Oh ! Abel, say  
 Where shall I now thy bleeding form convey ?  
 A gleam of light I surely do behold  
 Within thine eye ; thy members are not cold !

“ Thou dost awake !

That heavy, labouring sigh,  
 Hath brought return of vigour to thine eye !  
 And remnant-life thy heaving bosom brings,  
 In its suppressed and restless flutterings !  
 Showing the soul with all its mysteries deep,  
 Still harbours there,—its tenancy doth keep !

“ There now —

Thou knowest me !—  
 Thy head doth rest  
 Where oft it hath, upon thy brother’s breast !

“ The very wind,  
 Chilly, and cold, my shuddering frame doth find !  
 Opens, around, the awful Gate of Death !  
 And o'er me blows, the icy, freezing breath  
 Of fallen-Angels'-souls !—whose constant sighs,  
 From out the depth, as baneful mist, do rise,  
 And bite me to the bone !

“ Cold—cold, do seem,  
 Benumbing tides, which, through my veins, do stream !  
 Running my heart unto !—whence floods of heat,  
 Faint, and more faint, their onward course do meet ;  
 Their liquid frigidness doth freeze my breath !—  
 Oh ! Cain, beloved !—can *this* be, truly, Death ?

“ Methinks, I slide, from Life's most slippery brink,  
 And cannot feel how low my soul shall sink,—  
 How far the fall !—How deep the dark abyss ! —  
 How full of gloom !—How strange, how dreadful, *this* !—  
 How awful, now, the undetermined view !—  
 How big the danger seems !—How simple, too !  
 'Tis but ‘ Uncertainty !’—The torture's nought,  
 But ‘ Unsupported Depth !’ and ‘ Unsupported Thought !’

“ Doubtful, and dark, it is !—Unfelt, as though  
 A step I'd make, and cannot see, nor know,  
 If there be aught beneath, in all Death's space,  
 Whereon, descending foot, my soul can place !  
 Or if, my soul, which doth but darkness see,  
 Will fall, and fall, deeper eternally !

“ Oh !—how the dense, the overpowering pain,  
 Of my contused, and sadly shaken brain,  
 Subdues my mind !

“ Ah ! dearest Cain, I shrink,  
 Aghast from Death, when, on its gloom I think !  
 My mind is all confused !—I seem to go  
 To some dark spot, I must not, cannot know !  
 A cloudy hand, a veil of tenfold night,  
 Dark'ning each thought, and shutting out from sight,

The things that are, the things that once have been,  
 The all I love !—The all I once have seen !  
 'Tis gloom !—'Tis gloom, indeed !

“ And soon, on me,

The curse hath fallen, in pain and misery !

“ My heart is crushed !—

Oh ! Brother, let us pray !—

*The very wish hath brought a blessed ray !—*

“ Peace beams upon my mind !—And now I see,  
 A light arise, in yon obscurity,  
 Glorious and permanent !—Within its beams—  
 Inviting-God !—my spirit, calling, seems !  
 And God affords, in mercy-infinite,  
 Unto my soul, the full and blissful sight  
 Of happiness-supreme !

“ Angels of Grace,

Their arms have spread, to bear me up, to place,  
 Where God Himself doth dwell, and joy impart,  
 And perfect peace, unto my troubled heart,  
 Which doth rejoice, and is content to be,  
 Released from life, and woe's infirmity ;  
 Though sharp hath been the pang, and deeply felt,  
 The crushing blow, my hasty Brother dealt !

“ Oh ! Angels-pure, bear me to bliss away !—  
 That glorious sight, doth pain, and grief, repay !—  
 Methinks I voices hear !—

“ My pain subsides !

As *thus*, on Angel-breasts, my spirit rides !  
 Mine eye grows dim,—but yet, I equal feel,  
 To make one last, one faint, one true appeal,  
 Ere Death shall close life's door !

“ Brother !—Farewell !—

By all the terrors dark of Hidden Hell !

“ By all the hopes that in thy mind can rise !  
 By all the joys Faith pictures in the skies !—

“ By all the doubts which now perplex thy mind !  
By all the fears thy fainting form can find !

“ By all the pains my parting soul doth feel !  
By all the woes life's shadows-deep conceal !

“ By all the tears thy troubled soul may weep !  
By all the vows thy prayerful tongue may keep !

“ By all the bliss thy happier soul may know !  
By all the peace thy passions-fierce forego !

“ By all the love which God for thee hath stored !  
By all the grace his goodness-beams afford !

“ By all in Heaven !—By all in realms above !  
Thy soul desires !—Thy longing heart can love !

“ By all in Hell !—By all in Tophet's shade ;  
Thou dost despise, or would'st in death evade !

“ By every motive here,—a soul can name !  
By every horror's dream, a fiend can frame !

“ By every pretext false, thou oft pretendest now !  
By sorrow's sighs ! which shall disturb thy brow !

“ By every sacrifice, by every prayer !  
Thy soul preserve, thy soul in time prepare  
To meet thy God !

“ To fall,—to follow me  
Down—into Death !—Into Eternity !  
Where soon I dwell !

“ Adieu ! Dear Cain ;—I go !  
Thy fate is sure !—The time thou canst not know !  
'Tis short at best, so soon it fades away !  
A little life,—a year,—a week,—a day,—

One moment more !—'Tis past !—and now with me  
 You read your fate, you know each mystery  
 Stern Death unfolds !

“ Which, now, I see,  
 Looking from Life—into Eternity ! ”

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One feeble sigh ; one slow, and faint “ Fare-well ”  
 Methought I heard,—the voice in whispers fell !  
 Stifling each sound, each parting word, each breath,—  
 Silence prevailed !—'Twas stillness, and—'twas Death !  
 A Death of violence ! A Death that cried  
 For vengeance due, upon the Fratricide !  
 Angels were mute ; no sound in Heaven I heard ;  
 No Angel sang ; no Seraph spake one word ;  
 But one sad sigh of lamentation swept  
 The Vault of Heaven ;—and every Angel wept !

Slowly, an Angel-group did then descend ;  
 Their arms abroad, in grief, they did extend.  
 As gasped sad Abel's form, its latest breath,  
 And closed his eyes, relaxed his limbs in death,  
 His soul released, Angel's, in arms of love,  
 Sadly received, and bore to realms above ;  
 The first of Adam's race, henceforth to be  
 With God and Christ, in Heaven, Eternally !

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# BOOK III.

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## PART SECOND.

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CONVICTION AND BANISHMENT OF CAIN.





## BOOK III.—PART II.

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### THE CONVICTION AND BANISHMENT OF CAIN.

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#### ARGUMENT.

Cain is observed with the dead body of Abel, beside the Altar whereon he has sacrificed. Cain, with repentance and remorse, gazes upon the corpse. He is perplexed as to the mode in which he is to dispose of the body, having no precedent. Determines to bury it beneath the Altar, and to remove all traces of blood to avoid detection. Returns to Adam and Eve, and enters into conversation with unaccustomed wit and mirth. Adam becomes anxious on account of Abel's absence. The flock is seen approaching, without the shepherd. Cain is questioned by Adam, relative to his knowledge of his brother's absence. Adam offers a prayer for Abel's safety and retires to rest. Cain stealthily departs from the bower, and joins Satan, whom he entreats to show him some mode of avoiding detection, and of evading the wrath of God. It is Morning. Adam, Eve, and Cain depart in search of Abel. They arrive at the spot where they had sacrificed. They discover nothing to excite suspicion, and are about to leave the spot, when a horrid conviction of the fact seizes the mind of Adam. A cloudy darkness thereupon surrounds the scene, with the exception of the Altar and of the person of Cain, upon which a brilliant light is shed, and they stand out in forcible relief. The Voice of God questions Cain as to his brother's absence, and charges him with the murder of his brother. Cain denies a knowledge of his brother's fate. A whirlwind smites the Altar,—it is thrown down, and the body of Abel is discovered. God's sentence of banishment is pronounced. The ground is cursed for his sake, and he is sent forth—a fugitive and a vagabond. Cain expresses a fear that people finding him will slay him—therefore God sets a mark upon his forehead, and denounces seven-fold judgment on any who destroy him. Feelings of horror and grief are expressed by the Angelic host at the display of the mysterious mark in the forehead of Cain, who now stands forth in the midst, and addresses his Parents and the Angelic host. His address is explanative of the awe which he feels at the impress upon his brow, (which he cannot see, and which he dares not touch); and of the temptations whereby Satan drew him aside from the Laws of God. He explains how Satan

showed him, in vision, the riches of the cultivated Earth, and the vast cities that should arise in the course of time, and explained how all these were the result of human toil and weariness, and were purchased and produced by the power of gold. That he showed him seams and caverns of glittering ore, and told him how these were obtained, and refined by fire ; and promised him the possession thereof, if he would fall down and worship him. That to obtain these he bowed to the God of Hell, and that his mind became filled with pride ; and, despising the admonitions of Abel, he slew him in a moment of irritation. He then explains that he had, in vision, seen his future destiny ; that, as the Curse of God deprived him of existence from the fruits of the Earth, and expelled him from the regions of his Parents, he is doomed to dwell in the lands inhabited by the Heathen pre-Adamites ;—that he should there take a wife ;—that he should be the producer of mineral wealth ;—that he should build a city, and that the Heathens seeing him employed in the mysterious labors of the production, and of the appropriation of metals, having the glowing mark in his forehead, should exalt him to a God, and should name him Cyclops, whilst his companion and adviser should be denominated Vulcan,—thus giving birth to these fabulous deities. He desires to embrace his Parents, but is restrained by the knowledge of the mysterious mark upon his forehead, and the fear of its contaminating effects. He departs for the Land of Nod.

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## BOOK III.

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### PART SECOND.

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#### THE BANISHMENT OF CAIN.

The Dome of Heaven presented now to me,  
The same sad view,—the same pure scenery.  
Abel was dead! The foreground, still, the dell  
Where stood his Altar-pile, where late he fell,  
Beneath a brother's blow!

With sad remorse,  
Repentant Cain yet gazed upon the corse!  
It burthened yet his arms, and could not he,  
Resign such mass, nor name its destiny.

From morn he sate!—it now grew nigh to eve,  
And yet no change, his burthen could relieve!  
Speechless he sate!—So still, you scarce had known  
The dismal group from mass of chiselled stone!  
Gazing, with hand upraised, and bended head,  
Pallid, and stern, upon the marble dead!  
His thoughts of woe,—his consciousness of crime,  
Giving no heed to proof of passing time,

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Nor change of atmosphere,—which now grew dense  
With night and clouds, in combined evidence.

Around him twilight shades began to fall,  
And such, at length, his senses did recall,  
To need of some resolve,—whereby should he,  
Abel consign to some obscurity!

Nature, to him, the evidence disclosed,  
That Mankind's form should not be left exposed,  
In sight of Heaven, beneath the open sky,  
With slow decay, the mind to horrify!

At length he rose ;—and then, with motion slow,  
His hold, upon the form, he did forego ;  
And on the sod,—then sadly sprinkled o'er,  
And stained with spots of dark and crimson gore,—  
With hand of stealthy care, he softly laid  
The marble image down, his hand had made  
Of that which once was Man ! That which, he knew,  
When life it had, had loved and blessed him too !  
So softly, he, that stiff'ning corpse did move,  
It seemed as though he feared 'twould brittle prove,  
And crumble 'neath his hand !

At length he raised  
His palms to Heaven, as on the corpse he gazed,  
And thus he spake :—

“ Great God ! I now possess,  
Reason's return, engulfed in wretchedness !  
Mad, I have been, oh ! Heaven, and there I see,  
The sad results of wild insanity,—  
The produce of my pride !—

“ Unto the skies,  
Dare not I, now, to lift my rebel eyes ;  
For Thou, Almighty God, upon Thy Throne,  
Discernest me !—to Thee this deed is known !  
Reason comes back, unto a deed attached,  
Which standeth out, by savage beast unmatched,

In horrible relief!—And now to me,  
 Thou, Mighty God, art known, convincingly,  
 But all too late.

“ Now, did my spirit dare,  
 It would not scoff, but spend, in humble prayer,  
 The energies God gave,—for mercy meant,—  
 But I abused,—rebelliously have spent,  
 In deep damnation's cause!—Aye, nothing less,  
 Can my deep crime, that murderous act, express!

“ God! I would kneel, that corpse beside, but Thou,  
 Approach from me, in prayer, forbiddeth now!  
 Person, and speech, and heart of mine, now must,  
 Be, unto Thee, abhorrence and disgust,  
 With which Thou wilt away!—

“ Look I below?—

Great God!—what wreck! what misery! what woe!  
 In that most beauteous form,—a mass of clay,  
 Made by my hand, a brother I survey  
 My heart hath loved! The one companion he,  
 Of all my life, of my blest infancy!  
 And I, who would for him, my blood have spilt,  
 Were there such need, have steeped my soul in guilt,—  
 His hasty murderer!—Surprised (*I see*)  
 Into such crime, by deep contempt of Thee!  
 Bringing upon my soul this double weight,—  
 Blasphemer's curse!—Man-slayer's fate!—  
 Beyond all mitigation's hope!

“ What aid,

Thou Mighty Power, can be to me conveyed?  
 Bewildered is my brain!—On novel state,  
 Which death declares, I scarce can speculate!  
 Unto my woe no end! For all my fears,  
 No screen to hide, no remedy appears!  
 So soon befel the deed, my tearful eyes,  
 Cannot the fact of death there realize!  
 I seem to fear (the state is all so strange),  
 The slightest touch, each limb might yet derange,

And something new appear ; the fact to tell,  
 How Cain's hand smote, how gentle Abel fell !  
 I fear, indeed, some tongue, with fearful tone,  
 (Such as in life, his lips had never known)  
 Might sound, by some strange power, its breast within,  
 And me accuse, as well it might, of sin !  
 And ' MURDER ' might, as coupled with my name,  
 Cry out aloud ; and thus my guilt proclaim,  
 In accents horrible !—

“ Oh ! God, so real,  
 The sight, the sound appears, I would conceal  
 Mine eyes therefrom (*as I in terror do*)—  
 And would seal up (*e'en thus*) each avenue,  
 Of sound unto my brain !—Aye, I would thrust,  
 Each inlet deep beneath the very dust ;  
 Could I shut out all possible approach  
 Of God's own Word !—my own sad soul's reproach !

“ There lies my brother's form,—beauteous as heretofore !  
 But DEATH there dwells, where *life* shall reign no more !  
 That yet the soul is there !—That such hath sense,  
 If rudely touched, with slightest violence,—  
 That it is conscious still, I must suppose,  
 Though lip be mute, and heavy eye be closed,  
 In Death's solemnity !—

“ Some stranger hand,  
 Might such remove !—all this might understand !  
 But me, alas ! the strangeness of this death,  
 (Beyond mine agony), my mind bewildereth !  
 Lost in my future woe !—

“ Sensation new !—  
 How can I act ? What course can I pursue ?  
 Whom shall I call ? From whom assistance ask,  
 To counsel give, or aid, in dismal task,  
 Of where, or how, the body to bestow,  
 Which none before have seen, I cannot know ?  
 The first task mine ! Some mode I must invent !  
 No rule I have,—there is no precedent !

“ My Father call ?—How can I Adam tell,  
How death occurred ; or how my brother fell !

“ Appeal to God !—How Him address ?—How dare  
His eye invite, or Him approach, by prayer ?  
How can I meet, how can I answer bring  
To that dread voice of awful questioning,  
Which travelleth nature through ; and, at whose breath,  
Mountains are moved, Creation vanisheth !

“ I'll leave the body here, and swiftly flee,  
Into the woods around, for secrecy !—  
It will not do !

“ With Brother's blood imbued,  
I dare not dwell within the solitude  
Of trackless wilds !

“ Oh ! trembling guilt !—Sin's dread !  
I fear the sound of my most stealthy tread !  
The Earth, silent before, doth ring, like brass,  
And echoes yield, where'er my foot doth pass !  
And much I troubled am, and greatly fear,  
Lest Adam's love should shortly seek us here,  
And blood observe !

“ But stay !—A ready thought,  
Some power unseen, hath to my bosom brought !  
Abel and all this blood, these spots of gore,  
If I be prompt, can soon be buried o'er !  
Beneath the sod my careful hand shall hide,  
Each tell-tale proof, of how my brother died !  
Then shall I breath again !—Aye, from my breast,  
The load cast off whereby I am opprest,  
And borne with terror's hand unto the ground,  
Lest I of guilt be charged ; and proof be found  
Of dreadful murder done !—which fear I now,  
Its impress stamps upon my guilty brow !  
But I will secret be !—I will deface,  
Of this sad scene, the slightest spot or trace.



And who shall then, absence, or death explain,  
 Or murder charge upon the fearless Cain,  
 If witness there be none?—What tongue shall say,  
 If Abel absent be, if yet he stray,  
 Seeking, mayhap, some truant lamb, whose bleat  
 Might lead afar, in earnest chase, his feet,  
 To groves remote.

“I cannot surely know  
 Whither so led, my brother might not go!  
 And thus if asked, as I in truth do live,  
 A prompt reply I now can boldly give,  
 And proof defy!

“No signs of death here dwell!  
 They’ll search full long, and question too, full well,  
 Before the truth they find!

“I never quail!  
 The silent dead can never tell its tale!  
 Therefore I now am free; and can profess  
 I guiltless stand, with open readiness,  
 Disarming doubt!—Causing this death to be—  
 Though known in Heaven—on Earth a mystery!”

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With most industrious hand, now Cain with care,  
 The corpse to hide did studiously prepare.  
 No single spot, no crimson mark, no stain,  
 Upon Earth’s face, uncovered, did remain.

Beneath the sod, in chamber rudely made,  
 His brother’s form, with every care was laid;  
 And thereupon, was raised each altar stone,  
 As though it other base had never known,  
 When Abel built it there.

You there discerned  
 The ember-dust of wood, the bones half-burned!  
 The remnants left, of sacrificial rite,  
 Stood undisturbed: seeming to human sight,

As though they ne'er were moved. So well appeared  
Each stone, each form, his ready skill had reared.

Murder was *thus* concealed!—This first deceit  
Was thus prepared, disguise was thus complete!  
And Cain's sad breast, and conscience too, did try,  
Itself to lull into security,  
As though it knew no sting!

On every side  
That altar-pile with careful look he eyed;  
Seeming by such assured!

At length content,  
No single clue it did, to guilt present,  
He turned in deep remorse and gloom away;  
His heart was wrung, but yet he could not pray!  
His eyes he hid, his arms he flung on high,  
Utter'd one groan, one deep, one bitter cry,  
And then his look composed, as future task,  
To wear the stern, impenetrable mask,  
Deceit required!

The heart henceforth concealed  
Beneath the dark, the adamantine shield  
Of stern composure's shade, which he must now,  
Through life assume, fasten upon his brow!  
In homeward walk, he sought the cooling wave,  
And from his flesh did every vestige lave,  
And every trace, and every soiling stain,  
On hand, or breast, which might perchance remain,  
Suspicion to excite.

His Parents' bower  
He sought in gayest mood, at evening's hour,  
Loquaciously inclined, far more than he  
Of late had been, or 'twas his wont to be!

---

Adam and Eve, in blissful ignorance sate,  
Of loss sustained, and violence done of late!

The scene the entrance was, to beauteous cave,  
The which, as residence, did labour save,  
And pristine home provide.

Already, there,  
Were seen commenced, the rudiments of care,  
The stages first of Wealth. Your eye could see  
The springing seed of Earth's Community,  
In many an Infant thought, which did present  
Some vessel rude, some aiding instrument,  
The hand of Man to save !

By poles sustained,  
Together bound, the hanging grapes were trained.  
Around the bower's mouth, the fig's broad leaf  
Mingled therewith, in prominent relief;  
And dates most numerous.

Soft skins were dried,  
Their couch to spread, their garments to provide.  
A fence around the spot, breast high and rude,  
Approaching foot of flocks, did thence exclude.  
Within were many flowers, by hand of care  
Selected well ; in beds transplanted there,  
During the thirty years, since Adam's sin,  
Had caused him, here, a life of toil begin,  
Fair Paradise without.

Plenty and peace,  
And prudent care, did stores of good increase.  
And all this wondrous world, expanding thence,  
Its wants began, its treasures did commence.

To spot so calm, to Parents' bower so fair,  
Sad Cain, at length, did tremblingly repair !  
His Parents fond, with meal prepared, then sate,  
And evidently did, their Son's return await,  
From avocations light, which, through the day,  
Led them to fields, or distant vales away.

Now Cain beside them stood, resting his weight  
The cave against ; and progress did relate,

Which he that day had made.—Unasked, his fate,  
 Did cause his tongue from truth to deviate.  
 So free was his discourse ; so flowed the tide  
 Of fluent speech, his dismal thought to hide,  
 Which could not, then, in placid stillness rest,  
 As terror heaved the surface of his breast,  
 But was disguised, beneath the constant birth  
 Of ready wit, and artificial mirth.

His Parents' minds, at first, the converse gay,  
 In pleasant mood did wile the time away ;  
 But as the hours drew on, at times they viewed  
 With much surprise, and some solicitude,  
 The most unusual fact, that Abel's face,  
 Their evening's meal, should not as usual grace !  
 But 'twas adroitly turned ; and subjects new,  
 Again the thoughts, to other objects drew ;  
 And time was gained !—At length 'twas plain,  
 Some one must speak, such absence to explain.

“ Can any here” (the Father cried) “ now say,  
 What matter new, should make our Abel stay ?  
 Full late his flock he tends. Can you dear Cain,  
 Tell us what toils thy Brother hence detain ?

“ Your answer seems abrupt—“ *You neither know  
 Wherefore he stays, nor whither he might go ;  
 Nor hast thou seen his flock !*”

“ You know full well,  
 His habit is, within this very dell,  
 And close to this our bower, his flock to bring,  
 Within its fold, for nightly sheltering.  
 Now late it seems ! The setting sun's broad breast,  
 Its path pursues, towards the glowing West ;  
 And its decline, as surely should present  
 Our Abel's face of pure and sweet content,—

Leading his little flock, which skips along,  
Hearing his voice, or answering they his song,  
With joyful bleat.

“ His guiding voice they know ;  
Whither he leads, the fleecy creatures go ;  
And gather they, obediently, around,  
Where he reclines upon the shady ground.  
His peaceful voice,—his good and gentle hand  
Doth mould these creatures-dumb, with kind command,  
And they securely feed ! The young, to rest,  
He gently takes unto his careful breast ;  
Whilst at his side, bleating with confidence,  
And seeming proud of shepherd's preference,  
Travels the dam !—

“ A picture-pure, and bright,  
That lad, so seems, unto my partial sight,  
As he at eve returns, and God thus guides,  
His daily thoughts, and Grace in him resides !

“ 'Tis strange, methinks, he absent is, this day !  
That he, and flock, so late appear to stray !  
I wonder much at cause !—Ascend, I will,  
Unto the brow of over-hanging hill,  
Within whose breast this cavern, deep and high,  
With sheltering bower of rest, doth us supply ;  
Somewhat of his delay, or quick return,  
Mayhap I may, from hill-top there, discern,  
For anxious now I am ; yet know not why !  
No Evil yet hath come us ever nigh !  
Absent he is ; and *that* alone, to me,  
Is full of strange and fearful mystery ! ”

---

As Adam paused, he thought, the plaintive cry  
Of sheep he heard, and some appeared full nigh.

Others at distance seemed, and faintly cried,  
As though the flock were scattered far and wide,  
Without a shepherd's care.

And this was true !

For soon they saw, come struggling into view,  
By devious paths, bleating and running wild,  
All Abel's flock, which usually so mild,  
His leading footsteps traced ; whose bleat was meant  
Safety to speak,—express as much content  
As animals might tell ; but, now the ear  
Could well detect the cry of anxious fear,  
As rushing home, they made the air to ring  
With bleatings wild, and constant murmuring !

Full cause for fear was this !—Now sure were they,  
Some serious ill had made him thus to stray !

'Twas sad suspense !—Yet where, (they said,) could be,  
For Abel's harm, a possibility ?—

In their own peaceful vales, no foot was known  
Ever to tread, except it was their own !  
They had o'erlooked hill-tops-immense, 'tis true,  
And that the World beyond was clothed, they knew ;  
And animals, most wild, did thence descend,  
And birds, upon the wing, did thither wend,  
And thence repass.

On Earth, they knew, was yet  
A giant race, but such they ne'er had met !  
Their own bright land, each beauty did present ;  
They travelled not, for they were there content ;  
Therefore no more they knew !—

They did not see  
How fear of harm, or accident could be !  
No raging storm, no rending lightning's blast,  
Had, forked flames, upon the valley cast !  
But, through the day, the skies, the winds, had been,  
Peaceful and mild, and cloudless and serene !

Now far around, his anxious Parents sought,  
 And Cain, *pretending search*, no tidings brought !  
 The flocks he drove within the nightly fold,  
 Which knew him not, and scarce could be controlled ;  
 But, from his voice, in each direction, fled  
 In much dismay, and with apparent dread !

At his return, his anxious Parents sate,  
 O'erwhelmed with doubt, and most disconsolate !  
 Then came the noble burst of fervent prayer  
 Which sweeps away the clouds of dark despair  
 When faith ascends !

A noble, glorious sight,  
 Was that sad Pair, beneath the evening's light,  
 And there, at bower's mouth, as summer's beam,  
 Their brows to kiss, with radiance-glow did seem,  
 And side by side they knelt ; each anxious eye,  
 Uplifted there, unto the lofty sky,  
 In holy confidence, yet glistening still,  
 With pearly tears, which did their eyelids fill,  
 Parental love to tell !

'Gainst Adam's breast,  
 The softer form of anxious Eve did rest,  
 Submissive and attent, as meekly he  
 Did thus address, in faith, the Deity.—

---

“ Most Great and Glorious God !

In prayer we kneel,  
 As is our wont, before our evening meal,  
 We thankfully partake !

“ We know that Thou,  
 In heaven above, our forms beholdeth now !

“ Utter'd in love, our faithful, feeble speech,  
 We are assured, unto thine ear doth reach !

For all around, and us within, art Thou !  
 Thou knowest well each thought ! Thou hearest now !  
 Praise most unfeigned !—Blessings, from day to day,  
 Our humble hearts would, unto Thee, convey,  
 For Thou art ever Good !—And Angels tell  
 Thy Greatness is, to them, unsearcheable !

“ Most Gracious God ! ’Twas Thine to frame Man’s heart !  
 ’Twas Thine, to Man, affection to impart !  
 And love’s most tender links ; binding his soul  
 To offspring dear, with Nature’s strong control !

“ A Parent’s love prays Thee Thine hand extend,  
 His son to shield, and him in love defend,  
 From ills unknown ! from harm, or hurt, we dread,  
 Might now have fallen upon his youthful head,  
 Thy goodness doth protect !

“ In bower, or field,  
 Thine eye beholds !—Thy gracious arm doth shield !  
 Our absent Son, in mercy we implore,  
 Unto our arms, be pleased, Oh God ! restore ;  
 And Thee our tongues shall bless !—And every sense,  
 Acknowledged, shall, Thy gracious Providence !

“ Bless Thee, our God, we ever faithfully will,  
 Or be there joy, or be there coming ill !  
 For every work of Thine, when rightly known,  
 Produceth Good, and Thou art Love, alone !

“ Thine aid we ask !

“ But if Thy Holy Will,  
 Our frail desires, cannot, as good, fulfil,  
 Thy just decrees be done !—That Earth may see,  
 As Heaven responds to Word of Deity,  
 So art Thou here obeyed !

“ Thus, we resign,  
 All Earthly hopes unto Thy Will-Divine !



---

Darkness and night upon the bower now swept ;  
Adam and Eve, at length, with more composure, slept,  
In God resigned.

The gentle Abel's bed  
Unpressed remained, his couch untenanted !

In spot retired, and far beyond again,  
Tossed to and fro, the wretched, restless Cain !  
Stifling his fears, which grew apace, till they  
Terrors so vast, such horrors did convey,  
He could not there abide !

He could not rest,  
With guilty soul, and conscience-stricken-breast,  
So nigh his parents-pure. Their power of sleep  
Envy he must, whose loss his soul would weep,  
Could he to them, without confession, give  
Consistent thought or proof confirmative !

Controlling speech, suppressing gestures-fierce,  
Smothering the grief, that did his spirit pierce—  
He then arose, and from his midnight bed,

In all his thousand worlds of brilliant light,  
Which brightly shone, and beamed upon his sight;  
As though they were assumed, by him, to be  
The million eyes of The Divinity  
Piercing his soul!—reading, with truth-defined,  
Concealment's fraud,—the murderer's heart and mind!

'Twas not such Vast Tribunal *then* he sought!  
Such pierced his soul, relieved not then his thought,  
As sphere approachable!—He sought to be  
Buried in gloom!—sunk in obscurity!  
And, thought of God! or Angel-pure, did press  
His mind with dread,—his soul with bitterness!  
One form alone, to meet, he now desired!  
One voice to hear, he now to shade retired!

He sought the gloom; and there he hoped to find  
His brother-sworn,—the one congenial mind!  
For yet his mind, as Origin of woe,  
Fully did not, the subtile Satan, know!  
Who, with disguised intent, his anger wrought;  
He, 'Wondrous Angel,' then 'Proud Spirit,' sought!  
Who him had urged; to whom he would disclose  
The burthen-deep of overwhelming woes,  
And counsel ask! Of Angel-high, implore,  
How Abel's death reverse!—how life restore!

The kindred spirits met!—The one to be  
Proud in success, elate, exultingly!  
The other soul, with all of hope effaced,  
Forlorn, cast down, despairing, and abased!

Cain's minor form, the firmness did express  
Of human mould, and mortal fleshiness;  
Telling, distinct, on half-tints of the night,  
With its substantial mass of ruddy light,  
As figure-tangible!

The Angel-vast,  
Was now, as shade, on gloom of midnight cast!

Scarcely discernible ; vapoury was he,—  
Subdued in tone,—disclosed retiringly !

The spot for conference found, to bower was nigh ;  
Replete in forms of closest privacy,  
Or soft seclusion's shade.

A beauteous dell,  
Where rippling stream, in softest murmurs fell,  
And rocks and trees, and mossy stones were found,  
In forms fantastical, and graceful groups around—  
A spot retired, whose only inlet seemed,  
By waters worn, which ever outward streamed,  
Expanding gradually, and growing bright,  
Beneath the rays of pure and brilliant light  
As rolled the crystal stream from mountain-source,  
Through vallies-fair, its ever onward course,  
Their banks to fertilize.

Within was shade !  
And partial gloom, soft solitude conveyed !

Here met the twain !—The man conscious of sin ;  
Stealing with dread, that beauteous glade within !  
The demon-power with figure-dense, alone,  
Seated in dignity, on fallen stone,  
Awaiting his approach !

He knew sad Cain,  
From speech with him, could not that night refrain !  
Anxious appeared he not, to speech begin,  
But stern his brow,—his aspect withering !  
Not bland as heretofore with smiling eye,  
Brightly displayed, assumed invitingly,  
But scarcely courteous ; and Cain could see  
Demeanour changed !—he looked repulsively !

“ Angel-most strange !—Being-inscrutable !—  
Wondrous and vast !—Cloudy, untangible !  
Demon !—or God !” (*at length sad Cain began*)—  
“ Thou see'st here, a lost, a wretched man ;  
Who mercy seeks !—

“Mighty, mysterious power!

My soul support, in this most dreadful hour!  
For thou hast been its guide,—its influence!  
And *Truth of thine*, or *cursed eloquence*,  
Hath made me what I am!

“Thy mind doth know

My deed untold!—Thou canst premise my woe!  
Being of presence vast!—and multiform!  
Bright as the Sun!—or dingy as the storm!  
Darkness, or light!—assuming such at will!  
In each most strange!—Mighty appearing still!  
Either a God thou art!—with power to dwell  
In bliss unknown, glory unspeakable!  
Or else thou art ‘The Power’ my parents curse;  
Dangerous and deep!—malicious and perverse!  
Knowledge, I know, and power immense thou hast!  
Prodigious is thy sway! thy mercy might be vast!  
And such I now would test!

“With sin’s reproach,

To God in Heaven, cannot, my soul approach;  
His stainless purity in Angel-minds,  
Some spot unclean, some marks of folly finds!  
Approach from me, cannot Heaven’s King invite!  
Darkness I am!—and He—all glorious light!

“*Thou* Being-vast, wherever thou dost dwell,  
Art more akin, art more approachable!  
*Thou* condescendest speech!—and hast with me,  
Concluded here, a sworn fraternity!  
On this my soul hath fed; passing much time  
In converse-grave, and subjects most sublime!  
If *thou* art *true*, fables, both false and light,  
Surround God’s laws—the teachings infinite!  
Taxing credulity, and making man forego  
Pleasures profuse, lest undefined woe  
Should them o’ertake!

“Thou Being stern!—most high!

Hast taught my soul such fables to deny!

Parent's appeal, brother's protesting prayer,  
 As words have passed, lighter than breath-stirred-air,  
 My faith on *thee* reposed!—and I content,  
 To echo back thy long-learned-argument,  
 Of '*threatenings unfulfilled*'!

“ Goaded by thee,  
 And step by step urged on, progressively,  
 My heart and mind by thy great sway controlled,  
 With independent pride, hath grown most bold,  
 And violence hath come!—Contending breath!  
 And hasty blow!—and misery!—and—Death!

“ Now comes it unto this.

Whether thy might  
 Can ward from me, the Anger Infinite?—  
 Thou, only thou, my Teacher here, hast been!  
 Thy purpose what, will *now* be shortly seen!  
 The climax is obtained! Now shall I know  
 If thou wilt leave my spirit to its woe!  
 Or whether thou wilt shield and shelter me,  
 From God's stern laws, and His indignity  
 Thou taughtest me despise!

“ Being—Immense!  
 How great thy power!—how bright thine eloquence!  
 Either thy speech beamed forth with grand advice!  
 Or 'twas, of Hell, the cunning artifice!  
 I dare not say thou hast proposed to me  
 To God condemn, defy The Deity!  
 But, thou hast magnified thyself, until,  
 Thou didst, my Mind, Imagination fill;  
 And thee I did elect, as teaching best,  
 The mode of life, to every sense address,  
 Enticingly!

“ Thou mad'st me understand  
 All Earthly things were subject thy command!  
 Now I require, thou, unto me, shalt say,  
 If Life thou canst, unto The Dead convey?—

“Thou knowest what I seek!—

Giving to wrath

Too ready rein, my hasty spirit, hath  
My guiltless Brother slain!—

“ My stricken soul,  
No comfort knows! no promise can console,  
The which I ever heard, by Angel named,  
By God vouchsafed!—by Mercy’s tongue proclaimed!

“ But, thou, and only thou, most light hath made,  
Of all commands, unto my soul conveyed;  
Whether by oral Law, or brought to me,  
By inward Voice, telling, instinctively,  
Of evil works, or good!

“ List’ning, to these,

My soul hath slid, by slight, yet sure degrees,  
Most imperceptibly, to rebel state,  
My murderous hand, hath found to consummate!  
This, hast thou willed!—and I abjure thee, thence,  
Avert God’s wrath! ward off the consequence!  
If thou art true!

“ I know not what thou art!

Being supreme!—Deceiver of the Heart?—

“ Declare thyself! (for it is now full time)  
In impotence of Power!—or in thy might sublime!  
Such multifarious powers thou dost assume,  
To limit such, I would not, now, presume!  
One object now I have!—I, thee, implore,  
Abel revive!—Abel to life restore!—  
And I will be—Thy Slave!—

“ Aye, thou shalt hence,

My spirit claim!—hold mine allegiance!

---

The Being vast, from state of first repose,  
At this appeal, in dignity arose!

And his stern form, with vast uplifted hand,  
Seemed Cain to crush, his silence to command !

“ Poor,—weak,—and miserable Cain !—Frail Man ! ”  
( ’Twas thus, in scorn, Satan’s reply began, )—  
“ Mortal !

                    In that one word, I thee address ;  
And speak thy fate ; and name thy Nothingness !

“ Why *Satan* seekest thou ?—For such I tell,  
Thou guessest rightly now, thou namest well !  
SATAN I am ! None else had dared to thee  
Question God’s Good—malign the Deity !

“ The barren words of doubt—‘ *Aye, hath God said,*’\*  
Had filled Archangel’s mind with fear and dread  
Unspeakable !

                    “ SATAN hath *more* conceived !  
Hath *more* declared !—hath greater minds deceived !  
And thy deception done, I now confess,  
My name—my one intent—my mightiness !  
And scorn thee, slave, as too contemptible  
For thought of mine, to welcome find, in Hell,  
But that, in thee, from God cast out, afar,  
I Evil plant—Creative Good I mar !

“ Behold my Form !—

                    “ Now am I fully known !  
Thine eye observes, The Principal, alone,  
Who dares with God contend !—who doth reverse  
Almighty Will—originates each curse ! ”

---

With this, the stern, the dark, the giant shade  
Larger and darker grew,—did space pervade,—  
Growing untangible ; until, between  
His outline-vast, the rocks and trees were seen ;

\* Gen. iii. 1.

Becoming visible, clearly surveyed,  
 Deep, burning lines, throughout his frame, conveyed  
 The blazing blood!—mysterious, molten tide,  
 Immortal Life and torture to provide!  
 And more mysterious far than I can tell,  
 The look,—the form,—of Giant King of Hell;  
 Before whom stood,—amazed, subdued, oppressed,—  
 The wretched Cain, with guilt and crime depressed!

Reduced, his form, to moderate size, again,  
 Proceeded he to taunt and torture Cain.

---

“Mistaken Man!—thy misery is great!—  
 Where stands thy crime?—Where written now thy Fate?

“In God’s Eternal Book!—

“The letters, red,  
 With brother’s blood!—attested by the dead!—  
 Who, shrieking, rose, into the farthest skies,\*  
 And there his soul, for ‘Vengeance!’ ever cries,  
 On earthly murderer!

“There Justice stands,  
 And blood for blood, with equal scale, demands!  
 What canst thou plead?—Example here around  
 Hath not been seen!—No former deed is found,  
 To such familiarize!—‘Thou art the first!—  
 The deeper thou, in such dark deed, accurst!

“Who counsell’d thee to murd’rous deed?—Not I!—  
 Such I disclaim,—such deep intent deny!  
 The day,—the hour,—when such befel, I know!  
 I was not there!—I did not bid thee go!—  
 Nor sacrifice!—Nor did I once pretend,  
 On Rules of Faith, with Abel to contend!—

\* Gen. iv. 10.



Such theme invitedst *thou*, and *thence* the blow  
Which thee affrights—produces now thy woe!

“The all I counsel thee is deep disguise!  
The deed once done, back thou the crime with lies!  
A boon ’twill be, should’s’t thou escape disgrace,  
And hide thy crime from weeping parents’ face!  
And if no ear then heard,—no eye did see,—  
The guilt, indeed, might lack discovery,  
And thou escape!—I counsel thee await  
Course of events,—the accidents of Fate!  
But visit not, base worm, nor fix, as cause,  
On speech of mine, the rupture of God’s Laws!  
Listen to God thou should’s’t; and other tale,  
Can not, with thee, to thy control, prevail!

“Now, Mortal Man!—To Life, or Woe, or Death,—  
Satan—thy soul, thy frame, abandoneth!  
And God, who mighty is, may His compassion show,  
Crush thee as worm, or mitigate thy woe!”

---

“Nay! Satan, nay!—Abandon not my soul,  
(Led by thy power, coerced by thy control,)  
In such important hour!” now loudly cried  
Tormented Cain, the wretched fratricide!

“Now know I well, the bitterness, thy hate  
Hath fixed on me!—and cursed is now my fate!  
Disguise! and secrecy!—in these alone,  
Declares thy tongue, my safety shall be known?

“Oh! Heaven;—is this the subterfuge, shall find,  
Shelter for guilt, from God’s Omniscient Mind?

“Poor! thin!—and weak!—flimsy, and light as air!  
Each tale must be, my falsehood shall declare!

And God, my soul, with all-perceiving eye,  
 Shall deeply read, shall penetrate each lie !  
 As though the page of all I thought, or said,  
 In record true, were now before him spread,  
 For His deep scrutiny !

“ Delusive screen !—

My crime is known !—My God, my sin, hath seen !  
 And where the darkness found—the gloomy space—  
 Can shelter Cain ?—find suited hiding-place ?  
 Even the spot, of which my Parents tell,  
 For *thee* reserved—the deepest of Pit of Hell !  
 Is all revealed unto the awful view  
 Of God’s stern eye, which pierces ‘ darkness’ through,  
 And ‘ substance’ gives to ‘ thought !’

“ Angel ! or fiend !

Where can my soul, where can my mind be screened,  
 From all the *coming search*, the questioning,  
 Which Adam’s love, which Abel’s loss shall bring —  
 And more than this—where now, in depths profound,  
 Shall conscience cease ?—Oblivion be found ?”

At this the Demon paused ! At Cain, awhile,  
 Most steadfastly he looked, and then a smile,  
 Derisive, and severe, across his face,  
 Passing away, the careful eye could trace,  
 As thus to Cain, in malice, he replied,  
 And hope of peace, concealment’s power denied !

“ Escape from God ?—Disguise thy crime and live ?—  
 Impossible !—No means, no such alternative,  
 Thy soul shall know !

“ Quickly escape, would’st thou,

From Parents’ curse, and God’s offended brow ?  
 And asketh thou, that I provide for thee,  
 Some instant means, some speedy remedy ?

" I owe thee not such aid !

" But yet, to meet thy fate,  
I will thy breast, with screen accommodate !  
And will for thee, all coming-danger hide,  
Forgetfulness ensure—Oblivion provide !"

---

Instant the scene was changed. I now surveyed,  
Demon and Man, to cliff, most high, conveyed,  
Where precipice, sheer down, in vast depth fell,  
And deep below, in rocky bed of dell,  
A boiling torrent foamed !—A misty spray,  
Rolling in clouds, beneath the moon's pale ray,  
Rose up as steam, from cauldron-vast beneath,  
With restless din, and rising wreath on wreath,  
The monstrous rocks amongst !

I know not how,  
So instantly they reached that mountain brow !  
But there they stood !

The whirling eye of Cain,  
Could scarce his foot, on outward ledge sustain,  
Of overhanging rock, surmounting this  
Unfathomable depth—dimly discerned abyss !  
Swiftly transported there, you could observe,  
That shook his frame ; trembled his iron nerve ;  
As him beside, with deep and sullen frown,  
The Tempter stood, pointing with finger down,  
To frightful chasm's bed ; and did invite,  
A plunge therein, from that tremendous height !

" There,—down,—in that vast depth,—plunging below,  
Most abject Cain ! is space for all thy woe !  
There cast thyself ; if thou would'st now possess  
Oblivion of crime !—thy guilt's forgetfulness !  
Down through that space, whirling, descend !—  
Let thy despair full impetus extend !—

And if again torments thy memory,  
Cast thy rebukes, and vengeance take on me !”

---

Pointed the demon's-finger down again,—  
But unto him replied the wretched Cain ;—

---

“ Never,—Alone !—Thou torturer !—Thou fiend !  
Thou hast me now from thy delusions weaned !  
And if for me be such alternative,  
As my companion there, to die or live,  
Satan !—thy form shall go !”

---

Forth sprang fierce Cain,  
Bold in despair, the tempter to detain !  
But Satan now (who victim would evade)  
Began with gloom around, to blend and fade ;—  
His form to grasp, to grapple with, Cain tried,—  
Would clasp his foe !—but found he nought beside  
An unsubstantial shade, which did possess,  
Features to sight was *vast*, but *bodiless* !  
The air alone, the rapid rush displaced,—  
No foe he found ! no substance he embraced !

---

“ Gone !—Fled !—Escaped !—I *emptiness* enfold !  
No being here, no bulk my hands can hold !  
And Satan now, hath all my wrath defied !” —  
Exclaimed sad Cain,—the wretched dupe then cried.  
“ Gone-into space !—and for result I meant,  
Against such power, my hand is impotent !  
Thou Mighty power of Ill !—Thou evil one !  
What hath thy hate ?—hat whath thy malice done ?

Thou author vile of sin!—Thou power adverse!  
 Who swayed my soul, and brought on me this curse!  
 Thou tempter to all wrong!—Thy name I hate!  
 Curse thee for woe! Curse thee for Abel's fate!  
 Thee I abhor!—And did thy form present  
 One grain of weight to feel the punishment,  
 Such plunge had found; how could my remnant life  
 Expire with thee, in last and desp'rate strife!  
 And joy!—stern joy!—my spirit would obtain,  
 Could Satan feel, and witness I the pain  
 His downfall there had caused!

“Where art thou now,  
 Thou Evil One?—who late, upon this brow,  
 Would'st me seduce?—Why not, False Fiend, on thee,  
 Descends God's wrath; doth fall this misery?  
 Of mine thou art The Cause! Though I confess,  
 No entrance thou hadst found, but for my readiness!  
 And had my soul to God preferred one prayer,  
 Thou hadst not found thy place, thy lodgment there!

“Most Mighty God!—Thou Everlasting Soul!—  
 Earth, Heaven, and Hell, are subject thy control!  
 Thy Hand retains its vast Omnipotence!  
 Why not *coerce* perfect obedience?  
 Why did not Cain, in heart and mind, Thy Will  
 Ever obey?—Thy purposes fulfill?

“God! Thou art Just!—my conscience was alive!  
 Thy Voice did speak!—Thy Spirit with me strive!  
 But I to hear refused!—and Satan came,  
 And scorched my soul with such malicious flame,  
 I anger felt, and smote the first fierce blow,  
 This hand did make, this startled World did know!

“Why? God! All Merciful!—could not Thy Fate  
 Ward off its force, break down its crushing weight,  
 And Cain from murder spare? Why give this hand  
 Such mighty strength to wield the heavy brand?

Oh! God, that it had withered been, to me,  
 As sapless branch of old and blasted tree,  
 Ere I, a strength possessed, my rage and pride  
 So much abused, so deeply misapplied!  
 Oh! Heaven, against thy pure and moonlit sky,  
 I lift mine arm, in agony, on high;  
 And tremble doth my soul, as it doth see,  
 Either in vision's mist, or sad reality,  
 Coursing its muscles o'er, distinct, and plain,  
 The deep red spots, the soul-condemning stain!

"There, groweth now, the member so accurst,  
 It seemeth me, as would mine eye-balls burst,  
 As o'er its palm, as through its finger's space,  
 Methinks I can the crimson river trace,  
 Flowing adown mine arm, as late by me,  
 Such stream did spread, in sad reality;  
 And I its course attempted then to stay,  
 As wept in blood a brother's life away,  
 I fondly loved!

" 'Tis there!—

"I see it now!

Oh! God of Heaven! all merciful art Thou!  
 If thou for me, one ray of mercy hast,  
 Oblivion give,—forgetfulness of past!

"The Heaven above, the Earth, the Stars of Light,  
 Are all too pure, too peaceful for my sight!  
 I hence depart! pursue me not, Vast Power!  
 As I return to wretched Parents' bower,  
 And couch of rest resume, no more to be,  
 A spot of peace, nor happiness to me!"

Homeward, from this pure spot, with slowest pace,  
 The guilty Cain, did now his way retrace,  
 As yet all uncondemned; save by that Word  
 His soul alone, his quickened conscience, heard!  
 Within his step, and pace, and attitude,  
 Grief you observed, deepest despair you viewed!

His head bent down, towards the earth's firm floor,  
 His hands thrust out (his brow abased), before!  
 And at each step, a pause,—as though of route  
 His will unformed, his mind irresolute!

Yet strode he on!—entered, with slowest tread,  
 His parent's bower! stole by their midnight bed!  
 His figure forward thrown; his arms of might  
 Thrust farther still, out-spread, on shades of night;  
 Looking askant, with piercing eye, intent,  
 Ever with fear, on sleeping Adam bent;  
 Lest, stealthy tread, which scarce could atom shake,  
 Should parent then, from envied sleep, awake!

His couch he gained!—No mortal ever knew  
 Cain sought or gained that midnight interview!  
 No mortal ear, the secret substance, heard,  
 When tempting Fiend, and tempted Cain conferred,  
 No mortal eye, the stealing Form discerned,  
 When Cain, in grief, and secrecy returned!  
 No mortal mind, can penetrate, nor tell,  
 The feeling sad that in the breast did dwell,  
 Of him who then, the morrow's slow return,  
 Dreaded to find; reluctant would discern!

---

'Twas morning now, and soon as day did break,  
 Adam and Eve, were actively awake  
 With all their anxious cares, and soon intent,  
 They did commence a search, most diligent.

A look of dreadful fear, a state forlorn,  
 Did seem to rest on Cain, their elder-born!  
 Within his haggard eye, and troubled mien,  
 'Traces of grief's wild ravages were seen,  
 Pourtrayed most strikingly!

Engraved, as though,  
 Ages of time, 'twas his to feel and know,

In one short night !—so deep was worn each trace  
 Of rigid care, upon his brow and face !  
 They were the lines of guilt ; whose evidence  
 Told not of time's, but grief's experience !  
 Bringing a life-time's ravages to sight,  
 With impress made, within a single night  
 Of agony intense !

You there could read,

The purpose strong, denial-firm of deed ;  
 The deep resolve all knowledge to conceal,  
 No link to show, no single clue reveal ;  
 The dogged stubbornness of crime-untold,  
 With accents deep, and all its features bold ;  
 Daring the eye to trace one muscle's move,  
 Which should his fear, of man's detection, prove,  
 Mixed up, with all the features strong, of grief,  
 Which would have sought an outlet of relief  
 In overflowing tears, but dared not tell  
 A crime so deep, a tale so horrible !

In Adam's eye and step, in Eve's fair face,  
 One feeling strong, you could minutely trace,  
 And that was undisguised ! Your eye could see  
 'Twas deep concern, of Love's anxiety !

Upon the countenance and brow of Cain,  
 Feelings at heart, you lingered to explain,  
 Their character so mixed ; as shade and light,  
 Their traces shown, as deep and opposite.

With fluctuating force, one moment grief,  
 Just breaking forth in sorrow's full relief,  
 In Nature's tones of tenderness expressed,—  
 Then comes the cloud !— and Nature is suppressed !  
 And every trace of feeling-true, then lies,  
 Beneath the veil, the soon-assumed disguise  
 Of most consummate art !

Or else, might be,  
 You might commence with stern hypocrisy,



Fixing its rigid lines of calm command  
 In look assumed, of eye, and brow, and hand,  
 And suddenly, the flush of feeling true,  
 Would burst, the deep disguise, as thin veil, through,  
 And Nature's lines, again expressed would be,  
 With all the force of Truth's supremacy,  
 Written upon each nerve, until the mind  
 Its work displayed, undoubtingly defined !

With morning light approached the fearful task ;—  
 Adam and Eve, Cain's guidance now did ask,  
 To spot whence Abel passed, when worshipped they,  
 As he described, upon preceding day !  
 Here was, of self-command, the mighty test !  
 And this he felt, acknowledged in his breast,  
 As climax point of all, which they could bring  
 As leading clue of anxious questioning !  
 This one point clear, and from this place,  
 The search commenced, where they might footsteps trace,  
 He would indeed respire, and cast aside,  
 The guilty dread, his fears had magnified !

Concealment was complete. No trace was found,  
 Of sanguinary deed, upon the ground.  
 The altar-pile of each, with blackened stone,  
 Where burned his rite, as evidence was shown ;  
 If thereupon was seen a spot, or stain,  
 It was the sacrifice,—the Lamb was slain ;  
 And such they knew, Abel's most faithful eye,  
 Had long perceived,—Obedience should supply !

The Father's sight, with many a thankful tear,  
 Was now suffused, at thoughts of offspring dear  
 So piously inclined ! The Mother's grief  
 In bitter sobs now sought its sad relief ;  
 And deep, and full, and soul-absorbing prayer,  
 With silent lip, was freely offered there,  
 For utterance too full !

Those tears, thus shed,  
 How near, they knew not *then*, to silent dead !  
 Abel's dear form, they knew not then, how nigh !  
 So well concealed, so clothed from human eye,  
 Suspicion's keenest glance could not detect  
 One mark of crime, nor flaw in tale suspect ;  
 And they were now about, Abel to trace,  
 As they should hope, to later resting-place,  
 When changed the scene !

A flash of mental light  
 Seemed then to beam on Adam's tortured sight,  
 Neath which his frame did reel, with backward stride,  
 And he, his eyes, with either hand did hide,  
 As though he would, some horrid sight exclude,  
 Forced on his mind, and by his spirit viewed,  
 Though nought was visible ! A wretched cry  
 Bespoke his grief,—his dread,—his agony !  
 “ I am amazed !—a dreadful, awful light,  
 Doth burst, oh ! Heaven, across my startled sight !—  
 Opening unto my mind, as there it fell,  
 A deed so dark, so strange, so horrible,  
 I dare not look around !—but shield mine eyes,  
 Lest they, Oh, God ! such thoughts should realize !

“ Oh, undeceive my soul !—Oh ! Cain, my son,  
 Can it be true ? what evil hast thou done ?—  
 Great God of Heaven ! these dreadful thoughts dispel,  
 Which truth are not ! which I no more dare tell,  
 Than can my soul believe !

“ Hark—Eve ! List—Cain !  
 That Voice,—that Sound, issues from Earth again !  
 A voice, speaking of blood, in tones most dread,  
 E'en from this spot, whereon my foot doth tread,  
 Crieth !

“ It seems as though the very ground  
 Openeth its mouth, and uttereth a sound  
 Of Woe !—which riseth unto Heaven, most high,—  
 Unto its God in agony to cry,—  
 Complainingly of crime !

“ That voice, Oh ! Eve,  
 Cannot my ear, cannot my heart deceive !  
 Hoarse though it seems, as though in death it fell,  
 Its every tune, and turn, resembleth well,  
 The accents of our Son !

“ Beneath the earth  
 Seemeth that sound to have its smother'd birth ;  
 And as it riseth up, followeth mine eye,—  
 Seeming thus led, into the farthest sky,—  
 And there, Oh !—Mighty God !—I now behold  
 The Veil of Heaven, as awful court unfold !  
 And rusheth up, and kneeleth at God's Throne ;  
 ('Tis he !—'Tis he !—in every feature known)  
 My dearest child !

“ Come Eve !—

“ Look Cain !—

“ Can Ye,

That wondrous sight, that Mighty vision see ?

“ Ah ! Cain,—thou shudderest !—standest aghast !—  
 A change, mysterious, and dark, hath passed,  
 Thy brow across !

“ Give me thine hand ;—this way ;—  
 I will thine eye direct, that thou survey  
 This miracle !

“ Great God !—Reeleth my brain ?—  
 Look to thine arm !— what meaneth that red stain,  
 Dieing the skin, as though 'twere crimsoned o'er,  
 With one fresh tide, of deep and recent gore ?—  
 Mighty Lord God !—preserve my wandering sense !  
 Can this be truth ?—comes this as evidence,  
 Of all that now, in secrecy extreme,  
 Wrappeth around, as dark and troubling dream,  
 My soul !

“ Lord God ! an awful scene of Death  
 In Heaven above, as picture, thickeneth !  
 And what, doth now, that movement—stern portend !  
 The Mighty God appeareth to descend,  
 In darkest threatening !

“ The Lord comes nigh !—

Sinketh my soul, in deep humility,  
His Face before!—quelling, admonishing,—  
All waking thought, all rash conjecturing,  
In face of Power, which cometh, there, defined,—  
The God of Heaven!—the Judge of all mankind!  
The Lord!—by us alone approachable,  
When we, in paradise, at first did dwell,  
Of guile incapable!—

“ I feel detained ;—

Unto this spot my very feet are chained ;—  
As though developed here, should shortly be,  
By God himself, in awful majesty,  
The Mighty Truth, which seems to shake the Earth,  
As wingeth here, unfolding in its birth,  
A destiny, first sought in eagerness,  
But which, I now, do tremble to possess,  
Surrounded as I feel, in deep surprise,  
By awful shades, and gloomy phantasies,  
And horrid facts!

“ The deepest and most true,

The signs of Blood, which doth my Vision view,  
Rising around this spot ; and fear, I trace,  
Falling on Cain ; mounting into his face ;—  
And moulding there—a Monster—if there be  
The Hand of Blood—and Criminality—  
My Soul now fears!—which crusheth deep my breast,  
Down, down,—to Earth, o'erburthen'd and oppress,  
With Misery!—which, may God's Coming Fate,  
In His Vast Love, and Mercy dissipate ;—  
Or Adam dies !”

---

Ere half these fears were said,  
Smitten was Cain with undisguised dread!  
Tremblings-intense had seized the very ground!  
Deep, stagnant clouds, enclosed that spot around!

Fierce thunderings shook the deep vault of the sky !—  
 Darkness, extreme, fell down on objects nigh !  
 Except that altar-pile, and Cain's broad breast,  
 Who then, amazed, alarmed, with fear opprest,  
 Beside it stood ; and both, in bold relief,  
 Stood out, the objects clear, the features chief,  
 Of that enshrouded spot, where, God's command,  
 Fixed Judgment-Court, and bade his culprit stand !

There stood the culprit Cain !—and did await,  
 The Searching Eye that should unfold his Fate !

Lower'd the Heavens with dread !—The clouds so dense,  
 Seemed filled around, as with an audience  
 Both Heavenly and attent !—Conscious, were you,  
 Vapour alone, a dome, so vast, and true,  
 Would never draw around !—but, that, the sky,  
 Was Spirits' wings, whose forms were crowding nigh ;—  
 And that the vapoury walls, which rolled around,  
 Meeting such sky, and sweeping there the ground,  
 Were Spirits so obscured !—a Living Wall,  
 Forming the sides, the cupola, of Hall,  
 Where sat the Judge Supreme !—Angels could tell  
 Present was God, who now perceptible,  
 Unto mine eye became !—Seeming to be,  
 In distance vast, filling Immensity,  
 And sending down, on Cain, a flood of light—  
 His piercing Eye—His all-perceiving Sight !

Cain, the Forth-called, did then present,  
 A feature firm, an object prominent,  
 And full in 'midst stood he !—A Light intense,  
 Marking each movement made, to Parent's sense,  
 Till every limb, till every muscle's turn,  
 Each quivering nerve, you could, indeed, discern,  
 Conspicuously, substantially, defined,  
 Showing the workings deep, of conscious mind,  
 As every passage, now, of God's Great Will,  
 Did him with fear, conscious conviction fill !

Silence-intense—expectancy, awhile,  
 Fell on that space, where stood the altar-pile !  
 Till, Voice of God, speaking to trembling Cain,  
 Did him accuse, at tribunal arraign,  
 To give account, of where his Brother was,\*  
 Or absence show, and manifest the cause !

Confused with fear, the trembling culprit stood—  
 'Gainst such appeal, abashed was hardihood—  
 His courage unsustained !—prepared, his mind,  
 Answer most prompt, to human Voice, to find,  
 And, all the subtilty, Satan had taught,  
 Unto his aid, 'gainst Mortal Judge was brought—  
 But here was Voice—Divine !

God's Eye, he knew,  
 Should pierce the web of dark Deception through,  
 Though it were clothed, though it were hidden well,  
 Though it were deep, and dangerous too, as Hell !  
 At length he stammer'd forth—

“I do not know !

Why ask, of me, where doth my Brother go?—  
 Am I my Brother's form, to safely keep,†  
 As he doth herd, and doth protect his sheep,  
 And them to pasture lead?—must I him shield,  
 Whilst labor I, or cultivate the field?—  
 If he hath harm, or if he absent be,  
 Why claim account, or 'KEEPER' make of me !”

Thundered that voice again !—

“What hast thou done,‡

Thou Brother vile, thou more than Evil One?—  
 No trace is nigh, but, from this very ground,  
 Thy Brother's voice, unto mine ear doth sound,  
 And up from Earth, unto the very sky,  
 'The voice of blood,' doth now for vengeance cry,  
 And thou the murderer !

\* Gen. iv. 9

† Gen. iv. 9.

‡ Gen. iv. 10.

“That crimson tide,  
Which, to conceal, the Earth hath opened wide\*  
Her greedy mouth, shall bring to thee its curse,  
Which toil of thine, to weaken or reverse,  
Shall never now avail, but thou shalt live  
A vagabond on Earth, a fugitive !

“Dost ask for proof of crime ? — The proof behold !  
See where thy Brother lies, rigid and cold !  
And thine the murderous hand, did strike the blow !  
Such doth Earth tell, and such thy God doth know,  
Before whom naked is, each hidden part,  
Each thought, each wish, each secret of the heart !”

Instant thereon, a fierce and sweeping blast,  
On Earth abroad, the upraised altar cast ;  
And Abel’s corse, which Cain had there concealed,  
To Parents’ eye, of deepest grief, revealed,  
Ghastly and stained with gore !

The crimson brand,  
Which weapon was, wherewith his murderous hand  
The blow did strike, the whirling tempest caught,  
And lifting high, the instrument it brought  
To spot where Cain now stood ; and there it fell,  
How deed was done, with voice most clear to tell ;  
As Cain, in horror vast, attempt did make,  
The weapon-true, from guilty hand, to shake,  
Which paralyzed appeared ! — and which he viewed,  
Streaming with gore, with brother’s blood imbued !  
Convicted, Cain there stood ! — no further need,  
To question make, of how, or whose the deed !  
*There* lay the corpse, its silent tale to tell,  
Of how it death received, and how it fell !  
*There* speechless yet, the murderer did stand ! —  
*There*, at his feet, did lie the crimson brand ! —  
And thus the tale was told !

\* Gen. iv. 11, 12.

Language, too faint,  
 A picture-true of Adam's grief to paint!  
 Or at this scene so dread, to now present,  
 A portrait fair of his astonishment!  
 Abel there smitt'n to death!—and, at his side,  
 His other Son, and *he* the Fratricide!  
 The bursting of the wrath that now did dwell  
 Within his breast was quick and terrible!  
 The stricken Eve rushed on with features wild,  
 Fell on her knees, beside her pallid child,  
 Who there extended lay, you might suppose  
 Calmly reclined as though he might repose  
 In sleep!

Then she, lab'ring with its vast weight,  
 His head and breast did carefuly elevate  
 Upon her knees; shudder'd her Soul, as now,  
 Her eye beheld the crushed and mangled brow,  
 Which told the deed of Death!

Her tearful eye  
 She lifted now, with horror, to the sky;—  
 And so mine hand, with colors all too faint,  
 This mighty woe, subdued awhile, did paint.

The Murderer next, in that wild group, I viewed!—  
 His was the wrung the tortuous attitude  
 Of horror-stricken guilt!—With one leg bent,  
 Backward, aside, from sight of Death he lent,  
 With both his hands, in clenching madness, spread  
 Over his brows, burying his downcast head,  
 In agony!—

Mother and Son between,  
 Adam, in wrath, and all the strength was seen  
 Of Manhood's utmost and tremendous Woe,  
 And looked he then as swift, with instant blow,  
 He would retaliate on guilty Son,  
 Who had this deed of cruel murder done  
 And dared to stand him nigh!

“Great God!”—(At length,  
 He shouted forth, in almost frenzied strength,)



A savage beast I slew !

“ What holds my hand,  
As there abashed the murderer doth stand ?—  
*Thy mightiness !*—And sense, now inly felt,  
That 'tis not thus, rash justice must be dealt,  
By Man on Man !

“ Great God, I ask, in awe,  
What is Thy Will, proclaim Thou Thy Great Law ?  
For, trembleth now my nerves, lest I, as brute,  
By passion's sway, vengeance should execute,  
And lawfulness exceed !—

“ Adam foregoes  
His wrath to God ! and sinks beneath his woes,  
Into the softness of a woman's fears,  
As he doth bathe in overflowing tears,  
The body of his son !

“ May God's Great Love  
Calm anger down !—bring counsel from above !”

---

Oh ! wretched pair ! Childless indeed are ye,  
In one dark day of awful misery !

And down they cast themselves, abased and low ;  
 Humbled in dust ; crushed down beneath their woe !  
 Their brows upon the Earth, their hands outspread,  
 Stretched on their knees, grasping towards the dead !

---

Silence awhile ensued !—Then, thus, the word  
 Of justice-pure, its awful doom preferred !

“ You, trembling Cain, convicted there do stand,  
 That you, with murderous blow, and guilty hand  
 Your Brother’s life did take !

“ If Abel’s fate,  
 You had designed, and did premeditate,  
 Leaving thee time, on motive to reflect,  
 Good to pursue, and evil to reject,  
 Then DEATH your doom had been !

“ But, as the blow,  
 No such prepense, maliciously did know,  
 More mild my sentence falls, and thou art sent,  
 Far hence away, for life-time’s banishment !  
 Go hence away, these peaceful vales beyond ;  
 Be thou a Fugitive ; a Vagabond !  
 In distant Lands dwell thou !—and there appear,  
 Aversion’s mark ; a form of guilty fear !  
 A Being marked by angry hand of Fate,  
 For universal dread, for mortal hate !  
 Where’er thy foot upon Earth’s soil doth tread,  
 There may each plant be burned and withered,  
 Till nought, Earth doth, unto thine eye, possess,  
 But sterile wilds, and gloomy wilderness !  
 When thou dost till the foretime fruitful field,  
 No suited crop shall all its vallies yield !  
 But constant, endless toil, and fruitless dearth,  
 Shall tell thee this, that, cursed now, from Earth,  
 Thou ever art ; from whence to Heaven shall rise  
 Thy Brother’s blood, in never-ending cries !

---

Begone !—Depart !—this day leave thou this land !  
 Thy sentence hear, for such thy God's command !  
 And never now, will He, His Word reverse,  
 Unsay thy doom, nor mitigate thy curse !”

---

Stricken the culprit was ; nor could advance,  
 One word of plea !—’twould only crime enhance !  
 The deed he owned, and therefore humbly bent,  
 And thus confessed his righteous punishment.

---

“ Most Mighty God !

Confess indeed I must,  
 Thy Law most pure ! Thy deep decision just !  
 My state on Earth, I scarce can comprehend,  
 But dare not I, by word, the deed defend,  
 I now lament ! Yet I in grief declare,  
 More great my punishment, than I can bear !\*

“ Awful it is ! and deep ! Oh ! God my curse,  
 In mercy's name, be pleased to now reverse !  
 Less bitter far were death !

“ Thy deep command,  
 My mind grasps not !—nor scarce can understand !  
 So dreadful doth it seem, that e'en the soil,  
 From my cursed hand, shall wither and recoil †  
 As though its touch were fire ! but there is worse,  
 Now made my fate, by thy most awful curse !—  
 Thou hast declared, and willed, that fierce mankind,  
 Who far beyond these vales, I yet may find,  
 In exiled wanderings ; in tribes no doubt,  
 Scatter'd the lands, all Eden's tracks without,  
 Meeting ‘ *a vagabond*,’ (as Thou dost say)  
 Shall me pursue, as ‘ *fugitive*,’ and slay ;  
 So dark my doom !

\* Gen. iv. 13.

† Gen. iv. 14.

“ What doth on Earth remain,  
 My hope to feed, my spirit to sustain?  
 What remnant good is left, which can appear  
 To build up life, or make existence dear?  
 Where still the tie?—Can any now be found,  
 Whereby to Earth this cursed form is bound?  
 Whose every link is severed thus by word,  
 Which now is passed, and which my soul hath heard  
 To its dismay!

“ Who can in truth explain  
 The murderer's fate!—the wretchedness of Cain!”

To this his God indignantly replied,  
 And judgment-passed, to mitigate denied:

“ Reversed thy fate, Oh Cain, now cannot be! \*  
 My word is passed, and such thy destiny;  
 But this I will; as Heathen nations may,  
 Not knowing thee, a living convict slay,  
 And thus from Earth unduly may remove  
 The living spectacle should guilt reprove,  
 Check habitude of sin, by warning made,  
 In living woe, to murderer conveyed!  
 MY MARK—I set upon thy living brow! †  
 See there!—

“ Mankind shall surely know thee now!  
 And, by that mark, they surely shall be told—  
 ‘ Who slayeth Cain, on him descends sevenfold,  
 The judgments deep, which I this day declare,  
 On thee shall rest, and thou shalt surely bear,  
 For thy transgression's sake!’

“ Erect thy face!—  
 There stands the mark, which time shall ne'er erase!—  
 And thus I send thee forth, to Land of Nod,  
 The finger-post of wrath! the messenger of God!

\* Gen. iv. 15. † Gen. iv. 15.

And woe be unto him, again I say,  
 Who doth thee smite ! doth God's exemplar slay !"

---

From all the Heavenly Host, one solemn sigh !  
 From Cain himself, one shrill, one bitter cry !  
 From Adam's heart, from Eve the groan subdued,  
 And prayer for grace, and tears again renewed,  
 As Cain, obedient now to God's command,  
 From off his brow, withdrew his screening hand,  
 And there exhibited the awful blaze,  
 Of ' Mark of God,' whereon you dared not gaze ;  
 So did it stand, in most mysterious sign !  
 It was the brand, the signature divine !

No gaze, admiringly, no second sight,  
 From mortal eye, that forehead did invite,  
 When shone it forth, with all its fervid ray,  
 Of blood to tell, and warning voice convey !  
 And bold was he, who dared the brow to scan,  
 Of that God-sealed, that all-protected Man,  
 Who held a charmed life !

But, gracious fate  
 Allowed that sign, with shades to alternate !  
 That Cain, an intercourse select might find,  
 Might wife obtain, and propagate mankind ;  
 And when its blaze, in moderation fell,  
 Human was Cain, and then approachable.

---

Now forth in midst stood Cain !

His arms outspread—  
 As though he dared not touch his blazing head !  
 Which knew not he, and dared not he inquire,  
 Whether indeed 'twas fierce and pungent fire,

Blazing without!—Or but the flame of sin,  
Conspicuous without, and scorching all within!

Sometime he stood, and you could plainly see  
The eye-balls start with mental agony!  
And round to all the audience he turned,  
As bright, and fresh, the awful signet burned!

Gasping he stood—effort-extreme he made,  
Them to address, and twice he speech essayed!  
But words came not, to yield his mind relief,  
So great his woe, so dreadful then his grief!  
You motion saw, in cheek, and lip, and tongue,  
But in his throat, the quivering accent hung!  
At length, as back-pent stream, with level found,  
Will rush abroad, and over-leap its bound,  
So rushed his speech, so spread his voice of woe,  
As tide-released, all bounds to overflow!  
And burst abroad, upon the startled sense,  
With streams of truth, and floods of eloquence!

---

“Oh! Mighty God!” (at length he did begin,)  
“The strangling, choking, influence of sin,  
My speech retards!—and as a mountain prest,  
The load of guilt, which lies upon my breast,  
To lift from thence, each effort vast defies,  
My spirit makes, my soul doth exercise!

“Great God of Heaven!—I have of Thee implored,  
With earnest hope, Abel might be restored!  
For Thou, though he be dead, canst Death, and fate,  
At will reverse, and him resuscitate!  
Thou mighty God! Thou Sovereign Power of Earth!  
Who gav’st this World, and every being birth!

Of Thy Vast Power, 'twere but a faint display,  
 Life to the dead, as instantly convey,  
 As flasheth forth from Heaven, at Thy command,  
 The fires-electrical, the lightnings-grand !  
 God !—King !—In mightiness of Love appear !  
 And my sad voice, in Thy Vast Mercy hear ;  
 And Abel now, to former life recall,  
 And I accurst, in wretchedness will fall,  
 (As now decreed by Thee), so far below,  
 All men surmise of everlasting woe,  
 That Cain's dark destiny, shall wonder find,  
 For all we hear of Hell-tormented mind,  
 But cannot now conceive !

“ I would invite—  
 (Ah ! tremble not, nor angels hide your sight,)  
 I would entreat, if such could make him live,  
 Upon myself, all torments Heaven could give,  
 Unto the deepest foe, did e'er provoke  
 The Wrath of God !—the fullest, fiercest stroke,  
 Of anger Infinite !—which none can tell,  
 But fallen Gods ! fancied or found in Hell !

“ If speech of love,—if voice of earnest prayer,  
 Could stroke of Death, or harmful blow repair,  
 Great God ! how should mine earnest, hopeful word,  
 Above the skies, in agonies be heard,  
 Till Angel-hearts, and Thy Vast Breast should feel,  
 The moving sound, the cries of mine appeal,  
 Shaking Heaven's throne !—and powerful eloquence,  
 Of mortal woe, shall lead Omnipotence,  
 The breach of Death, which hand-unnatural willed ;  
 From my despair, in Abel's breast rebuild !

“ I loved the youth !—and if restored were he,  
 I would fall down, Oh ! God, and worship Thee,  
 Aye, praise Thy name, more loudly with each blow,  
 Of Thy just wrath !—Thy soul tormenting woe !

Hasty I am, and readily irate,  
 But never yet have I, in warmest state,  
 His injury designed ; but oft have tried,  
 My stormy speech, to better thoughts to guide,  
 In harmony with his, which would control,  
 To peaceful ways, my rash and stubborn soul !

“ All this I now confess.—Thou knowest my life,  
 Of late hath been, one full and daily strife,  
 From temper’s burst, by prudence to refrain,  
 And angry word, of discord to restrain,  
 Lest speech in wrath should end ; and, Brothers, we  
 Should love forget, and dwell in enmity !

“ Abel, I own, all gentle was and mild !  
 Good from his birth—all softness as a child—  
 And yet inflexible ! Urging the right,  
 Against all wrong, as clad with’s giant’s might !  
 Yet such in perfect love !—Rebukes possessed  
 Such suasion-soft, it seemed he but caressed ;  
 And led you back with love, from wayward path,  
 Where strayed your feet, where rioted your wrath !

“ Oh ! God. My words of praise, to Man might seem,  
 As though my breath indulged in fond extreme,  
 Of strange extravagance ! expressing more  
 Than I have known, or ever felt before !—  
 It is not so !—The candour ’tis of grief,  
 Which seeks, in truthfulness of praise, relief,  
 From overpowering loss ; and memory made,  
 Each lukewarm word, to censure and upbraid,  
 And bitterly repent, each word unkind,  
 And wish, how hopelessly !—that we could find,  
 Such to unsay, some opportunity,  
 Which ne’er shall come—which cannot, will not be !  
 For God, I feel, unto that form, and me,  
 Hath now affixed their long finality,  
 Of good and ill !



Matchless in realms which God hath made below—  
Awful on Earth!

“ Adam and Eve, who stand  
Supported there, by God’s supreme command,  
This dreadful scene to view!

“ My Parents-dear!  
Before ye, now, the object I appear,  
Deep Sin hath made!

“ Hear me, attent I pray,  
Whilst I, to you, in words of love, convey  
Confession’s contrite truths!

“ Upon my brow  
Some dreadful brand, I feel, is burning now!  
Its form I cannot see, and do not know;  
But, ’tis the stamp, the signature of woe!

“ Oh! Parents dear; how seems this mystic flame,  
(Which doth project its brilliant rays of shame,  
Until, where’er I turn my tortured head,  
Its fierce, reflected light, intense, is shed,  
As though, within my brain, some focal blaze  
Shot forth around its fierce unnatural rays,)  
Unto your sight?—Tell me if still I seem  
Of human form, or if of such I dream?

“ Angels of grace !

Why crowd ye thus, and gaze upon my face ?  
Am I so horrible, that Angel-mind  
Draws back with dread, and doth repugnance find ?  
Your sight, with dread astonishment, now veil,  
And gloom command, whilst I my downfal tale  
To you disclose.

“ Oh ! ye have lately heard  
Your God declare, with His Unchanging Word,  
The substance of a doom, so dark and deep,  
Ye pity feel,—your eyes in mercy weep !

“ Is God severe ?

“ Ah ! no—confess I do,  
That he is Good !—His sad decision true !  
And I most vile !

“ Ask ye how came I so ?  
Angels attend, and ye shall surely know,  
How, step by step, my soul was drawn away—  
By what degrees my mind was taught to stray—  
And how the Fiend, whom now I know, of Hell  
Led me in chains, then imperceptible,  
But now, alas ! (as hath delusion burst)  
But seen as false, and found to be accurst !

“ Angels of Good !—Creatures of changeless bliss !  
My outset crime, my first false step was this—  
'Twas self-esteem, 'twas pandering oft to pride,  
Whereby he drew my wilful mind aside !  
I languished to be wise, and thus I fell  
Into the meshes-deep of Fiend of Hell !  
The knowledge that I sought was ‘ hidden Fate,’  
Denied by God, and not legitimate !  
The secret things, which only God can know ;  
These promised he unto mine eye to show !  
Forbidden things, wisely to man denied,  
He would bestow—he would in full provide !

" But I will tell you more !

" Explain I will,  
How he imagination's-eye did fill  
With riches' wondrous store !

" He bade me view  
Wide fields of grain in ripest mellow hue,  
Waving, with bearded heads, unto the sight,  
Ready for reaper's hand, for harvest white !  
He bade me see, with gladness, all around,  
Landscapes of tilled and cultivated ground,  
Teeming with fruits ; he shewed the various birth  
That springs above, or ripens here on Earth !  
He took me, then, to some vast eminence,  
Where dizzy seemed the wide extended sense,  
And kingdoms-fair of Earth, I seemed to see,  
That either are, or yet in time might be ;  
And cities then immense, and buildings high,  
In distance vast, I could indeed descry  
Noble, majestic piles, of wood and stone,  
The such my thought had never guessed, nor known,  
Man could require, nor human hand  
Had power to raise, and bid them upright stand !  
So elevate were some, so lofty seen, so high,  
Some spires did reach unto the very sky !

" He showed me wondrous things ! and told me how  
All these were wrought by sweat of human brow !  
And how, from day to day, the hand of toil,  
Did produce wring from Earth's reluctant soil,  
Till all appeared from human strength to rise,—  
To be sustained by human sweat and sighs,  
Poured forth in labour's hour, and all express  
The one sad tale of human weariness !

" Then I transported was, and told he me,  
That I a Power more potent far should see,  
Which all these mighty works could mar, or make ;  
At whose command, for whose possession's sake,

The city strong, the land, the cultured field,  
Should all these riches give—their produce yield !

“ Seemed I to doubt ?—he’d tell to me its name,—  
And then, ye Powers, the strong temptation came,  
Which sin induced !

“ Angels !—as I do live,  
He promised more—he unto me would give,  
If worship him I would—that precious thing,  
Which unto me should all these blessings bring,  
And make Mankind my slaves.

“ The lust of Power  
My mind enthralled, and in temptation’s hour,  
I bent mine head unto the God of Hell !  
I worshipped him !—and thus my spirit fell,  
And felt his snare !

“ The mystic name he told—  
That mighty mover of Mankind, was—GOLD !

“ With such, he bought my soul !—Mammon, the king,  
As yet to me, doth not his riches bring !  
But he hath taken me, in vision’s flight,  
To spot where Earth did open to my sight  
Her veins of molten gold ! where caverns, deep,  
Did richest ore within Earth’s bowels keep,  
Waiting my moulding hand !—Hath led my feet  
To glowing fires, and shown how furious heat  
Should all these metals fuse, and, cooling state,  
Should blocks of gold and brass precipitate  
In stores of matchless wealth !

“ To gain all these,  
At Satan’s feet, I sank upon my knees,  
And for the dross, that should the World control,  
I barter’d, then, and did resign my soul !

“ Now ye my fate behold !

“ My mind did thirst,  
Of mineral wealth to be possessor first !

I have it not, as yet, but such in vision seen,  
 Earth's surface-pure, insipid seemed, and mean ;  
 He filled my mind with such vehement lust,  
 I scorned my grovelling cares on Earth's base dust,  
 And I despised and loathed my daily toil,  
 To dress the land,—to cultivate the soil,  
 And thus its fruits prepare ; whilst Earth did hold,  
 In hidden seams, its metal beds,—its gold,—  
 Waiting my hand !

“ Angels of Good ! around,  
 My Parents-dear !—kneeling upon the ground,  
 Astonished and attent !—’twas thus ye see,  
 With hope of Gold he drew, he tempted me !

“ To stem this lust, this most deceptive tide,  
 Abel, with love most brotherly, oft tried ;  
 For he had seen that thus, in proudest soul,  
 Satan had won his fierce and full control !  
 And that he argued well, with words most wise,  
 The sudden blow, which caused his death, implies ;  
 For answer I had none ; and death-blow fell  
 On Abel's head as argument of Hell !

“ My Parents-dear ! standing apart, with space,  
 Pollution to avoid, I ye embrace  
 With arms afar !—I dare not venture now,  
 (So cursed I seem—this mark upon my brow,)  
 Unto your breast, for last embrace draw nigh ;  
 Or crawl upon my very knees would I,  
 Your blessing to receive ! But, sad reverse !  
 You dare not bless !—you can but loathe and curse !

“ Now I must hence !—I must from Earth arise !  
 Angels of God ! shroud each your pitying eyes,  
 As Cain doth stand erect !

“ No sight is he  
 For Parent's eye, nor Heavenly purity !

" I know not now, if I unto the sight  
A blaze present, of fierce and lurid light !  
Or if some new-born stain my brow doth shroud,  
Deeper than death, darker than midnight cloud !

" Oh ! Angels-pure ! make ye an avenue,  
That I might pass your countless numbers through !  
Oh ! stand ye now, from out my path aside,  
And let me hence, my awful brow to hide  
In Earth's deep wilderness !

" Till I am past,  
Let not an eye upon my form be cast !  
Lest ye behold somewhat no tongue should name,  
The Brand of Guilt !—the Signature of Shame !  
Your eyes withdraw !—your vision deeply veil ;—  
Tell not in Heaven, the sad, the mournful tale,  
How Cain walked forth, with slow and solemn tread,  
From paths of peace, which ne'er, his guilty head,  
Shall shelter more !

" My Parents-fond, to you,  
I dare not *turn*, to bid, again, adieu !  
Lest as I gaze, some horrid influence dart,  
From brow of mine, to fasten on your heart !  
But onward pass, a man of guilt, and woe !—  
Who here, on earth, can never pleasure know !  
And travel I, to find if time for me  
A grave affords, for shame and misery !  
Parents, adieu !—my earthly die is cast !  
Exile, and death ! their bitterness is past !"

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He rose ;—backward, sedate, a step, or two,  
Facing his God !—he solemnly withdrew !  
As though he feared to turn ! and so indeed,  
Through that vast court, humbled, he did proceed !  
His deprecating palms outheld ! just bent  
His burning brow, in guilt's acknowledgment !

His backward step pronounced, and firm, and slow !  
 Conscious of strength, indicative of woe !  
 Oh ! 'twas a sight, painful indeed to view ;—  
 To angel strange, to mortal vision new ;  
 That stricken Man, in vision to observe,  
 His woe control ; compose his iron nerve,  
 His tortures to endure, as forth he went,  
 To his constrained, and solemn banishment !

A space was made, amidst that Angel-throng,  
 As backward thus, he slowly passed along !  
 And none did dare, on marble features gaze,  
 Nor eye did they, to branded forehead raise,—  
 So deep their awe !

No friendly tongue could tell  
 Earth's parting word ; no lip could say, " Farewell !"  
 No hand was waved, to sympathy express,  
 With parting woe, with wanderer's wretchedness !  
 Onward he did ascend the neighbouring hill !  
 Whilst God's Vast Court, did all that valley fill !  
 Upon its brow he stood !—his figure high,  
 With outline clear, relieved against the sky !  
 For shortest space he paused !—then head, and knee,  
 He slowly bent before the Deity !  
 And as he rose, he turned, his way to wend !  
 The downward-slope his footsteps did descend !  
 His hands to Heaven, in sadness then he shook !  
 He ventured not one last, one ling'ring look !  
 But onward strode, without one tongue to bless,—  
 A lonely Man, in Earth's lone wilderness !  
 Bearing the Mark, no mortal shall explain,—  
 The Seal of God !—the murder-spot of Cain !

END OF VOL. I.

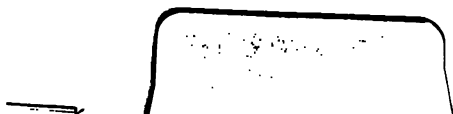












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